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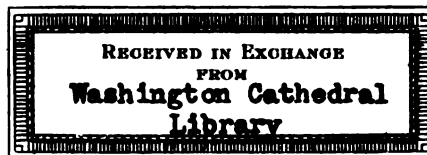
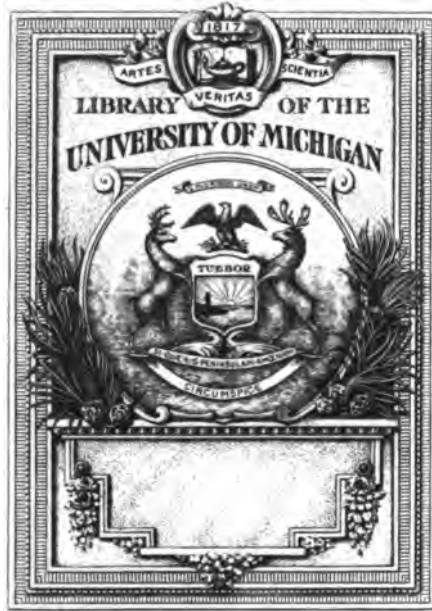
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J. Packard.

RECOLLECTIONS

OF A

LONG LIFE

BY

JOSEPH PACKARD, D. D.

1812-1902



EDITED BY

REV. THOMAS J. PACKARD

WASHINGTON, D. C.

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1902

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THOMAS J. PACKARD



76-5-39 J.A.

TO MY SISTER,
CORNELIA J. PACKARD ,
WHOSE FILIAL CARE SOOTHED AND SUSTAINED OUR FATHER'S
LATER YEARS THIS VOLUME
IS DEDICATED.

Recollections of
Thomas J. Packard
1824-1902

PREFACE.

My father felt a deep interest in biography, but was persuaded that it should be confined within narrow limits. He thought that, as Dean Burgon said, while yet the man lived freshly in the memory of his friends, while his sayings were remembered, and his aspect and demeanor were easily recalled, then one who knew him well should commit to paper a living image of the man, should so exhibit him that later generations might feel that they had seen and known him. Many of the world's good men have no personal memorial because this was not done.

I have not attempted a complete biography of my father, but I aided him in preparing for the press these *Recollections of a Long Life*, which in part were published in the *Protestant Episcopal Review* about six years ago. Subsequent conversations have added more material, and the entire work has been carefully examined and re-edited. His published discourses and the admirable sketch of the Alumni by Dr. Dalrymple have also been used. His life and work touched many other lives, therefore these recollections have a wider interest than for his family alone. I trust they may preserve his person and memory from oblivion.

"The greatest thing a man sometimes leaves is not a book, but a personality. The greatest book in the world is so great because of the personality that is in it, and thus in their degree with all others. If we had to choose between a mere book without a living personality in it and a living personality without a book, we should prefer the last. It may disappear for a time in other lives, but it has done its work, and it will live and come to light in its results on a day when the sun shall no more go down."

THOMAS J. PACKARD.

ROCKVILLE, MARYLAND,

December 8, 1902.

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CHAPTER I. BIRTH AND PARENTAGE.

*" Much have I seen and known,
I am a part of all that I have met."*

I HAVE been often asked to write some account of my life. It has been a quiet and uneventful one, though passed during an era of great discovery and invention. I have no intention of writing an autobiography, but shall set down some recollections of things and people as I have known them, and try to retouch the fading lines of country life in New England, in the beginning of the past century.

Any human life, however humble, has some value, if presented as it really is. Mine may have some interest on account of its length, as God has preserved me to near fourscore and ten years, and I have seen nearly the whole of the nineteenth century. I wish to preserve some picture of the simple life of eighty years ago, and to give some memories of the many noble men connected with this Seminary and the Church in Virginia and elsewhere.

The favorite subjects of science now are Heredity and Environment, and no doubt both have much to do in making us what we are. A brief account of my ancestry, which was pure English on every side, may interest some who like genealogy. I cannot say, as a mayor of Baltimore did in his happy after-dinner speeches, that "I feel I can speak to Englishmen, since my mother was of English descent, and to Irishmen, since my uncle lived in Ireland, and to Frenchmen, since my grandfather was a Huguenot, and to Germans, since my grandmother came from across the Rhine, and to Americans, because I was born in America and have been many times mayor of Baltimore." Nor do I boast of the titles and honors of my ancestors.

*" My boast is not that I derive my birth
From loins enthroned, and rulers of the earth,
But higher far my proud pretensions rise,
The son of parents passed into the skies."*

I can say with Marcus Aurelius that I am indebted to God for

having good grandfathers, good parents, good sisters, good teachers, good associates, good kinsmen and friends, nearly every thing good.

I was born in Wiscasset, Maine, Wednesday, December 23, 1812, the year of the last war with Great Britain, and was the next youngest in a family of eight, six sons and two daughters, in the sixth generation from the first settler of 1638. The year 1812 was the birth year also of Bishop Thomas M. Clark, the wise and witty lecturer, able preacher, and the present Presiding Bishop of our Church, of Austin Flint, the great physician, of Richard M. Hoe, inventor of the printing press, of Alexander H. Stephens, the Confederate vice-president.

Some interesting events took place in that year. English workmen first commenced the manufacture of pins in New York with imported machines, price one dollar a paper ; the first rolling mill at Pittsburg was erected and the first cotton mill operated at Fall River, Mass.

In May, 1812, the first raising of the American flag on a school-house took place at Colrain, Mass., and Daniel Webster began his political career.

Philadelphia then had 100,000 inhabitants and was larger than New York ; Louisiana was admitted as the eighteenth State, and the first steam ferry-boat in this country began to run between New York and Hoboken, and the first steamboat navigated the Ohio river. I remember as a child that an excursion steamboat coming to Wiscasset excited great curiosity and people flocked to see it.

My father, Hezekiah (5) Packard, was born December 6, 1761, the year in which his great-grandfather's sister-in-law died, the second and the fifth generations meeting that year.

His father, Jacob (4), born in North Bridgewater, Mass., in 1720, married Dorothy Perkins, and had ten children, whose ages averaged eighty years each. One of them, Mrs. Thayer, was living in 1850, aged ninety-five years. Dorothy Packard, who lived to the age of ninety-three, with faculties good to the last, was remarkable for her vigorous sense, strong character, and piety. She was a daughter of Dorothy Whipple and Mark Perkins, who was a descendant of Roger Conant and Sarah Horton. Roger Conant came from England in 1623. He seceded from the Plymouth Colony, took charge of a company which settled at Salem, Mass., and was Governor there.

My great-grandfather, Solomon (3) Packard, born about 1690, married Susanna Kingman, whose grandparents were killed by the Indians in 1675, on their way to the fort at Fairhaven, Conn., where their children were staying.

My great-great-grandfather, Zaccheus (2), was born in 1653, and married Sarah Howard, whose father, John Howard, came from England and was one of the first settlers of Hingham, Mass., in 1651.

The father of Zaccheus was Samuel (1) Packard, who came from Wymondham, Norfolk County, England, with seven score other passengers in the ship *Diligence*, from Ipswich. He settled first at Hingham, Mass., and thence moved to West Bridgewater, Mass., in 1638. He had twelve children, and was probably married when he came over. As Professor George T. Little writes: "The lives and characters of these earlier generations, all residents of Bridgewater, Mass., were of the type their Bible names suggest, and were marked by no small share of the virtue commemorated by the vessel which bore the first of the name to this country."

A nephew, Robert L. Packard, wrote me on my semi-centennial, "It is an interesting study to notice how the tendency to certain things runs in certain families. Not a difficult thing to explain of course, on account of early precepts and example, but still interesting. Thus you, your father, and several of your brothers and relatives have been instrumental in promoting the spiritual or emotional side of people's characters. Now you recollect that the first person of our name of whom there is record, came to Massachusetts in 1638 from Norfolk, England. I read in Strype's Ecclesiastical Memorials of one Thomas Packard (the name spelt as we now spell it) who was a dean in Bloody Mary's reign and was charged with the investigation of certain deaneries in Norfolk under the direction of that amiable sovereign. Cousin Tom may like to reflect on that. There is the interesting fact that three hundred years ago a member of the family was also at work in the spiritual or intellectual task of being superior to his neighbors and pointing out the way to them."

There are several Packards now on the clergy list of England working near Norfolk County in important positions.

My mother, Mary Spring, born in 1773, was the daughter of Rev. Alpheus (5) Spring, who married, May 18, 1769, Sarah

Frost, daughter of Hon. Simon Frost, a graduate of Harvard in 1729, and long in public life, and of May Sewall, a descendant of Henry Sewall, who came from Coventry, England, in 1634 and was founder of this New England family. The Frosts were a very numerous and influential family; some of them were prominent in the Revolution, and handsome monuments now commemorate them near York, Maine.

Mr. Spring, my maternal grandfather, graduated at Princeton in 1766, and was there about the same time as was Charles Lee, my wife's maternal grandfather. He was settled over the west parish of Kittery, now Eliot, Maine, where, after a pastorate of twenty-three years, he died in 1791. He was the son of Henry (4) Spring and Kezia Converse, and his grandparents were Henry (3) Spring and Lydia Cutting. His great-grandparents were Henry (2) Spring and Mehitabel Bartlett. John (1) Spring, born in 1588, one of the original proprietors of Watertown, Mass., married Elinor ———, and was the founder in this country of this family, so well known at the North.

After her father's death, when she was eighteen, my mother went to live with her uncle, Dr. Marshall Spring, at Watertown, near Boston, and Horace Binney, a cousin, was living in the same house. She had danced in Boston at a ball with Lord Lyndhurst, the son of Copley, the painter. There she became acquainted with some very cultivated people, among them Rev. Mr. Buckminster, who was a very famous preacher, as was also his son, Rev. Joseph S. Buckminster. My mother was of a retiring disposition, but possessed superior powers and culture and marked character. She had a wonderful memory, and I can remember her repeating long pieces of poetry to us. She was married in 1794, and she carried to her home in Chelmsford and thence to Wiscasset the culture and tastes of her early life. While she turned her spinning wheel (to quote Prof. Egbert C. Smythe, D. D.) in her rural home by the Sheepscot, and wove garments for her household, Pope's translation of the *Odyssey* was spread open at one end of the machine, so that as she paced to and fro, a line could be caught at each return. Her memory was stored with facts of history and passages from her favorite authors, which, repeated by her, were the delight of her children; and often while too busy herself with domestic cares to turn a page or glance at a book, some one of the family under her untiring encouragement and skillful direction would read aloud for the

benefit of all. These mothers of men, how like the thick-set stars in our nightly skies do they shine upon us whenever our eyes are open to discern the influences that have made our nation great and strong. My mother remembered Rev. Joseph Moody of York, Maine, who wore a black veil (see Hawthorne's Tale, *The Minister's Black Veil*). In early life he had accidentally killed a beloved friend and from that day till death he hid his face from men.

The Boston Chronicle of Nov. 20th, 1769, says "that one Lindsay stood in the pillory at Worcester one hour, after which he received thirty stripes at the public whipping post, and was then branded on the hand; his crime was forgery." It appears that it was the custom, as punishment for that crime, to brand the letter F. on the palm of the right hand, just as Hawthorne says of the letter M. for Murder.

Just here let me call attention to the great improvement in comfort over the eighteenth century, especially for the laboring class. Their houses were mean, their food coarse, their clothing of common stuff and their wages not half the present scale, with even less purchasing power. For ordinary unskilled labor the wages were two shillings a day, and six pence more when laborers were scarce. Good men in my father's first parish were hired for eighteen pounds a year or four dollars a month, and out of this furnished their clothes. They rarely had fresh meat because too costly, corn was three shillings, and wheat eight and six a bushel, an assize of bread four pence, a pound of salt pork ten pence. Fruits were regarded as luxuries or were not attainable. The fox grape was the only one in the market in my father's time, and was the luxury of the rich. In the house of the laborer there was little comfort. Sand sprinkled on the floor did duty as a carpet. There was no glass on his table, no china in his cupboard, no prints on his wall. He did not know what a stove was, coal he had never seen and of matches he had never heard. At this very time, 1793-1800, hod-carriers and mortar mixers, diggers and choppers, who labored on the public buildings and cut the streets and avenues of Washington City, received seventy dollars a year. But there were not then as great contrasts of wealth and poverty as now, and the gulf between the laborer and the rich has deepened and widened.

CHAPTER II.

MY FATHER.

MY FATHER wrote down some recollections of his early life which in substance were published after his death in 1849. As he entered the Revolutionary Army when very young, not being fourteen, I have thought some of his experiences may be of interest at this time of revived historical research. I quote his opening words as expressing my own sentiments :

"Feeling myself infirm and under the increasing weight of years, and well knowing that I must soon go the way of all the earth, I have a desire to prepare some written testimonials of divine goodness to me and to my family, hoping they will be of some use to my children and descendants. And now, O Father of Mercies, may it please Thee to impart to me Thine assistance, guidance and blessing, that what I write may correspond with the record kept on high."

His father was a farmer on a moderate scale, and his early habits of active industry, economy and self-reliance favored the development of strong character and great bodily vigor in his sons. He often spoke with affection and respect of his parents and of their influence. They were noted for their piety and industry, and with limited advantages for improvement, and with few books, they were diligent in instructing their children, and set them examples of pious and prayerful lives.

"I remember," says my father, "the following facts : We lived two miles from the house of worship. Our large family all attended worship when the weather allowed. We had no vehicle, and there were only two chaises in the parish ; so my father and the others walked, my mother, with one of the family, rode on side-saddle and pillion."

"The hearth-fire was frequently raked up on Sunday, as at night. Nothing was done on the Sabbath except what was necessary, and it was a day of rest from worldly cares. I never saw my father shave himself on the Lord's Day. The supper, after returning from church, had been mostly cooked the day before."

"The practice of singing kept alive the attention of the family and rendered the Sabbath more welcome and interesting than any other day. The family being singers, a hymn was sung at family worship Saturday evening, Sabbath morning and evening."

"The modes of living, dress and manners of the people, the state of society and of religion, and the duties of pastors and churches in 1770 were far different from now. There were but few wealthy or noted people in our region. They were mostly farmers and mechanics, whose education was limited, but who enjoyed the necessities and comforts of life. The most conspicuous traits in the community were *integrity, industry and economy.*"

"Food was more simple and less in quantity, yet I think people were better satisfied with their style of living than now. There was a good supply of pork and beef, with pies and puddings on occasion. One wholesome dish was thought sufficient. Few potatoes were used for family use and none for cattle, as their value was little known. I remember well that six bushels were thought sufficient for my father's family of eight or nine persons. There was an equal supply also of English turnips, beets and carrots. I think their modes of living secured them better health and satisfaction with their lot, and their simple economy was healthful to to their moral and religious interests."

"I recall the quiet and noiseless state of the church and parish in Bridgewater in 1770. The people were constant at worship, and there was a cordial sympathy and co-operation among the members of the church."

"Very little attention was paid to schools. I attended school for a few weeks in the summer for several years and learned the Assembly's Catechism, on Saturdays at school and on Sabbaths at home. Dilworth's Spelling Book and the Psalter were the school books used. In winter there was a school for older scholars for a few weeks and Arithmetic to the Rule of Three and some other branches were taught."

"The morals of the people were correct and pure. Profane language was very rare ; so was fraud and deception in trade, and theft or robbery. There were few amusements in those days. Playthings and toys for children were simple and few. Very early in my life I got a fife, to my great delight, and soon learned several martial airs. The tunes played and sung just before the Revolution were exciting. I was eager to attend and often did attend the drill and enlistment meetings."

"The battle of Bunker Hill excited great feeling. On that day I was in a neighbor's field hoeing corn and I heard the roaring of the cannon. I was then thirteen and a half years old, but very large for my age. The captain of the militia lived near my father's and knowing they were high Whigs, and that I had some skill with my fife, he appointed me fifer in his company. Soon after this he enlisted and begged me to go with him as fifer, promising that he would treat me as a son, and he faithfully kept his promise. Though young and fond of home, I had no hesitation in enlisting, nor did my parents discourage it. I have wondered that as I was the youngest, my mother did not oppose my going. I can never forget when I left home, she took my hand and said: 'Hezekiah, remember, praying will make thee leave sinning, and sinning will make thee leave praying.' This was to me as a guardian angel, being full of meaning and of practical truth."

"As a soldier my moral habits were correct. I was averse to vices in the army, to which youth are exposed. I had many interesting experiences during the campaigns, in which I served so young."

"The regiment to which I belonged was ordered to Cambridge, and dwelt in tents near Cambridge Port, in an orchard where afterwards, in 1832, I took tea with my friend Rev. Thomas B. Gannett. We drew provisions from the College Hall, where beef, pork, &c., were kept for the army."

"From the time we marched into Boston, late in the autumn, until the following June, Col. Sargent's regiment, in which my name was enrolled, occupied several stations. We were ordered to Bunker Hill, and while there the grave of Dr. Warren was discovered and the body disinterred. I saw the spot where that American hero slept. We were ordered to New York, and had a pleasant passage from New London to New York. We were stationed near Hurlgate, six miles above the city, and the enemy had a fort opposite ours across the river, about a mile distant. The enemy had much greater weight of metal, both in cannon and in mortars."

"A soldier, soon after the balls and bombs began to fly into our camp, walking proudly upon the parapet, boastfully proclaimed that the ball was not yet made that was to kill him. Not many minutes after this a ball came and almost cut him asunder, thus warning others not to expose life needlessly, lest they also

should die 'as the fool dieth.' The cannonading continued for several weeks, killing and wounding some. An old man belonging to our camp saw a bomb fall and bury itself in the ground a few rods from him, and started hastily towards the spot, hoping to save the powder, which would bring him a dollar. Just before he reached the place there was a tremendous explosion, and he was covered with dirt and nearly suffocated, but received no serious injury. About the same time two young men, belonging to the same company, and, I believe, to the same mess, found a bomb, the fuse of which had been somehow extinguished, and thoughtlessly tried to open the vent with a pickaxe. This rash attempt was fatal to both, as a spark from the pickaxe reached the powder, and they were awfully mangled by the explosion."

"Soon after this our troops left Long Island, and we were ordered to evacuate New York. It was a Sabbath in the last of August or first of September. The heat was extreme, the roads were crowded with troops, with men, women and children, cattle, goods and chattels, all overspread with thick clouds of dust. The retreat was precipitate and confused. Many were injured by drinking cold water. One died near the well where he drank. It was a day of alarm and confusion, perplexity and fatigue, more noticeable as it was the Sabbath. The night following was dark and rainy. I slept on the ground under a blanket, with my captain, who always treated me as a son."

"The next morning, while breakfast was preparing and the soldiers were adjusting their packs, cleaning their guns, etc., after the rain, guns were heard, and the enemy was at hand. A company of volunteers were called out to give the enemy a check, and of this number (136) my brother was one, but a few hours after was wounded and on his way to the hospital. On this day was the battle of Harlem Heights. Our regiment was near the center of the line of battle, extending from North or Hudson to East river, not far from King's Bridge. The right wing (towards North River) was first engaged, and before the centre was brought into action the enemy gave way and retreated. Our troops then returned to their stations and took refreshment. I think the number killed and wounded was great. I visited my brother several times. His wound became alarming and the surgeons nearly despaired of him. Afterwards he was somewhat relieved, and we did not meet again till we met in our father's house. In

the autumn I fell sick, and the hospital being very filthy, I became worse, and thought I should not live."

"At the end of the year my term of service ended. Being somewhat better, though still very weak, I set my face and tottering steps towards home. The first day with great exertion I travelled three or four miles. About the third day I reached the great road from White Plains to my native region, and was providentially overtaken by my captain's elder brother, who had ever been my friend in camp. He had bought a cheap horse, and finding me solitary and feeble, he readily dismounted and let me ride. The relief and favor were greater than I can express. I rode nearly the whole distance of two hundred miles; nor do I think my generous friend rode even five miles, till we reached Easton, Mass., his native town, where my eldest brother lived. My youth and a fifer's uniform were of use to us both on our journey. We received many a good bit on our way in consequence of the pitiful story my friend told of the suffering fifer upon the horse."

"My parents had heard nothing from me after the battle of Harlem Heights, save that I was there, nor did they know aught of my brother. I cannot express the strong, joyous emotions in my breast nor the pious joy which my parents manifested on my return. I was so reduced in health that for a long time I was unfit for business and suffered much. I was induced, however, to enlist again for six months. That I should do so has always been a mystery to me. I was ordered to Rhode Island and stationed at Providence, and thence marched to Newport. General Sullivan, who had the command, intended to gain possession of Newport, then in the hands of the British. We passed in flat-bottomed boats to the Island in the night by the light of the moon, but owing to adverse circumstances the enterprise was given up and the campaign was soon closed."

"I saw General Washington take command of the army under the elm tree in Cambridge. I saw him again but was so excited I forgot to take off my hat, and at the thought was ashamed."

"My father died February 2, 1777, after a short and severe illness, of a typhus fever. He was most strict and conscientious in his manner of life, a man of prayer and practical piety. One of the last sentences he uttered was: 'If any man sin, we have an Advocate with the Father.' Religious impressions were early made on my mind, and I have a distinct and

vivid recollection of being in doubt as to the proper subjects of prayer, to which I was then no stranger. Walking home with my father from the field, I asked him what I ought to pray for. He was ready to answer me and encourage me in that duty. I was then probably eight or nine years old. The instructions, examples and prayers of my parents were blessed in my conversion about 1780."

"In 1782, having hurt my arm, I decided to prepare for college, and went to study under Rev. Dr. John Reed. I was very diligent and in one year was ready to enter Harvard College, July, 1783. I had to make my way through many difficulties, with no patron or helper. I spent my vacations mostly at college, where I had a good chance to study, and made my board by keeping a morning school for misses. I kept school nine or ten weeks every winter, did anything I could do, and practiced rigid economy. In my Junior year I was monitor. When I took my first degree I owed about one hundred and twenty-five dollars. I passed through college without fine or censure and with a respectable literary character. John Quincy Adams was my classmate, and at a college re-union many years afterwards, I walked arm in arm with him in the procession. I was Mathematical Tutor at Harvard four years, succeeding President Webber, and Assistant Librarian, and was one of those who in 1788 prepared the first printed catalogue of the library. While Tutor, Judge Joseph Story was a pupil."

Dr. Tyng gave me my father's part in the Harvard Commencement of 1787, but it was lost when many of my valuable papers and books were taken in 1861.

In October 1793, my father received ordination over the church and people of Chelmsford, Mass., where he labored eight years very successfully. In 1884 I received a paper from there containing a notice of a reunion of churches; where, at one service, a Thanksgiving sermon preached by my father in 1795 was read, as was stated, to the decided gratification of the assembly.

In July, 1802, he removed to Wiscasset, Maine, where he succeeded Rev. Alden Bradford, a direct descendant of John Alden. He had a unanimous call at a salary of \$700 a year. At that time and for many years after, Wiscasset was a place of great commercial enterprise and large trade with the West Indies, with about 2,000 inhabitants.

But the schools, the morals and the institutions of religion had been much neglected. Intemperance and other vices prevailed. He was induced to teach a private school, besides preaching, and it succeeded so well that a brick academy was at once built, and he was put at its head in 1808. This made his duties very arduous, but he thus exerted a greater moral influence and so was much more useful than in the ministry alone. The Academy, of which he was head, made an era in the history of Wiscasset. Its teaching was excellent for that day, while its strong yet kindly discipline, and the high moral influence which it exerted on that generation, worked powerfully for good. The Monday-morning lessons from the Scriptures, "the fire and hammer of God's word," with the record taken of verses recited and of the number of chapters read in the Bible during the week credited on the student's mark, the devices for imparting fundamental maxims of life by question and answer of the school in concert, were in design most excellent, and their influence was to make lasting impressions of what Daniel Webster says is the profoundest truth of life—our responsibility to God.

My father gave up the Academy, but always had six boys boarding with and being taught by him. He was noted for his influence and control over boys, and many men of prominence expressed their obligation to him for his training of them. Many wild and wayward boys were sent to him from Boston and other places. His discipline was strong and firm, and he was very successful in imparting knowledge.

Some of his pupils, like Rev. John A. Vaughan and William Vaughan, Chandler Robbins of Boston, and Joseph Williams, a Governor of Maine, were very prominent. Rev. John A. Vaughan, D. D., was in Philadelphia many years and was Bishop Alonzo Potter's right-hand man, and on the Standing Committee.

Frederick A. Packard, of Philadelphia, a nephew and pupil, was offered the Presidency of Girard College, and was foremost in religious and charitable work.

In the summer he used to take his chaise and visit his friends, Dr. Abiel Holmes, the father of Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, Dr. Pierce and Robert Lowell, whose sons as president and poet are so well known, and they returned his visits. He was associated with the father of George Bancroft, the historian, and other Unitarians in Cambridge, and while not a Unitarian himself he was somewhat influenced by their views and did not use the terms

co-equal and co-eternal of Christ. Priestley's Corruptions of Christianity, which was much circulated then, did great harm.

He was regarded as the minister of the town, and had great influence in every direction, and on all public occasions he officiated. The Supreme Court sometimes met in Wiscasset, and he always opened it with prayer, and at the military musters, once a year, he rode on horseback with the officers and made a prayer.

As Mrs. Sarah B. Hilton, of Wiscasset, wrote me six years ago, "Your father was the central figure in the religious and social life of Wiscasset and vicinity. Indeed 'Dr. Packard' was a household name in all the families of my acquaintance." My father left Wiscasset in 1830, and took charge of the Church in Middlesex, for six years. This was a part of his old parish of Chelmsford, where he had founded in January, 1794, a library which continued to live and grow and, in 1894, celebrated its centennial. Judge Hadley made an elaborate address upon my father's life and work of which I give two sentences. "This library was not founded by an Astor, a Lenox, a Carnegie, or a Rockefeller, but by a typical New England clergyman of the best Massachusetts stock, who loved good books and delighted in their refining and improving companionship, and who was himself the embodiment of the grace culture and refinement which good and pure literature always creates and fosters. Among the boys of this town who early devoured its volumes was Josiah Gardner Abbott, one of the most active founders of the City library in Lowell, so that Lowell not only owes her territory, but in some degree her present 50,000 volume library, to her mother Chelmsford."

"Books are men of higher stature,
And the only men that speak aloud for future times to hear."

My father labored most diligently in these various fields, but ever with one purpose—to serve the cause of God and man, and though I shall often refer to him and his untiring efforts for our good, I must here pay him the tribute of filial respect and love and acknowledge that I owe to him whatever I learned of industry, honesty, and love of knowledge; and I can truly say of him that he served his day and generation according to the will of God.

CHAPTER III.

BOYHOOD AND SCHOOL LIFE.

SO great have been the social changes in this country that life in the beginning of the past century was very different from the life at its close. It has been a century remarkable for its inventions and discoveries. I have seen the first railroad—the Boston and Lowell—running a short distance, in 1830 or 1831 when a great multitude was assembled. I was present with my father-in-law, General Walter Jones, when Mr. Morse was performing his experiments with the telegraph in the open air in front of the Capitol in 1843, and the message was sent, “What hath God wrought?”

It would be difficult to represent the simplicity of my early life, passed as it was in the retirement of a country minister's parish. Edward Everett Hale has given an account of his boyhood in the city of Boston; mine was spent in a secluded seaport town in the State of Maine. Wiscasset was one of the principal seaports, situated on an inlet, the Sheepscot River, about twelve miles from the ocean, with a splendid harbor and ships coming from every port. Merchants owned vessels to a large amount, and ships, brigs, and other vessels were in constant and profitable employment. Masts, logs and lumber of various kinds were floated in large rafts from the Kennebec. Mast-ships from Liverpool and other British ports came yearly for masts and were supplied. Some of its merchants had fine houses, and it was a town of considerable culture and refinement. My father had bought a place on a hill, sloping gently down to the bay, about half a mile from the town, and had built a comfortable dwelling-house below the crest of the hill, under a sheltering rock. The site commanded a view of the town and of the bay, which is about a mile wide, with bold and rocky headlands. The most familiar sight to me in early life was the tide coming in twice a day twelve feet and covering the flats which bounded my father's land. An Englishman, once visiting the place, said that it was equal to any view he had ever seen, and few places had such an outlook. The father of Francis Parkman, the historian, used to visit at my father's and I remem-



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ber his admiring the prospect and saying how much a nobleman in England would give to have such a view from his house.

To quote from Dr. Smyth, "on the east was the beautiful harbor, and the graceful lines of Birch point, fringed with forest trees. Beyond over the waters and the bold headlands were the stately hills of Edgecomb, and south and west and north, farm lands, and forests, and ranges of upland and the cheerful village with church, court-house and academy, with pleasant homes, and the broad street running down to the busy wharves. It was the most important town east of Portland, the shire town, where Daniel Webster and Jeremiah Mason argued great cases. The village bell rang out on the national holidays, and the guns of the old blockhouse made fitting reply. That old Lincoln County was like the marches of England and Scotland, for it was long in dispute between England and France, and no other region appeals more powerfully to the historic imagination. It has been the scene of the wars of races, of thrilling personal adventures, of fierce collisions and battles. What tales of courage and heroism, of midnight surprise and boldest adventure hang over its hills and promontories and are connected with the innumerable passes and channels from Merry-meeting bay to the waters of the Sheepscot and the Damariscotta! The imagination is haunted by the suggestions of a remote antiquity and the successions of dusky tribes. Here Frenchmen and Englishmen join in mortal conflict, now pirates free as the winds that fill their sails coast the shores and swoop down upon their prey, now adventurers eager for discovery and gain come with barque and pinnace."

I thus imbibed early in life a love for the beauties of nature, which has ever been a source of true pleasure, and I have always been thankful I was born in this country. One looks back to his earliest memories in wonder, so much has come between the first and latest. I have often felt, as my father did, that I had lived three lives, and that it did not seem possible that it was in this *body* that I did thus and so.

There is a Frenchman who says that he recollects the relief produced on his eyes when he was a baby thirty-six hours old, and a nurse lowered a curtain to screen him from the light. I cannot believe this, much less equal it, but I think that from three years on our memories retain distinct images. Goethe says he can remember his thoughts and feelings when two or three years old. I can faintly remember the burial of my grandmother, Mrs. Spring,

in September, 1815, when nearly three, and also a fire at a neighboring house. It was a very cold summer with frost every month, and the crops did not ripen. A little later most distinct impressions were made. One of the earliest is sitting in my father's study when he was writing his sermon, and looking out on the bay below the house and reading Belknap's History of New Hampshire, with its stories of bears killing children when they went after cows. I was three years old at the battle of Waterloo and nine years old when Napoleon died, but I do not remember hearing of his death.

Another of my earliest memories is going to church and hearing my father give out the hymn, "Behold the morning sun." My church-going was a prominent part of my early life, and I will give some recollections of that, aided by my brother's record of the same.

The meeting-house of Wiscasset was built in 1771, and was a barn-like structure, unpainted and unplastered, with the beams jutting out in the corners, and three galleries. One of the galleries was appropriated to strangers, seamen from the harbor, and sometimes was used by unruly boys. The front of the eastern side, opposite the pulpit, was occupied by the singing gallery. What seemed peculiar was that the singers on the front row of the gallery, as they rose to sing, turned their back to the pulpit and faced those on the back seat, the leader beating time, and tuning-fork, bass-viol and bassoon being used. The church-music of those days was far different from now. Fugue tunes were very popular, in which the different parts of the scale seemed pursuing each other as in a race. The bell cast by Paul Revere was hung in 1800, and a centennial celebration of it was lately held in 1900, in my father's church.

In the northeastern corner of the gallery were open seats appropriated to the few colored members of the congregation. The deacons sat on the main floor in front of the pulpit, while the old men had a spacious square pew, raised above, immediately under the pulpit, on account of their deafness, and entered from the pulpit stairway. The ornaments were severely simple, little round knobs standing up on the back edge of the bench. We cannot forget those bitter winter Sabbaths in the old structure, its front door, without shelter, opening into the east wind and snow, its floor a stranger, from first to last, to the comfort of carpet, and the fierce rattling of windows when winds were high, sometimes

almost overpowering an ordinary voice of the preacher, and the preacher himself clothed in surtout, cloak and black silk gloves. My father was once offered by a generous parishioner a foot-stove for the pulpit, but declined a comfort which his hearers could not share. Small tin foot-stoves in a wooden frame were common, which just before the public service were supplied with glowing coals from neighboring kitchen fires, and placed in the pews for the women and children. There was no other way of heating. The first stove heard of in Massachusetts for a meeting-house was put up by the First Congregation of Boston in 1773.

In January, 1822, when I was ten years old, the ladies of the parish procured the first stove, and in gratitude their names were entered on the parish records. Hawthorne speaks of the old wooden meeting-house in Salem, which used to be on winter Sabbaths "the frozen purgatory of my childhood."

All stood in public prayer, unless prevented by age or infirmity, and in the square pews the seats, for the convenience of those who stood, moved on hinges and were raised like the lid of a box. When the amen was said, some of the less careful let the seat fall, causing a clatter over the house like a running fusilade of musketry. It was almost a disgrace not to go to church—dangerous to the character. Nearly everyone went, and if the vigilant pastor's eye detected empty seats, he presumed the absentee was sick or disabled, and would call on Monday to comfort him. People were obliged by law in the 17th century to attend church, unless they were sick. "In 1643, Roger Scott for repeated sleeping in meeting on the Sabbath and for striking the person who waked him, was at Salem sentenced to be severely whipped." Hawthorne says, "A Puritan had his pleasures. He was jolly at funerals and ordinations, when New England rum flowed like water." No Jersey wagons or buggies were known, few chaises were used, but horses with saddle and pillion were common, and a walk of two to four miles was no hindrance to church attendance, and the house was often left with dog and cat only to keep the premises. Old women used to walk a long distance to church and would dine at my father's on the way home.

The older I grow, the more thankful I am that I was taught to keep the Sabbath holy, to attend church and to live in reference to another world. Many Christian parents now think that it is too much to expect children to go to church, or to give up their playthings on that day.

The clergy then used to appear in gown and bands, at least in summer months, and the reverent bearing of the congregation was universal and a lesson for their descendants. The clergy had somewhat in their costume which distinguished them as a class, and a grave yet courteous demeanor and a consciousness of the dignity and sacredness of their calling, the absence of which was deemed an offence.

The late Hon. Josiah Quincy says that at the Old South Church, Andover, the people were all in their places when the pastor entered, and they rose and stood until his family were seated and he in the pulpit, and at the close of the service all stood until he and his family had left the church. Such reverence for the house of God and for the sacred office was most beneficial. As the minister went up the aisle he bowed to the people from side to side. The Congregational ministers were often called "father" and "parson."

My father did not believe in children being taught to read at too early an age. I went to a dame's school of boys and girls, taught by a Miss Quimby, when I was six years old, to learn my letters. My most vivid remembrance of that time is of a mischievous boy putting a bumble bee down my back and the consternation excited thereby in the school, and my own distress.

I began my Greek and Latin very early with my father, and he taught me thoroughly. He paid great attention to reading and declamation. I can remember distinctly, perhaps eighty years ago, John S. C. Abbott, author of the *Life of Napoleon Buonaparte*, then a pupil, declaiming in a dramatic way some lines from Parnell's *Hermit*:

"Horror of horrors! What! his only son!
How looked our hermit when the deed was done?"

Near the close of my twelfth year I was sent off to Phillips Academy, Andover, the most famous school in New England. This was a great event in my life and opened a new world to me, and I was much improved by my single year there. I was, however, so homesick at first that I thought of running away. I remember my dear mother made a pudding for me the last day at home, and how the ginger bread tasted when I was a boy. I went to Andover with Mark Newman, who was going there to see his father, with whom I was to board. We went in a two-wheeled chaise, and were three days making the journey of one hundred

miles. The school had three teachers, and perhaps one hundred boys. Among my school-mates were Horatio B. Hackett and Ray Palmer, the sweet hymn-writer, whose desk was just behind mine in school, but he was not in my class. Oliver Wendell Holmes was there the year before I entered. Ray Palmer was a real poet, and the author of our favorite hymn, "My faith looks up to Thee." and Hackett was a distinguished scholar. Rev. John Adams, father of Rev. William Adams, D. D., President of Union Seminary, New York, was the Principal.

Mr. Adams in his discipline was the American Busby, and belonged to the old dispensation. He believed with Solomon (Prov. xxiii., 14), "Thou shalt beat him with the rod and shalt deliver his soul from hell." When Dr. Busby was showing Charles II over his school, he kept his hat on, saying in apology that it would never do for the boys to think that there was anyone in the world greater than he was. So with Dr. Adams. I have never witnessed the execution of a criminal, but I should not be more affected by it now than I was then by his flogging boys who had been guilty of some misdemeanor. This was customary then in all schools. We were obliged at the Academy to declaim pieces at regular intervals. I had in my class two boys from South Carolina, Edmund and Albert Smith. I can now recall how Edmund stood with hand outstretched, a natural orator, and declaimed an extract from Pope's translation of the Odyssey, where Ulysses sails between Scylla and Charybdis, with the loss of some of his men, and how it was made real to us by his manner. He afterwards became distinguished in his native State. This large family of Smiths afterwards had their name changed to Rhett, an honored name in the South. They were the uncles of Miss Mary Rhett, the charming matron of the Seminary for many years.

My teacher in Latin and Greek was Jonathan Clements, an uncle by marriage of Phillips Brooks. I can never forget him, for he was a most excellent teacher, and first opened my eyes to the beauties of some scenes and passages in Homer, especially the final parting of Hector and Andromache, which John Keble has thus versified so well :

" Father to me thou art and mother dear,
And brother, too, kind husband of my heart."

I have an affectionate remembrance of him and of his pleasant smile and genial manners.

In my *début* in declamation, I made in my agitation *two* bows, and John Adams held me up to the ridicule of the whole school.

Deacon Newman's family, with whom I boarded, was a lovely one, and I was treated like a son by them. The Newmans were related to the Phillips family, and their house was the only one where I saw pictured tiles in the fire-place.

I went on Sundays to the Old South church, where Justin Edwards preached, and when twelve years old I took notes of his sermons, which I preserved for many years. He left upon me an impression of sternness and austerity, which was not uncommon among the ministers of that day. They used to preach then on the ruin of man and his punishment more than now.

I stayed at home the next year and taught in my father's school when fourteen years old. The boys were older than myself, but I was well up in Latin and Greek. Some were very bad and profane, and I have wondered that my father took them at a risk to his own children. Perhaps he thought we must be thrown with such, and it was best to meet them where better influences might counteract the evil. He charged three dollars a week for board and tuition, and it was thought a high price at that time. By this means he was enabled to live more comfortably, and to send all six sons to college, being surpassed in this by Dr. Lord, President of Dartmouth College, who sent eight sons to college.

Domestic service was not then looked down upon as it is now, and servants were treated as members of the family in many ways. At Deacon Newman's the only servant was Miss —, sister of a somewhat distinguished man, the biographer of Payson, and she married a farmer afterwards. Our servant was a lifelong devoted helper and friend, and in her last sickness was tenderly nursed by my sister.

As to the amusements of my boyhood, they were few and simple. My eldest brother wrote on one occasion that he had only half an hour during the day for play. Life was regarded as real and earnest and children were less indulged than they are now, and life was to them more sombre.

In summer we bathed in the bay when the tide was high; the game of ball was played, but not reduced to such a system as it now is, and foot ball was not practised. There was, too, the shooting of wild pigeons, which were very abundant in their season. I did not own a gun, which was costly, and few boys owned

them. I could always borrow one from the old soldiers, Queen Anne guns, they were called. I recall those crisp cold days of winter, that were so exhilarating. I have often waked up with my breath frozen on the quilt ; but although the cold was so severe, we became used to it and did not suffer. The snow came early and stayed till late in March, and was often five feet deep, concealing fences and stumps. The crust was often so hard that a horse could almost gallop over it without breaking through. There was a lane leading to my father's house, which was often so blocked with snow that men on horseback and heavy sleds with oxen had to come and open a way for us, very much like what happened here in the late blizzard. I saw a large vessel hauled on sleds by oxen to the seaside from some miles in the interior, where it had been built.

In winter our amusements were ready to hand. After a heavy fall of snow, making drifts from ten to twenty feet in depth, we boys delighted to jump from the roof of house or shed, sinking almost out of sight in the soft, white yielding cloud, which had come from the skies and spread itself out beneath, apparently for our special fun. Burrowing in those grand drifts on the sides of ravines, we would cut out, like the inhabitants of Petra, from the solid rock, halls and corridors, which delighted us like the creations of Aladdin and his lamp. In these rooms we could have carpets of straw, and even build fires, with snow chimneys to conduct the smoke away, thus imitating the ice cabins of the Esquimaux. We built snow forts with supplies of snowball ammunition ; some, as large as one's head, were bombshells to be hurled on our enemies. The fort would be attacked and defended with great valor, generally by imaginary British and American troops. They would last for weeks, almost as if made of clay. The sliding was perfect by day and by night ; often we went down hills, perhaps a quarter of a mile long, with railroad speed, the cold air making every nerve tingle with pleasure.

We had only wood for fuel and open fires, with only one Franklin stove in the house. Logging was at that time one of the greatest industries of Maine, and my father would buy a large quantity of wood and have it hauled on sleds in winter, and in the spring it would be sawed and packed in the wood-shed for the next winter. He would get 100 cords for his use at one dollar a cord.

CHAPTER IV.

HOME LIFE.

Thanksgiving Day was the great annual home festival in New England, when all the family would be gathered together, the boys returning from school and college.

There was a large rock on the hill back of the house, where father and some of us would stand to catch the first sight of Whiteface and the chaise that brought them home. They would tramp the nine miles from Brunswick to the Kennebec which they crossed on the ferry, and I would often drive seven miles to meet them on this side.

Few families enjoyed so much together as we did. I recall how bright and happy father and mother were, and how happy they made us feel. It was an uncommon faculty they possessed without much talk. I can hear my father's voice on Thanksgiving morning as he opened his large Bible saying, "We will read the one hundred and third Psalm this morning. How much we have to be thankful for!" He always read that Psalm himself.

We always went to Church, sometimes in a sleigh in deep snow, and returned to feast and enjoy ourselves. The governor of the State used to appoint the day and I recall my father reading in Church the Thanksgiving proclamations of Governor Albion K. Parris, whose grandson is now a prominent banker and worker in the Church in Washington. I think that Lincoln was the first President who made it a national proclamation.

Once it is said the Governor put off Thanksgiving Day because the ships with molasses were delayed and it was impossible to celebrate it properly without molasses for the pumpkin pies.

We used candles for light and sperm oil occasionally. Matches were unknown until long after I was grown. The "Tinder Box" was their precursor and was as indispensable as the tea-kettle that still sings on the stove. Unknown to this generation, the tinder box is worth describing. It was of varied forms and more or less coarsely ornamental. An oblong wooden box some six or eight inches long and three or four in width it was divided into two parts. In one was the tinder, half burned linen rag, in the other

were kept the flint, steel and brimstone matches. The flint and steel being struck together, emitted sparks, which fell upon and ignited the tinder. The matches were thin slips of wood, dipped in melted brimstone, and they were lit from the tinder. Often the fire would be covered up carefully at night, and one neighbor would give coals to another to kindle his fire in the morning. Neighbor Gray's chimney was large enough to hold a bench and there we often sat together. I used to go there for fire when ours happened to go out and the tinder box was not in order.

As to children's books, of which there is now such a deluge, we had only Miss Edgeworth's *Tales*, which linger still in my memory, Sandford and Merton, and the sempiternal Robinson Crusoe. When I was in London, fifty years afterwards, I sought out with interest, in Bunhill Fields, the tomb of Defoe, its author. We had few books, but those few were thoroughly conned—read and re-read, so that perhaps we suffered no loss from lack of children's literature. Periodicals were unknown, and the age of illustrated magazines was far in the future. A weekly quarto sheet, the *Boston Messenger*, was the means of our communication with the outer world. The *London Christian Observer* was republished in this country about that time.

We had many traditions, and stories of the early days still were told around the winter fires. I remember seeing many of the Revolutionary soldiers, with their Queen Anne muskets, who talked of Burgoyne, but pronounced it Burgyne, and one told me of the burning of Charlestown by the British, after Bunker Hill, which he had witnessed.

I used to hear my father and others sing hymns of the Revolution, and though they were not very poetical, and had much about bombs and wounds, yet I can imagine they were comforting to them in the perils of war. I can only recall a few lines :

“ War, I defy thee,
Clad in smoky terrors,
Bursting from bombshells,
Roaring from cannon.

“ Good is Jehovah
In bestowing sunshine,
Nor less His goodness
In a storm of thunder.

‘ Death will invade us
By the means appointed,

And we must all bow
Before the King of Terrors.

"Nor am I anxious,
Nor am I anxious.
If I be prepared,
What shape he comes in."

Watts was a favorite hymn-writer, and some of his hymns have been familiar to me for seventy-five years. My grandmother, who died suddenly, repeated the day before her death his striking Psalm 30 :

"Firm was my health, my day was bright,
And I presum'd 'twould ne'er be night ;
Fondly I said within my heart,
Pleasure and peace shall ne'er depart."

Those old hymns, like Watts, were the spiritual food of our ancestors. I hope some day to know good Dr. Watts.

My father and brothers had good voices, and I often would lie on the floor and listen to them singing in the evening. I will name some of their favorites. Psalm 102, Watts :

"Spare us, O Lord, aloud we pray,
Nor let our sun go down at noon ;
Thy years are one eternal day,
And must thy children die so soon !"

Psalm 146 :

"I'll praise my Maker with my breath,
And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers ;
My days of praise shall ne'er be past
While life and thought and being last,
Or immortality endures."

When very young I once went with my father to the burial of a man, and I can remember my father standing in the doorway and repeating in his deep bass voice that solemn hymn, No. 88 :

"Life is the time to serve the Lord,
The time to insure the great reward :
And while the lamp holds out to burn,
The vilest sinner may return."

It made a deep impression on me. My father repeated in his last moments Hymn 31, which his mother had taught him eighty years before :

"Why should we start, and fear to die,
What tim'rous worms we mortals are!
Death is the gate of endless joy,
And yet we dread to enter there.

"Jesus can make a dying bed
Feel soft as downy pillows are;
While on His breast I lean my head,
And breathe my life out sweetly there."

I repeated this last verse to Miss Fish, in her sickness. She had had no religious training, and was much comforted by it and died a Christian. These and many other hymns have been much in my memory, and I read them over and over even now. My mother used to tell of a hymn, which sung to a fugue tune became ludicrous: "Ran down the beard, ran down, ran down the beard, the beard, to Aaron's feet." Sometimes it happened they sang on a hot day, "Oh for a cooling, oh for a cooling, oh for a cooling stream."

On Saturday and Sunday evenings we had much singing, and all the family save myself could sing well. The Sabbath was observed from sunset of Saturday to sunset of Sunday. We were not allowed to walk or whistle on Sunday. The present statute in Massachusetts which defines the Lord's Day as from midnight to midnight is as late as 1844.

We never had any evening services, but even in towns there was but a short intermission between the morning and afternoon sermons. In the Memorial of Rev. Dr. Crocker, of our Church, Dr. Lippitt gives an account of the intense interest aroused by a Christmas-Eve night service held in Dr. Crocker's church in Providence, when I was a child. The streets leading to the church, some two hours before the service, were alive with people to witness the novel and strange sight of St. John's opened after night for Divine worship. The house was densely filled and packed, pews and aisles, and hundreds were turned away from gaining entrance even to the vestibule. His text was St. John iv., 10: "If thou knewest the gift of God," &c. Dr. Crocker's countenance and manner showed how solemnly he felt the responsibility of addressing them. The stillness of death pervaded the assembly during the delivery of the sermon, nearly an hour long. Many were convicted and converted by that sermon. Eternity alone will disclose the momentous results of that first night service in St. John's. Now an evening service and sermon are the rule

everywhere, but there is great difficulty in securing the attendance of any great number of people who have been out in the morning. This difficulty is felt everywhere, in city and in country alike, in small and large churches, and many expedients have been devised for securing a better attendance. In the cities this might be secured by an exchange with a neighboring rector, who by arranging a series of sermons might, by the new voice and different treatment, arouse interest so as to induce the congregation to attend. Or it might be possible, through the Brotherhood of St. Andrew, and making the pews free at the evening service, to secure a different congregation from that of the morning.

As it is now, it seems to me that the Sunday with many Episcopalians, as with the Roman Catholics, is considered at an end after the morning service. This is cutting short the Lord's portion of time, and I fear its evil result upon Christian character. The extreme of the Puritan Sabbath is in danger of being replaced by the laxity of the Continental Sunday. We went to meeting morning and afternoon always, as did all respectable people, as we thought, and the congregation was as large in the afternoon as in the morning. If any one had been seen driving out of town on Sunday morning or afternoon, he would have lost standing in the community. Often the minister would continue his subject in the afternoon, with the same hearers.

There were no Missionary Societies and not much interest in missions in my boyhood. The year I was born Messrs. Judson, Hall, Newell, Nott and Rice were ordained in Salem, Mass., for Missionary work in India, and soon set sail, the advance guard of a noble host.

Sabbath-schools were then just becoming common, and I went very young and received a prize for learning the Sermon on the Mount. E. E. Hale says he was not allowed to enter Sunday-school until he was six years old, being turned away twice.

I remember hearing a Temperance sermon, a rare thing at that time, and a sermon on the text "Come, ye children, hearken unto me" in which the preacher applied it to children.

My Puritan home of eighty years ago had no stern or unfeeling parents, to inspire children with terror or cast gloom upon their young hearts, as has been sometimes represented. My father, though strict in discipline and having the nickname from his scholars of System, was cheerful and kindly. He might forget some things, but he never forgot the morning and evening family

prayers, which were like the Jewish *tamid*, a continual daily offering.

I heard my father say that he would rather give up his breakfast than family prayers. We used to read in turn a verse from the chapter at prayers; even the younger ones, who could not read well, would have their turn. This made us very familiar with the Bible. There was always the blessing and return of thanks at each meal, a pious custom often now disused, I fear.

We were taught to see the hand of God in everything and to realize His constant presence. How it was done I cannot tell, for neither father nor mother talked to us much about these things. It must have been the force of example and the religious atmosphere that filled the house, unconsciously affecting us, as does the earthly atmosphere.

I think of my father with all his cares and duties as always most cheerful, and of my mother as never too tired to entertain us by repeating poetry or telling stories, and both making our home always bright and happy.

I might mention here what a great change has taken place in drinking customs since I was a boy. Then it was thought uncivil not to offer any visitor, much more the minister, Jamaica rum, or whiskey, when he called, and it was thought impossible for him to refuse it. A decanter of wine or spirits stood on every side-board. When as a boy I went around with my father, who never drank much, and afterwards became a total abstainer, I used to have the "heel-taps," as they were called. Deacons and elders sold liquor as regularly as groceries.

A minister once was noticed to be very thick in his speech and much under the influence of liquor, and the congregation appointed the deacons to investigate the matter. In excuse he said he had been in the habit of getting his liquor from Deacon — but he had lately, through a friend, got some of the genuine stuff from Boston, and though he had taken only the usual quantity, it affected him as they saw. Deacon — moved to drop the inquiry, fearing, doubtless, that his watered rum might suffer. Cider-drinking was very common, and it made men stupid and quarrelsome. Cider-drunkards showed it in the face. I have never seen any since. Dr. Leonard Woods, Professor at Andover Seminary, said he had known forty ministers to die drunkards. The temptations then to drinking were much greater than now, for the minister in this country and England would take a glass

of port or something of the sort, before and after preaching. We may thank God that this evil is lessening. In 1812 a gill of rum, whiskey or brandy was made part of the regular daily ration of each soldier.

Improvements have been made in ethical, not to say Christian, living during the century :

" Dr. Chambers, of Philadelphia, tells us that in 1825 he went to a funeral of a prominent member of his church, and that he and the sexton were the only persons who were not in danger of falling into the grave through drunkenness. On the next Sunday he told his people that he would never again officiate at a funeral of a church member where liquor was freely distributed. As late as 1835 a deacon in a prominent church in Boston was at once a distiller of whiskey and at the same time an agent for the Bible Society."

Coal was never dreamed of as fuel, but might sometimes be found upon the mantel-piece as a curiosity. In this year, 1902, when coal is so necessary it is strange to know that the year I was born, nine wagons loaded with anthracite coal were hauled 106 miles to Philadelphia ; two loads were sold at cost of transportation, and seven given away, and the sale was denounced as a fraud.

Anthracite coal was first used in Boston about 1824 and gas about the same time, though not used in houses until I came to Virginia, about 1836.

CHAPTER V.

COLLEGE DAYS.

THE old are generally praisers of the past and its ways. It is well for them to show the reasons for their belief and give some account of their experiences. I do not claim that my college life and advantages were equal in some respects to the present. Yet I think we had to study then as hard as now, with fewer distractions, and the discipline of the mind and faculties was thorough. We did not have such scientific grammars or such full lexicons, or such a bewildering array of sciences; but with our *Græca Minora* and *Majora*, and the Delphin editions of Greek and Latin Classics, with notes in Latin, and Schrevelius' Greek Lexicon with Latin definitions, we soon gained a mastery of the languages, and read the higher works with more fullness perhaps than now, where a closer attention is paid to the details of language, its grammar, construction, and metre. Pickering's Greek Lexicon with *English* definitions was the first one ever introduced into this country, and was hailed with delight. We gained also a love of the classics which stayed with us, and this led to our keeping up these studies in a measure all our lives. Now, what with the cramming and pressure to pass severe examinations, there has come a desire to pass and then never to take up the study again, or in the press of life and its many engagements there is not the same leisure and opportunity to keep up one's college studies. Certainly, I do not see that those who now study Latin and Greek have any greater love for or acquaintance with the literature than we had in that earlier day. There is more scientific knowledge now, but the mind is not better trained, there is no sounder judgment, or clearer insight into difficult questions than under the old system. Students learned in grammatical construction often never dream of reading Latin or Greek for pleasure or self culture. Woodrow Wilson, Professor at Princeton University, believes in the old system of classical training, I am glad to hear.

A few words must be said about Bowdoin College. An attempt was made in 1787 to establish a college in the District of Maine,

and the 24th of June, 1794, the charter was signed and the college was called Bowdoin in honor of Governor Bowdoin, the friend of Washington and a patriot. His son James Bowdoin perpetuated his father's memory by most liberal gifts to the college of lands and money, a rare collection of minerals and metals, a large and valuable library, and a gallery of paintings accumulated in France. The charter established a college for the purpose of educating youth and promoting virtue and piety and the knowledge of the languages and of the useful and liberal arts and sciences. "Those were the days," says Chief Justice Fuller in his Centennial Address at Bowdoin June, 1894—"we trust in every fundamental sense they are still with us—when all alike regarded virtue and piety as essential elements of education, and religion as the chief corner-stone of an educational institution. It was impossible that [any other view could be entertained. Religion of some kind has been the basis of education, of whatever kind and at whatever time; and as the things of truth, of honesty, of justice, of purity, of loveliness and of good report were the acknowledged ends of education, these were to be attained only through the spiritual forces of the Christian religion, by which human culture had been preserved and through which it was to reach its highest development. The charter did but adopt the language of the Constitution of the State, which declared that knowledge, wisdom and virtue were necessary for the preservation of the people's rights and liberties." These wise and weighty words of our Chief-Justice deserve to be remembered by all interested in education.

Another graduate equally distinguished in another calling, Nathaniel Hawthorne, has said in his earlier novel, "If this institution did not offer all the advantages of older and prouder seminaries, its deficiencies were compensated to its students by the inculcation of regular habits, and of a deep and awful sense of religion, which seldom deserted them in their course through life." This influence doubtless affected him in writing his masterly stories, which treat of the profound problems of life, with its sin and crime, the mystery of pain, the reason and value of existence, the law of repentance, and the cure for the sinning soul. This active moral and religious influence is a peculiarity of the American system.

At one of the German universities a Professor of Harvard gave one of the Professors some account of the discipline of the

American colleges, especially its moral and religious tone, the stated morning and evening service of the chapel, and the watch over the morals and character of the students. The German uttered an exclamation of surprise and gratification: "Would God we had the same!"

Bowdoin College had then, as it has now, the regular college course of four years, with mathematical and classical studies, as fixed as the laws of the Medes and Persians, binding on every one; but it also opened up to the student every department, as the advancing standards of the time demanded. Its scheme of discipline and study aimed to fit the student for the pursuits of practical life and for the prosecution of advanced study in any department.

Dr. Daniel R. Goodwin, once a Professor there, in his address at Bowdoin in 1873, has wisely said: "The old function of the college proper will always be required. If our colleges were all at once transformed into German universities we should need and we should soon establish in their place our old colleges, or the German gymnasia, to perform what would thus be abandoned of their present office—a fundamental general training, the preparation of a generous, liberal classical culture, the proper discipline of humanity. This would be needed for the professions, too, especially for that of the clergy. And as regards science itself, it will always be found that no minds are so well prepared to grasp and preserve the properly *scientific* character and bearings of what is presented, even in the popular lecture, as those which have been disciplined by a thorough classical and mathematical training. . . . There is no hostility between science and the classics. . . . Let us propose no such miserable alternatives as learning *or* science, science *or* religion; rather let our watchwords and battle-cry be—learning *and* science, science *and* religion, 'now and forever, one and inseparable.' "

It was the twenty-sixth institution of learning established in this country, and in its hundred years of existence has had many graduates who have taken the first place in every calling and position. Upon its roll stand the names of a President and nine Senators of the United States, a Speaker of the National House, a Chief-Justice of the Supreme Court, twenty-five members of Congress, many governors, foreign ministers, legislators, eminent divines, presidents and professors in colleges and seminaries, missionaries, editors, and noble and useful men in every department of life.

No college in the land has had a roll of alumni, in the ratio of members, superior to Bowdoin in force and brains. If it had a remarkable faculty it had and could not help having, out of such a population, a remarkable body of students.

Its special season of glory is the time when Longfellow and Hawthorne shed undying lustre on the class of 1825. As Justice Fuller says, "In that class and in the classes that immediately preceded and followed it, covering a period of seven years, we find the names of men of such eminence as jurists, physicians, authors, teachers and divines, statesmen and orators, as would render any school illustrious. Among them were six members of the Senate of the United States, Franklin Pierce, President, Nathaniel Hawthorne, Longfellow, John S. C. Abbott, George B. Cheever, Sergeant S. Prentiss, Samuel S. Boyd, Calvin E. Stowe, and others who achieved a national reputation, and whose names are entered upon the lasting memorials of American history." Hawthorne and Longfellow sat near together, but their great fame was not then imagined.

This somewhat curious incident illustrates the uncertain promises and prophecies of the college period. Longfellow and Abbott were on the best terms as classmates and friends, both being young and congenial and decidedly literary. It was good-naturedly proposed by some one that each should write a poem under given circumstances, and a committee of the class be appointed to decide upon the merits of these productions. They did so and the laurel was given to Abbott, but it was his last attempt at verse-making.

The stage-coach that brought the semi-weekly mail from Boston was the chief means of communication with the outside world. Drawn by four strong, spirited horses, as Horatio Bridge says in his charming *Recollections of Nathaniel Hawthorne*, at the average speed of ten miles an hour along the smooth roads, men made pleasant friendships often with their fellow-travellers. Among the passengers in one of these coaches, in the summer of 1821, were Franklin Pierce, Jonathan Cilley, and Alfred Mason, son of the famous lawyer Jeremiah Mason, from New Hampshire, and Nathaniel Hawthorne, from Salem. These four became intimate friends, and it is quite remarkable that four young men of such ability should have met together in that way.

I entered the Freshman Class of Bowdoin College in September, 1827, two years after the famous class of 1825, at almost the

same age as my father when he entered the Revolutionary army. I was nearly fifteen, but, owing to my better training in Latin and Greek, I passed an examination that was considered unusually good. I belonged to the Peucinian Society, and was one of the four out of my class elected to the Phi Beta Kappa, to which several professors, among them Longfellow, and most of the conservative students belonged.

The college and its grounds were not attractive as they now are. There were three brick buildings and a wooden, unpainted chapel, the upper part being used for the library and the lower part for prayers and other exercises. It had a cupola in which was the hard-working college bell, which groaned over its incessant labors. The poet Moore writes beautifully of

" Those evening bells,
How many a tale their music tells
Of youth and home and that sweet time
When last I heard their soothing chime."

I cannot adopt his language nor did he speak of those *morning* bells, which awoke us from the sound sleep of youth by their discordant clang. The winter's storm would be howling without, the thermometer 10° below zero, the snow in drifts ten feet deep in places, when we were obliged to rise at the early hour of six o'clock in winter and girding on our plaid cloaks which concealed a multitude of defects in our toilet, we hurried into the cold chapel, guiltless of register or steam pipe. There President Allen or some professor read a chapter of the Bible, by a lamp dimly burning, and the prayers followed.

Immediately after prayers the first recitation was held, lasting until breakfast, after seven o'clock. We studied and slept in plain, unpainted and uncarpeted rooms, heated only by open fire, but made bright and cheerful by the same, wood being abundant at one dollar a cord. For sport we played ball on the campus, swam in the Androskoggin, shot pigeons and picked blueberries on the plains, and had our favorite walks amid the whispering pines, to Consecrated Rock and Paradise Spring. The campus was a rough, unenclosed common, with trees just set out. The revenue of the college was very small, and everything was on an economical scale. In these days of more costly education, it may be of interest to note the college expenses of seventy years ago. This is an actual term bill of that period :

For tuition -----	\$8.00
Chamber rent-----	3.34
Damages -----	.60
Sweeping and bedmaking -----	1.12
Library-----	.50
Monitor and Catalogues-----	.13
Bell -----	.11
Reciting-room-----	.25
Chemical Lectures-----	.25
Fines (perhaps for absence or "unnecessary walking on Sunday," <i>i. e.</i> , a stroll after morning or afternoon meeting) -----	.20
	<hr/>
	\$14.50

The one largest expense (excepting books and stationery) was the "midnight oil," which was bought from a village "store" and burned in brass or Japanned lamps.

Certain students, says Horatio Bridge, had extra lamp-fillers that had never known oil. These were carried in broad daylight across the campus, full of a liquid more quickly and pleasantly consumed, for grocery stores then sold "wines and liquors" like other goods. If there "was a sound of revelry by night" it usually ceased at nine o'clock.

I, with other students, boarded part of the time in "commons." We did not "fare sumptuously every day" on a dollar a week, which was the price of our board. The highest charge was one dollar and a half or two dollars a week for table board. The coffee was sweetened with molasses, "long sweetening," as it is called in the West. Graham bread was much used, and on Sunday morning we always had pork and beans and brown bread. The fare and the habits of eating were not conducive to health, as we ate rapidly, often spending only ten minutes at a meal. The health and comfort of students was not consulted, and the life was an unnecessarily hard one, I think. Edward Everett Hale speaks on this point just what I experienced. There was an utter disregard of physical health in the arrangement of recitations, and a seemingly utter ignorance of any connection between mind and body. All the year the same distance between prayers and breakfast prevailed, and no one seemed to think that it was absolutely evil to work the brains of boys who had had no food for thirteen or fourteen hours.

Francis Lieber was asked to prepare, about this time, the fun-

damental rules for Girard College, and in his curious code Article 227 was this : " No scientific instruction proper should be given within a full hour after dinner. The contrary leads to vice." In defiance of this rule, classes went at once from dinner to recitation. I was never told that I ought to take exercise every day, and I lived in the college-yard, studying, day in and day out, without thinking physical exercise was necessary. The consequence was that many became confirmed dyspeptics or broke down in health. There was no suspension at Christmas, which was not observed at all, for we had recitations on that day just as on any other. I was never told anything about Christmas. My first recollection of Christmas is that on a snowy night, when at Guilford, Vermont, I went once to a service on Christmas-Eve, and looked on with some curiosity at the decorations, but little impression was made on me—no more than if it had been St. Blaise's Day.

The Professors were young men of power—able, earnest, and enthusiastic in their departments, and shallow surface work was an abomination to them. Parker Cleveland, Professor of Natural Science, was one of the first professors and chosen for his practical and social powers as well as for his learning. He was the father of Mineralogy in this country and published the first work on that new science, which made him well known in Europe as well as in America. It was a great treat to hear his lectures, which were delivered early in the morning. His experiments were always successful, and though he performed them hundreds of times, his wonder and delight seemed always fresh at the successful result, like Professor Farrar, of Cambridge, whose hair stood on end at the success of his experiments in Chemistry and Electricity. Professor Cleveland's countenance was stern and rugged, and though he sometimes excited a smile in the class, he was never guilty of one himself, though he was kind and genial and none ever inspired more kindly respect. He taught his classes for fifty-three years, dying as he was preparing to go to recitation, in his eightieth year. I see again an old man of rugged features, clad in plain garments, standing forth in an unpainted lecture room, like the magician of old armed with the hidden but powerful force of the laboratory of nature.

Samuel P. Newman taught Rhetoric and Oratory, and his textbook on Rhetoric passed through sixty editions in this country and was republished in England. It is perhaps the best elementary treatise on that subject.

Professor Upham taught Mental Philosophy and published a work on the subject, which has been the text-book in many colleges and schools. He was young, scholarly, gifted and greatly beloved, a poet and an author of note. His poem on Lovell's Pond, the scene of an early Indian massacre, where a tree still lived that was planted by a young man the day before his murder, made an impression on me. He was the only mystic I knew. His letters from Europe are original and striking. An extract from one from Paris is given: "Beauty and deformity; life and death are mingled together. Man is here, but where is the Maker of man. I sigh for my native land. I wish to hear again the prayers and the hymns of her cottages, inspired by the blessings around them. Her rivers are her lines of beauty; her hills are her monuments; the mighty firmament is her cathedral, and God heard in the sighing of the winds, seen in the richness of the vast forests, and eternal in the reproduction of her wild and varied magnificence, God is everywhere."

Professor William Smyth, nicknamed "Ferox," had the chair of Mathematics, and published several mathematical works, which first adopted the French methods and made an era in this study in America, and he made a great light dawn upon us as to the science of numbers.

Blackboards were first used in 1826, here. On one occasion, I remember, he missed several students from his class, and hastily concluded that there was a "combination" to be absent. This was always dreaded—a *bête noir* to Professors, who continually suspected combinations. He gave out an extra recitation at an unusual hour to punish them. The class resented his act, but did nothing until the final examination in the presence of the trustees, when they all agreed to fail at the blackboard exercises. So when the problems were given out the class looked blankly at the board and did nothing, to the great mortification and annoyance of the Professor, who was a nervous man, with whom they thought they had thus gotten even. But the class was not advanced until another examination at the opening of the next session; so both suffered.

Our Professor of Mathematics used to speak of the calculus as a powerful instrument of investigation, to which I alluded in these terms, *Utinam Calculus, tale præpotens instrumentum investigationis, majore studio ac affectu recipiatur*, and it was received with great applause and appreciation by the students.

I had the salutatory oration of my class in the Junior year and it was delivered in Latin as the above quotation shows.

The Professor of Latin and Greek was my brother, Alpheus S. Packard, who entered college in 1812, graduated with the Latin Salutatory, given to the second scholar in the class, in 1816, returned as tutor in 1819, and then was made Professor, and continued in his position there until his death, in July, 1884, when he was acting President of the College. Chief Justice Fuller, in his address before quoted, says: "Professor Packard is immortalized in the lines of one of his most celebrated pupils and associates." Longfellow, in the poem delivered at the semi-centennial of his class in 1875, entitled *Morituri Salutamus*, one of the most celebrated and elegant poems he ever wrote, turning and addressing him, thus spoke:

"They are no longer here; they all are gone
Into the land of shadows,—all save one.
Honor and reverence, and the good repute
Which follow faithful service as its fruit,
Be unto him whom living we salute."

Justice Fuller goes on to say: "As to Professor Packard an observation may well be added. In his address of 1858 he quotes Chief-Justice Jay as saying that the French Revolution 'banished silk stockings and good manners,' but he furnished in himself, throughout the sixty-five years of his devotion to the college and its work, indubitable proof that though knee-breeches had disappeared, the latter part of the opinion of the Chief-Justice must be limited in its application or be overruled. Professor Packard had elegant and courtly manners, and was very handsome."

In 1829 Henry W. Longfellow became Professor of Modern Languages and Librarian, and he with Goodwin gave to Modern Languages a position they had nowhere else. He was very young and handsome, the ideal of a poet, and very affable to the students, who were more at ease with him than with any other Professor. I remember well my first sight of him, dressed in English costume, as he had just returned from Europe; with his clear, ruddy complexion, auburn hair and blue eyes, I thought him the most beautiful man I had ever seen. I was in the first class he taught. He taught me French and made me an Assistant Librarian. We studied *Gil Blas*, in the beginning of which *Gil Blas* says of his mother that when she married she was not in her first youth, in French, "*Elle n' était pas dans la première jeu-*

nesse," which Longfellow rendered "She was no chicken." It was a pleasure to recite to him as the dullness of the lecture was enlivened by his remarks. He gave us exercises in French, and up to the time of the war I had mine with *Tres bien* often at the bottom in his own handwriting. He published *Proverbs Dramatiques*, which we studied. He illustrated the proverb "Good wine needs no bush" by telling us that in his travels in Spain a "bush" was the sign over wine-shops. Though unknown then to fame, he exerted an inspiring influence on the men. He was always most kindly and pleasant in his relations to me, and when, in my Junior year, I had a bad cough from inflammation of the lungs, he advised me to discontinue my studies and try to get well.

This I did for several months, and in April, 1829, I went with a friend from Wiscasset to New York in a schooner, and we were out five nights. We went up the Hudson to Albany in a fine steamer about ten miles an hour. We spent a day and night at the Catskill Mountain House, some miles from the landing, and under the inspiration of the scene I wrote, when seventeen years old, a poem on "Catskill Falls."

Phillips Brooks said in his address on Poetry at the Episcopal High School in 1859: "There are times when it is good for any man to perpetrate a page or two with the lines ending similarly. There is a great deal of poetry that is perfectly justifiable to write, but utterly inexcusable to show when it is written. Verses, like the papers in lost pocket-books, of no possible value except to the owner. * * * There are times when the dullest souls among us fledge unguessed—of wings and turn to sudden poets. There are brooks whose singing is contagious and sunrises which turn all live men into Memnon statues." So I will not print my verses.

We hired a chaise and drove to Saratoga, which was a small place with few visitors. We stopped to water the horse in a stream, and, to our dismay, he began to sink in a quagmire, but got out at last safely. During a thunder-storm we stopped at a farm-house and were given some boiled cider, very strong and sweet. We returned the same way, very much improved in health. We spent a fortnight in New York city, where hogs were running in the streets. I paid five dollars a week board at a boarding-house on Pearl street, and I thought it very high. New York had then about 120,000 inhabitants. I heard Dr. Finney

preach in Dr. Spring's Brick Church, and he impressed me very strongly. Fish were not allowed to be sold, unless alive, as is the case now in Norway. It was curious to see them floundering in the tubs of water. Water was sold from barrels.

I returned to college much stronger in every way. I graduated in a class of twenty-one and was given the Latin Salutatory, the same position my brothers Alpheus and Charles had at their graduation. I might have taken a higher stand if I had been two years older and able to contend with more mature minds.

Dr. Daniel R. Goodwin, the late distinguished Professor at the Philadelphia Divinity School, was three years in college with me, graduating in 1832, when two years older than myself. He was unquestionably the ablest man in the college. He was President of the Athenæan Society, and his essay against Radicalism for his M. A. degree was published in a pamphlet and was received with more attention because Professor Smyth was considered a Radical. Goodwin succeeded Longfellow, whose departure caused Mr. Davies to remark that other institutions not only borrowed our oil but took away our lamps also.

Let me quote Justice Fuller's tribute to Dr. Goodwin, whose name and memory we honor highly in our Church: "The wide and varied learning, the accurate scholarship, the critical and incisive intellect of Goodwin, continued in other fields of usefulness the high distinction which accompanied his efforts here, while his remarkable power in debate gave him deserved weight in the councils of the Church of which he was a member."

Cyrus Hamlin, the great missionary in Turkey, was with me one year in college. While there he made a perfect model of a steam engine, which is still preserved, and his natural gifts were developed by his Bowdoin training, so that he was enabled to meet the greatest difficulties in that far-off land, and to do a wondrous work in so many different lines. He is but one illustration showing that the faculties trained and the mind disciplined by a college education best fit a man for practical life and business affairs. He came to Alexandria in 1837 and wrote to me in 1899. I think we appreciated more highly our privileges than students seem to do now. The old college life formed habits of diligence, application and energy, taught us to use our wits, to receive an impulse not only from teachers but from fellow students. It certainly turned out men who have grappled successfully with the problem of life.

It turned out the earliest of our great poets, Longfellow, and the first novelist of his age, Hawthorne, the Shakspeare of human nature in fiction, who explored the deepest recesses of the human heart ; not to mention those sons distinguished in the State, in religious work and in every department of life.

I know of no author in the English language who has afforded me so much entertainment as Hawthorne. A master of English prose, he has covered every portion of its literature with the glory of his genius. His *Wonder Book*, suited to young and old alike ; his *Note Books*, full of keen and delicate observation of all peoples and lands that he visited ; his *Short Stories* and *Novels*, and his religious allegory, *The Celestial Railroad*, have beguiled many weary hours in my later life.

CHAPTER VI.

RELIGIOUS INFLUENCES.

IN the same class with Cyrus Hamlin, was Henry B. Smith, the foremost Presbyterian divine in his day in this country, a Moderator of the General Assembly, and a broad-minded, noble-hearted man. He was converted while at Bowdoin and had wonderful influence on others.

We like to recall these men, who, mingling with us on the playground and in the class-rooms as equals, have risen above their fellows and written their names on history's fair page.

It was at Bowdoin College that nearly all of these men received their strong religious impressions and confessed Christ and decided on their course. It was particularly so of Calvin E. Stowe, of Jacob Abbott and his four brothers, of Rufus Anderson, for more than fifty years the Christian Secretary of State, as it were, in one of the great departments of Christ's kingdom, the American Board of Missions, of Cyrus Hamlin, who there decided to be a missionary; of Smith and Goodwin, as named above; of Ezra Abbott, reading from his Greek Testament as he led the Sunday-morning meeting of the "Praying Circle," which was one of the religious forces of the College—an Erasmus, it is said, in scholarship, and more than an Erasmus in moral courage; of George B. Cheever, that fervid and fearless prophet of the Lord; and of unnumbered others, whose names are written in heaven. John Rand of Portland, Me., my class-mate, is now the oldest graduate. He has had the settlements of large estates, and is a man of the highest integrity.

In the village church which the students attended, the Rev. Asa Mead was for a time the minister. He had a stern, severe aspect and manner, and on one occasion, when the students were restless and were shuffling their feet, he shook his fist at them and reproved them very severely, and he was unpopular with them. He was followed by the Rev. George Adams, his exact opposite in every respect, and a model of Christian suavity and gentleness. I remember his texts and sermons to this day, after sixty-five years, especially a sermon on Deut. xxxii., 31: "Their rock is

not as our rock, our enemies themselves being judges." Often visiting ministers preached to us. I well remember that as I sat in the gallery above the pulpit I saw Dr. Lyman Beecher take out of his vest pocket a needle and thread and calmly sew together the loose scraps of the sermon he was to preach. His habits of preparation were unusual. If he was to preach in the evening he was to be seen all day talking with whoever would talk, accessible to all, full of everybody's affairs, business, and burdens till an hour or two before the time, when he would rush up into his study (which he always preferred should be the topmost room of the house), and, throwing off his coat, after a swing or two with the dumbbells to settle the balance of his muscles, he would sit down and dash ahead, making quantities of hieroglyphic notes on small stubbed bits of paper, about as big as the palm of his hand.

President William Allen sometimes preached, and once said: "If there were a ray of hope for the impenitent after death, I would expand it into a rainbow which would span the great gulf between heaven and hell." Some one preached on "The kingdom of heaven is like to a grain of mustard seed," and the whole sermon was a running parallel between mustard and the Gospel; mustard was pungent, so was the Gospel. It violated a rule of interpretation, it went on all-fours.

The Rev. Mr. Goss, of Boothbay, preached there on Zaccheus' conversion. He dwelt on his being little of stature, and said, as well as I remember, "Small men surrounded by a crowd taller than themselves naturally seek some elevation from which to survey what is going on," and later on made this statement: "Zaccheus went to a sycamore tree and grasped its trunk, as does the monarch of the forest [a bear] until it shook to its topmost twig."

I have heard the father of James R. Lowell preach, who was for fifty-five years pastor of a Congregational Church in Boston; also Edward Everett, who was at eighteen a wonderful speaker. I heard R. W. Emerson, but it was not like true preaching; he seemed to have no message to deliver. This was the case with most Unitarians. There was no "sure and certain hope" or "comfortable faith." They got no further than the philosophers of antiquity. The Christian revelation counted for little with them. There is something inexpressibly sad in the contemplation of a body of men of high culture, generous human sympathies, refined tastes, and disciplined characters, self-contained, calm, serene, looking forth upon the world of

struggling, suffering men, from a lofty philosophic plane, and offering them nothing better, after nineteen Christian centuries, than the speculations of Plato.

It was not until I was eighteen years old that I was awakened to the importance of personal religion. I cannot remember that anything was ever said to me in early life about personal piety, except by a schoolmate at Phillips Academy. Though brought up in a religious family, I had led a prayerless life. I do not remember being taught any forms of prayer or even the Lord's Prayer, and this was owing, doubtless, to the Congregational view of conversion then generally held, which differs greatly from the view of the Episcopal Church.

In November, 1830, the Rev. Dr. Bennett Tyler preached a sermon at the College church on the Worth of the Soul, which made a deep impression on me. It afterwards was widely circulated as a tract, and has lately been published in his volume of sermons. He said: "The soul derives infinite value from its immortality. Have you thought on that word *eternity*? Have you weighed the solemn alternative before you, *eternal life or eternal death*? Let me make a supposition that I have heard or read many years ago: 'Suppose this world were to be removed into the regions of infinite space by a little insect—an insect so small that it could carry but a particle at a time—and to a distance so great that he could go and return but once in a thousand years. How long would it take to remove this world? Suppose this work accomplished, would eternity be ended? Would it be diminished? Would there not be an eternity to ensue? Suppose a thousand such worlds were removed in like manner, still eternity would not be ended.' What profit, then, if you gain the whole world and lose your soul?" [This illustration is found in a German hymn, translated by Miss Winkworth in *Lyra Germanica*.] I was not listening much to the sermon until my mind was arrested by this comparison, and I realized in some feeble sense the immortality of my soul. Eternity seemed to open before me. I had been thoughtless and careless. This was the great crisis in my life. It was as if an arrow had pierced my heart. I was suddenly awakened to the importance of its salvation. I do not, however, regard this awakening as conversion, but as the first step towards it. Men must first be awakened to the importance of religion before they are converted. God's Holy Spirit, under the preaching of the Gospel, or by some other means of grace, even

the casual word of a friend, can flash conviction into the soul of its immortality of happiness or of misery, though He can act without these means.

This sermon led to deep seriousness on my part for a long time, and no doubt to my conversion and to a new life. I did not join the Congregational Church for some time. I knew nothing then of the Episcopal Church. There were, I believe, in 1830, but two Episcopal churches in the State of Maine—one at Gardiner and one at Portland. About this period both of them were without a rector. I had heard more in my childhood of the Roman Catholic than of the Episcopal Church. There was a Bishop Cheverus, the first Bishop of Boston, who formed some Roman Catholic churches in New England, and made a great impression. He afterwards returned to France, being recalled by Louis XVIII, and became a Cardinal.

In my visits to my brother George at Saco, Maine, I attended the Episcopal church of which he was a member, and I gradually grew to love its Liturgy and its ways, and was confirmed. It was not so much that it was the most apostolic Church on earth in its three orders of ministry, of whose importance I stand in no doubt, but it was its Liturgy and its ways that drew me into the Episcopal Church. Hence, when I went to Andover I was known as being inclined that way, and I formed one of those feeble folk who met in an upper room and established the first Episcopal church in Andover, of which my brother was afterwards the rector.

The theory of the religious life and experience of the young is different in the Congregational Church from that in the Episcopal Church. In the former young persons were not expected to become pious until eighteen or twenty years of age. They waited for conversion or confession of Christ until some general awakening took place in the community, or until they met with some strange, almost miraculous experience. The Rev. F. Palmer, once a Congregationalist, now an Episcopal minister, says in substance that the Congregational view assumes that all the moral quality of the act must lie in the will of the doer. Their objective point of prayer and effort, then, is to get men across this sharply dividing line of "I will." Before crossing that they are lost; after crossing that they are saved. The objective point of the Episcopal Church is the bringing of men in all their parts, and the will is one of the most important, into harmony with God. Congregationalism tends to substitute the consciousness of a

spiritual process for the process itself. It aims to bring men to a conscious spiritual crisis, which it so identifies with spiritual life that it cannot conceive of one without the other. Its children must experience a change before they can join the Church. They search for and try to produce this in themselves. In order to produce something they lay hold of any strange emotions which they may find and call them a change, and when the emotions fade, as they will do, the change is often gone. Many others, having no such conscious new state, which usually comes later in the experience of the Christian, stay outside of the Church or become opposers of religion. Too much stress was laid upon fully understanding an elaborate confession, and many tender souls suffered without the fold, which should early receive them.

This is the method of conquest, the change of the "natural" man, and lays stress on the emotions which accompany conversions more than on the fact itself. It treats the children of Christian parents, and men and women living under the influence of Christian principles, as if they were heathen or the vilest sinners, and tries to bring them to the revival bench or altar, feeling as a heathen or a criminal would feel in regard to their salvation.

On the other hand, the Episcopal Church looks on conversion as a turning point in a method of *growth*, not of *conquest*. By the Sacrament of Holy Baptism for Infants it gives the child the spiritual status of the parents, just as it has their status in social position, politics, and manners. The parents being Christians—in reality, not merely in name—then the child will be a little member of Christ, actually, as the Office of Holy Baptism declares. To complete the spiritual life, the child is to add the element of individual choice, and confirm by his own act the process that has been going on in him from his birth. Conversion is the actual, open acknowledgment of the child or grown person that God is his father, and Christ his Saviour and King, and that he is henceforth determined to try to live and act as a child of God.

Children under this view are to be trained up in the ways of the Church, as members of the Church, so far as they can be, through God's grace and love, and only needing their own act of choice and resolve to complete the relationship, God having most surely and fully fulfilled His part of the covenant. Holy Baptism is a covenant in which God has actually done His part, and not a mere pious ceremony, as most of the denominations regard it.

The observance of the great Church festivals are most helpful

in this training, since they arouse and cultivate a class of sentiments and feelings which the ordinary exercises of the sanctuary leave dormant. On this point, Henry B. Smith, the prominent Presbyterian, says in his essay on Christian Union, &c., in *Faith and Philosophy*, that re-union would be greatly aided if the different Churches would "unite in some stated religious observances, commemorative of the great historic facts of the Christian faith in which they all agree and which cannot be appropriated by any one branch of the Church, such as the birth, the death, and the resurrection of our Lord, and the giving of the Holy Ghost. For these festivals antedate not only our divisions, but also the corruptions of the Papacy; they exalt the Lord and not man; they involve a public and solemn recognition of essential Christian facts, and are thus a standing protest against infidelity and connect us with the whole Christian history."

The life of childhood is, by the Episcopal Church, thus early associated with the life of Christ, and thus the child is led on gradually and insensibly to the love and service of his Saviour, not, however, without the grace of God acting on him and renewing him. Says Rev. Dr. Austin Phelps, an eminent Congregationalist:

"If I had been trained in the Episcopal Church, I should at the age of twelve years have been confirmed and have entered on a consciously religious life, and grown up into Christian living of the Episcopalian type. It was to me a sad misfortune that my Presbyterian culture had not, in addition to its high spiritual ideal of regenerate character, something of the Episcopalian ideal of Christian growth. The natural ascent to God for a Christian child is the Christian home, the family altar, the social amenities of life suffused by the love of God and man."

It was a favorite remark of the pious Philip Doddridge, in confirmation of this, that if parents did their full duty, conversion to God in adult age would be a rare thing.

The rite of Confirmation, too, has a most important influence in awakening children to a consciousness of their duty. When Dr. Charles Hodge was in Germany he was very much struck with the strict observance of this rite by the Superintendents of the Lutheran churches, for in Germany every child is baptized and confirmed, and he thought it edifying and wished it could be observed in his own Church.

The duty of submission to the sovereignty of God was in the theology of New England made very prominent, and the work of Christ in our salvation was by it overshadowed. Instead of presenting Christ as a Saviour, and as willing to save to the uttermost all who come unto God through Him, a law-work was considered necessary—that is, deep conviction of one's sinfulness, followed by some sudden and revolutionary change of heart; so that men looked to themselves too much instead of to Christ. I have thought it would be helpful to speak of these two different views of the Christian life and conversion, as realized by me.

I might here add a word as to burial customs. Hearses were not known at that time, and the body was carried on a bier by bearers. The head of the family would at the grave thank those who attended the burial for their sympathy and presence.

President Allen, of Bowdoin, had a lovely wife, the daughter of President Wheelock, of Dartmouth. When she was buried he made a very touching address at the grave, speaking of her to the friends who attended. Professor Newman preached a sermon in the house at my mother's burial on the text, "Let me go, for the day breaketh," and gave out a hymn, "Hear what the voice from heaven declares."

Only a few years ago I was pleasantly impressed at seeing Gen. Custis Lee and Capt. R. E. Lee at the burial of their brother, Gen. W. H. F. Lee, go around and speak to his old friends and companions in arms.

In the year 1830, I employed my three months vacation in the winter, teaching a school of forty boys and girls, some of whom were grown. I boarded around and was kept very busy, often sitting up till eleven o'clock, correcting exercises, setting copies and mending the quill pens. I never worked harder and my only comfort was spending Saturday and Sunday at my brother Charles' home in Brunswick, Maine. His widow, in her ninety-fifth year, still lives there, in a serene and beautiful old age. Two of her sons, Revs. Edward and George T., are ministers, and her oldest son, Dr. Charles W. Packard, is an eminent physician in New York, at whose house I spent many happy days, when attending the meetings of the Revision Committee.

After graduating in 1831, I went to Walpole to be associate with Charles H. Allen, of Harvard, in a new academy just erected.

This was a most beautiful town on the high banks of the Connecticut in a very refined and wealthy community. We had boys

and girls and there I taught W. D. Wilson, whose long and useful life has been a blessing to the Church. I recall his eagerness to learn and his standing up to recite his Latin lesson. I had a class of ambitious girls, most eager to learn and to outvie each other in Latin and other studies. We had an orrery which excited deep interest. The school was an admirable one but not a financial success. I boarded with a Mrs. Robeson, whose brother was a retired merchant from Montreal. She was a fine character and they lived very well.

In 1832, a vacancy occurred in Brattleboro Academy, Vermont, and I was invited to take charge, which I did, and with some small assistance carried on the school for a year. I introduced prayers and reading the Bible in the school. While I was there a revival took place and I then made a profession of religion in the Congregational Church, on account of which the Unitarians, who were very bitter against the Orthodox, as they were called, withdrew their scholars and looked askance at me.

In the Congregational Church on profession of faith, all who joined came out in the aisle, having given their experience previously to the Committee, and were addressed by the pastor, Mr. McGee, and asked questions, "Do you solemnly promise, etc.?"

From my father's home at Middlesex, at the junction of the canal from Boston and the Merrimac River, I made my first trip to Boston, on the canal. Bricks were just then coming into use for sidewalks; previously they had been laid with flat slabs of slate or shale, put down in any shape they happened to take in splitting.

CHAPTER VII.

ANDOVER AND MOSES STUART.

I HAD always, as far as I can remember, thought of being a minister ; so, after teaching for awhile as principal of an academy, I entered Andover Seminary. Andover Seminary, founded in 1808, was the first theological seminary of any note founded in this or any other country, and it began the new system of preparation for the ministry. Before that date it was supposed that a college graduate was acquainted with theology as with any other branch of learning. A term of twelve months, or six, and often only three, was spent with a pastor in reading a few books and in writing a few essays and sermons, and this was deemed sufficient preparation for the ministry. Here first was realized the idea of gathering students within college walls for three years for the study of Divinity in the departments of Doctrinal Theology, Biblical Study and Sacred Rhetoric, with every possible advantage for mutual incitement and mutual helpfulness.

Theological seminaries have greatly multiplied since that day in this and every country, but they have been modelled on this, and differ but little. The founding of this seminary, as it provided new means and advantages, created a demand for a higher and wider range of theological learning in all the churches. At the time I entered, it was in its third decade—the period of its largest numbers, certainly during its first sixty years—and it drew large classes from all parts of the country, one of which had seventy-nine members. All denominations went there, even Baptists, like Dr. Wayland, and Dr. Smith, author of “ My Country, 'tis of Thee.” There have been some changes since that time in the number of professors in seminaries. Several new branches have been introduced, and the Old and New Testaments have been given to separate chairs. There were four professors and one assistant there when I entered.

Andover, though a small town, had been the home of many eminent men during their studies. It was twenty miles from Boston, and was like this Seminary of ours, “ a city set on a hill.” Its view was much admired, and one could see the distant mountains in Massachusetts. The sunrise and sunset were very

beautiful there. I was there during the meteoric shower, on November 11, 1833. I waked up one morning early, thinking the chimney was on fire. I looked out of the window and saw the whole sky filled with stones or flakes of fire as large as the hand. It caused great fright to the horses in the stages, and many people thought the judgment-day had come.

The class to which I belonged was never a famous one. I knew there —— Munson, who was eaten by cannibals afterwards. He was a serious, grave man, and once he found a novel of Scott, which he read all night, never having read one before, and being perfectly carried away by it. He and Lyman were students together, and as missionaries they went on an exploring expedition together into Sumatra. They were advised to take guns with them into the interior, and, coming to a mud fort in Qualebattoo, they were attacked by the natives, who thought them enemies, were speared and eaten. The United States Government sent a vessel there to punish the natives and burned their villages.

Andover Seminary sent out in its first fifty years one hundred and thirty-four foreign missionaries, many of whom were eminent as explorers, translators and preachers, and as founders of great missionary enterprises. Three hundred went out as home missionaries to the West and to the Indians. Two hundred were professors in colleges and seminaries, twenty-six have been presidents of colleges, and the same number have been editors.

Our professors were able men. Leonard Woods, D. D., was considered an able theologian, of remarkable acumen. He was rather a heavy man, as I remember, and he read his lectures in the afternoon from a manuscript yellow with age, and they had rather a soporific effect. They were afterwards published precisely as read.

Our evening prayers were conducted by one of the professors, and I can now see before me Dr. Woods' tall form and hear him read the hymn—

"Thou art the sea of love
Where all my pleasures roll,
The circle where my passions move
And centre of my soul."

The Rev. Dr. Skinner, Professor of Sacred Rhetoric, was a very courteous man, and he introduced a new style of intercourse with the students. There had been a great want of courtesy between

professors and students, but with Dr. Skinner began a new régime, as he always touched his hat to the students and was very polite. He was thought a very strong preacher, and his sermons were much admired.

Professor Emerson was a dry, formal man, who did not add much to the strength of the Faculty and he soon retired to a more suitable sphere. He used the word "touching" as a preposition. Once a student rapped for silence at "Commons" and said: "Touching Professor Emerson's lecture to-day there will be none," and all enjoyed the joke.

Prof. Moses Stuart, professor of Biblical Literature, exerted a greater influence upon my life and character than any other man I have ever known. I have elsewhere testified to what I owe to him and to my sense of his greatness as a man and teacher, but I may be permitted here to repeat some things and to add other things about him, which impressed us then and are of lasting value in his character and work. I avail myself of the words of others about him, though, strange to say, no life of him has ever been written. It was a great day for all theological learning in this country when Moses Stuart was dismissed from his charge in New Haven to fill the chair of Biblical Learning at Andover. He had then, at thirty years of age, a reputation as an eloquent preacher and successful minister. President Dwight said: "We cannot spare him." Dr. Spring replied: "We want no man who can be spared." He came to Andover with no wealth of learning, no fame for scholarship, and but a scanty knowledge of Greek or Hebrew. He said himself that he knew little more than the Hebrew alphabet, and the power to make out after a poor fashion the bare translation of five or six chapters of Genesis by the aid of the Lexicon. He never had the aid of any teacher in his Biblical studies, for at that time there was scarcely a man in this country who had such a knowledge of Hebrew as was requisite to be a teacher. He had to blaze his way, as it were, through an unknown country, to mark out the road, level the forest, establish the grade, and lay the rails on which we now travel so easily. Like the great leader of Israel, for whom he was named, Moses Stuart led us through the wilderness, and from the mount of vision showed us the goodly land which we now enjoy.

About two years after coming to Andover he prepared a Hebrew Grammar without points which the students were obliged to copy

day by day from his written sheets. Hebrew types were not known by compositors, and he had to teach the printers their art and set up the types for half the paradigms of verbs with his own hands. Five editions of this grammar were published here, and the fourth edition was republished in England by Dr. Pusey, Regius Professor of Hebrew in the University of Oxford. At a time when the question was contemptuously asked, "Who reads an American book?" and when hardly an American author had a work republished in Europe, a self-taught professor in a theological seminary in a rural district of New England furnished a Hebrew grammar and reader to an English university. Professor Lee, of the University of Cambridge, England, also admired him and his work most highly.

Professor Stuart was a pioneer also in the introduction of German theological literature into our country. In consulting Schleusner's *Lexicon* he was troubled by the German terms therein used, which no one could explain to him. His curiosity was thoroughly aroused, and at great expense he obtained the apparatus for German study, and in a fortnight had read the Gospel of St. John in German. A friend gave him Seiler's *Biblical Hermeneutics*. He writes: "Before I obtained Seiler I did not know enough to believe that I yet knew nothing in sacred criticism." He often said that he did not really begin the critical study of the Bible until he was forty years old. From these bold forays into the Biblical learning of the German universities he returned laden with rich spoils. Others have gone further than he in German studies, and have penetrated more deeply the cloudy mysteries of the Teutonic philosophy and its relations, but it was his thorough grasp of those principles and his teaching and his influence that made Andover famous as a seat of learning, and that led its students into wider fields of theological enquiry. Many good men of that day feared as to the results of his German studies and lamented his waste of time on such ill-judged pursuits. The value of these researches, however, was soon to appear.

Unitarianism was then a dominant influence in Massachusetts. Dr. Channing, at the ordination of Rev. Jared Sparks, in Baltimore, preached a sermon, in which he advocated Unitarian opinions and attacked orthodox Christianity. In his *Letters to Dr. Channing on Unitarianism*, Stuart treated in a strict exegetical, grammatical manner all the texts in dispute between the Unitari-

rians and Trinitarians, and fortified his views by quotations as to the interpretation from the ablest German scholars. He appealed to the Word of God alone to establish his positions, and applied the principles of interpretation learned from his German studies with most convincing power. He closed the letters thus: "When I behold the glory of the Saviour, as revealed in the gospel, I am constrained to cry out, with the believing Apostle, 'My Lord and my God!' And when my departing spirit shall quit these mortal scenes, and wing its way to the world unknown, with my latest breath I desire to pray, as the expiring martyr did, 'Lord Jesus, receive my spirit.'" The first edition of this book was exhausted in a week, and five other editions rapidly followed. Four or five editions were soon printed in England, with the highest commendations by Dr. John Pye Smith, Dr. Chalmers and others. An eminent theologian, on reading it, said to him, "You have filled a void in my mind which has existed for ten years." One of his colleagues said to him "You could not have written that volume without your German aids."

The book is a model of Christian controversy, and the whole Church owes him a debt of gratitude for his defence of the faith, which is superior to that masterly one of Dr. Wardlaw, of Glasgow. Unitarianism had been before attacked by theological arguments, but now, for the first time, there was a rigid exegesis of every text in the New Testament which bore upon the divinity of our Lord. This exegesis, as we have said, was immensely strengthened by quotations from German commentators, who cared little for the doctrine involved but treated the text impartially. In the *Life of John Duncan*, of Scotland, there is a striking account of the effect produced on David Brown by these letters, and their effect upon the Christian world will never be told. These letters made a powerful impression at home and abroad, and placed him at the head of all biblical expositors. They displayed his vast reading of authors almost unknown in America, his keen, critical acumen, his power and completeness in meeting the objection to his construction of the controverted passages of Scripture, and the accuracy and reliability of the proof on which he founded his belief of the Deity of Christ. This was proved by the very slight modifications of his argument that had to be made after passing through the severe ordeal of opposing criticism for several editions.

Professor Stuart's precept and example reacted powerfully upon the classical instruction of every college of New England, and raised the standard, which was then at a low point. When a tutor or professor was needed in a college, but one course was suggested, "Send for a man from Andover."

His contributions to sacred literature would almost make a library in themselves, and he wrote, besides, on a great variety of subjects in the Reviews. Eighty-one articles of his may be mentioned. He wrote twenty volumes of books and fourteen pamphlets, commentaries on Romans, Hebrews, Apocalypse, Daniel, Ecclesiastes and Proverbs. In his sixty-seventh year he read all the tragedies of Æschylus for the sake of detecting idioms and allusions explanatory of the Bible. On his seventy-second birthday he began his Exposition of the Proverbs, and in four months it was ready for the press, and its last proof-sheets were corrected and sent off two days before he died. I have always valued Stuart's commentaries as containing *principles* as well as opinions.

All this work was done in spite of ill-health and weakness, so great that he was allowed only three hours a day for study. He would begin with secret or audible prayer, often chanting a Psalm in Hebrew, and would suffer no interruption. He was asked to officiate at the marriage of his ward, who lived in his house, and consented to do so if the ceremony should take place after half-past eleven in the forenoon. Being urged to perform it at an earlier hour, he refused to give up his study-hour and another minister was called in.

As a preacher he was most eloquent and effective, and learned and unlearned heard him gladly. His personal appearance was striking. He was of a large, loosely-hung frame, like Henry Clay, of whom he reminded me. His manner, commanding and impassioned, gave to his words a power which they lost on the printed page. His voice was deep, sonorous, solemn, like what I imagine that of a prophet might be, a voice which more than any other I can remember seemed to open a way from the heart of the speaker to that of the hearer. We counted it a great privilege when he preached in his turn in the chapel. He thought that exegetical studies unfitted him for preaching, so he desired that all his preaching should come at one time, when his warmth and earnestness could be kept up. Prof. Kingsley of Yale, himself a good judge, said he was the most eloquent man he had ever heard. Moses Stuart would have been eminent in any calling, and would

have left his impress for good, so high, great and noble were his aims.

Dr. W. W. Taylor once said that the best sermons were simple and vivid presentations of saving truth, that go straightest and deepest into the hearts and consciences of men, and that Moses Stuart was the most powerful preacher, according to this standard, that he had ever known. He preached Christ and Him crucified. One of his sermons on the Atonement closed thus: "I ask for no other privilege on earth but to make known the efficacy of His death; and none in heaven but to associate with those who ascribe salvation to His blood. Amen."

His public prayers were fervid, scriptural, and delightful to the Christian heart. Once he prayed, "May we seek the city which hath the foundations, whose builder and maker is God. May we be pilgrims and sojourners here on earth; and as we pass through this vale of tears, this shadow of death, feed us with bread from heaven, and give us the water of life, and when we come to the Jordan of death, may the waves divide on either side and give us a passage to the heavenly Canaan."

He delighted in the Wednesday evening conference of professors and students, very much like our faculty meetings on Thursday evenings. Here the great principles of practical and experimental religion, and all matters of religious experience, duty and comfort were fully treated; the work of the Saviour and the Spirit was glorified, and counsel and aid were given to the students as to their peculiar duties and dangers. Professor Stuart said: "If there is any part of my duty which I can remember with pleasure on a dying bed, it is what I did in the Wednesday Conference."

He always added short exegetical remarks when he had prayers. He was a man of deep sensibility, and I have seen him with tears in his eyes when celebrating the Lord's Supper and when parting with the Senior Class. He was genial and pleasant; I often walked with him, and asked his opinions of persons and books, and he was always ready to answer. I asked him once about Hengstenberg's view that the Millennium had already passed, between the fifth and sixteenth centuries. He said, "If so, it was a millennium of the devil." I remember asking him what he thought of Adam Clarke's Commentaries. He answered, "They are a farrago of pedantry." He was so delicate that he spent the time, except the three hours which he devoted to study, in trying

to strengthen himself for his work, often sawing wood or walking for exercise ; the students would usually walk with him.

Professor Stuart was liberal to all Christians, and specially kind to those of a differing denomination. I was inclined to the Episcopal Church when I went there, and was one of the few who used to meet in an upper room for Episcopal services, in which Rev. Dr. Stone, from Boston, ministered. I remember the text of one of his sermons, "He that sinneth against me, wrongeth his own soul." Stone had a rich, fertile mind, and could make the commonest subject interesting.

Some Episcopalians went to Andover. Among them Reuel Keith, the first professor here, Bishop Horatio Southgate, Charles H. Hall, of Brooklyn, George Leeds, of Baltimore, Daniel R. Goodwin, of the Philadelphia Divinity School, Charles Mason, of Boston, and C. B. Dana were for a longer or shorter time at Andover Seminary.

As a teacher he must be placed high among the first class. He had three distinguishing elements of a great teacher—intellectual power, positiveness and enthusiasm. He had not merely a great memory and power of acquisition, like Macaulay, but real intellectual power of the first quality. This was shown by his originality in the best sense, and his power of grasping and weighing all truth, which is of such value to learning, and which alone makes a teacher truly effective. He marked out a course of his own ; his plan of study, his spirit and methods of investigation of the Scriptures, were new at that time, and he made his own text-books.

The second important element was his positiveness. Another eminent professor, it was said, rather thought that two and two make four, although he would not be too confident. Moses Stuart scarcely knew what it was to *rather* doubt or *rather* believe any proposition which he examined. He was firmly convinced of its truth or falsity, or sure that he could come to no certain opinion. The words "unquestionably, undoubtedly," uttered with his tone of conviction, still linger in my ears. Such positiveness, if accompanied with a profound and reverent searching of God's Word, is essential in a theological teacher or preacher. Their opinions and preaching should have a bold and decided character, and not leave the hearers in a sea of uncertainty. Some teachers shrink from decisive opinions. In explaining Scripture or doctrine which admits of more than one construction, they so evenly

adjust the argument that the theological balances are in perpetual equipoise. Their belief is so mixed with doubt, and their doubt so qualified with belief, that it is hard to say which preponderates and it amounts to pretty much the same whether they believe or doubt. Not so with Professor Stuart ; he spoke with an authority and positiveness which, combined with his intellectual power and research, settled the question. His words were authority to his students.

A third trait was his enthusiasm and earnestness. He never became dry by reason of his minute study of particles and linguistic details. Far from it ; he kept the dulllest mind awake ; he aroused the most sluggish nature by his fiery zeal. In the class-room the students hung upon his words. After a brief and impressive prayer he began the lecture, and questions, remarks, and suggestions flew off like electric sparks, so that the utmost enthusiasm was excited ; and when the hour was past, a whole class hurried to pursue their studies, as if they had just discovered what treasures of knowledge were opening before them, and that life was too short to lose a moment from their acquisition.

Dr. Wayland says of him : " The burning earnestness of his own spirit kindled to a flame everything that came in contact with it. We saw the exultation which brightened his eye and irradiated his whole countenance, if by some law of the Greek article a saying of Jesus could be rendered more definite and precise, and we all shared in his joy. We caught his spirit and felt that life was valuable for little else than to explain to men the teachings of the well-beloved Son of God. If any one of us had barely possessed the means sufficient to buy a coat or to buy a lexicon, I do not believe that a man of us would for a moment have hesitated. The old coat would have been called on for another year's service, and the student would have gloried over his Schleusner as one that findeth great spoil. In his class-room we became acquainted with the learned and good of the past and the present ; we entered into and shared their labors ; we were co-workers with them and with our teacher, who was the medium of intercourse between us and them."

Jacob Abbott said that Stuart had waked up more minds than any other man. Many of his students have said : " I first learned to think under the inspiration of Moses Stuart. He first taught me to use my mind." In the class-room he would often digress

from the subject in hand and give us valuable advice and suggestions as to the ministry.

One of his anecdotes about Dr. Bellamy is recalled. Dr. Bellamy often had students for the ministry preparing under him. One of them returned after a year's absence, and told him that after preaching with all his might he had converted nobody. Dr. Bellamy said to him : " You know when you are fishing for trout you must not let your shadow fall upon the water, but silently throw your hook from under the rocks and trees ; while you jump into the water with a six-foot pole and cry out, ' Bite, you dogs you, bite.' "

In his last sickness he said : " I have long since learned that feelings in religious experience are deceptive. I look mainly to my life for my evidence. I think that my first aim in life has been to glorify God, and that I have been ready to labor and suffer for Him."

Dr. Stuart found great comfort in his last hours in the verse from Job " Wearisome nights are appointed to me." He loved the Sabbath day and I think one of the surest proofs that one is truly pious is that he loves the Lord's Day.

Thus ended a long and laborious life, spent in the service of his Master. He did a work which no other could have accomplished. Besides his written publications, living scholars were his books, and they, instead of types in ink, have perpetuated his influence. He was the inspiring teacher of more than fifteen hundred ministers ; of more than seventy presidents or professors in colleges and seminaries ; of more than one hundred missionaries to the heathen ; of thirty translators of the Bible into foreign languages ; through his students he had preached the gospel in all lands ; and his memorial is more lasting than brass and more precious than marble.

I have felt that the record of such a model preacher and professor was due not only to his memory and work, but might be inspiring to ministers and teachers.

CHAPTER VIII.

BRISTOL COLLEGE.

SHORTLY after leaving Andover I went to Bristol College, near Philadelphia, and was made Professor of Latin, Hebrew, and some other branches. Bristol College was started in 1833, by Rev. Drs. Bedell, Tyng, Milner of New York, Bishop Meade of Virginia, and others, as an evangelical college for boys and young men. It met with great success during its short life of four years, and went under from a want of financial support at a critical period.

Rev. George W. Cole, an Episcopal minister, was professor there. I had known him at Bowdoin, and it was through his suggestion that I was appointed. It had a staff of eight professors and two hundred students in its various departments. The Revs. W. T. Leavell and J. A. Buck were in the pioneer class and have added to my recollections of the college. The Sophomore class of 1833 had six members—J. A. Buck, D. H. Buel, E. B. McGuire, W. T. Leavell, T. A. Todd, and Montgomery Shaw. The Freshman class was twice as large. The Academical Department numbered about one hundred, and the Select School for boys of Episcopal parents had about thirty pupils from ten to sixteen years old. Rev. Dr. Chauncy Colton was President of the College, Rev. C. J. Good, Professor of Languages; William Nelson Pendleton, Professor of Mathematics; Rev. James French, an assistant professor; Rev. George W. Cole was head of the Academical Department, and Rev. Chester Newell was head of the Select School, with James Hulme, a student for the ministry, assisting. Rev. C. S. Henry and myself were added in the second year, 1834. Henry was a versatile, brilliant man and taught philosophy. Two of the class were communicants and preparing for the ministry. Two others joined the class and graduated in 1836, and four of the number received their first communion there. Five of the six communicants became ministers. There were twenty-five students from Virginia. I recall the names of Bedell, Berkeley, Bulkley, Bull, Crampton, Dobbs, Fackler, Fales, Gibson, Gillette, Halstead, Halsey, Heister, Jackson, father of Bishop H. Melville Jackson, Barton Key, B. B. Minor, Robert Nelson, Noble,

Noblitt, John Page, Sheets, Shiras, John Augustine Washington, Benjamin Watson, long highly honored in Philadelphia, and G. T. Wilmer. I recall that Rev. Mr. Bull of Pennsylvania had two sons there. At one of the celebrations Dr. Colton presided and announced the names of the speakers in a very imposing way. When young Bull was to speak, he said in a deep voice, "*proximus procedat scilicet Bull.*"

One winter the Delaware was frozen for three months and all the college was much on the river. I had my rooms in Clifton Hall where many of the boys were.

The steamers from Philadelphia to Trenton stopped at the College wharf to let off passengers and visitors at commencement. I often visited Philadelphia where I stayed with my cousin Frederick, or Princeton where several Andover friends were living.

The character of Bristol College was in some respects peculiar. Whilst it aimed at high mental culture, it was chiefly designed by its founders to advance the moral and physical powers to their proper degree of improvement. Every one of the Faculty and of the Board of Visitors was a consistent and zealous Christian, and nearly all of them ministers of the Gospel, who looked upon the students as their special care, and who exerted themselves at all times to combine religious with intellectual training. The result of their faithful labors was that many who had come there with all the thoughtlessness of youth were added to the Church and became most useful ministers.

The students had their social prayer-meetings during the week, their monthly Missionary Concert of Prayer, and on occasion all would contribute largely and regularly to the different objects of church-work far beyond the average of more wealthy congregations. The students who were candidates for the ministry had an excellent influence, as salt to savor the mass, and the missionary, evangelical spirit was kept alive and ablaze. I have never seen more devout, earnest, faithful living, and I cannot forget the beautiful singing, such as *Inspirer and hearer of prayer*, at evening chapel, and the earnest and devout services.

The course of instruction was thorough; the young men the finest I have ever seen in college, and different in many respects from New England men, younger and more genial. Most of the students were from the South, Virginia and the Carolinas, sons of planters. One of them, still living, told me one year ago that he owed his conversion to my influence there.

One of the most popular ministers at that time was Rev. William Suddards, and he preached for us sometimes. A great religious interest was aroused at Bristol College by a sad occurrence. One of the students was not able to go to church, but not sick enough for a nurse. When they returned from service they found him dead, kneeling at his bedside, and it made a deep impression.

The students were only allowed to go out of the grounds two together. There was a regular system of manual labor and all were required to engage in some kind of work in the shops or on the farm from three to five in the afternoon, five days of the week. One day when they were digging potatoes, Chauncy Colton, the President, came out. They pelted him with small potatoes. He drew himself up with great dignity and said, "I am President".

Rev. Wm. T. Leavell wrote in his diary December 5, 1835: "At 10 and 11 A. M. attended my own recitations in Moral Science and Hebrew, the former under Prof. C. S. Henry and the latter under Prof. Joseph Packard." He adds: "Here we find two names added to the Faculty, men fully equal to the others in qualification and devotion to their duties as teachers of youth. Who chose such men? We answer, good evangelical Churchmen, such as Drs. Bedell, Tyng, Milner and J. S. Stone and others like them; with colaborers of the laity, such as Cope, Kinsman, and Mitchell (Dr.) of Philadelphia."

G. T. Bedell, afterwards Bishop of Ohio, was the youngest of the first class, nicknamed by his class as "Energy Bedell". His mother doubtless had much to do with his energetic life at college and in the ministry. Dr. Tyng once called her a *remarkable woman* and a *wonderful worker*. At least two of the orations delivered by this class on Commencement Day were on the subject of *Missions*, and I think many of the men were willing and anxious to be sent anywhere that Christ would call them and His Church would send them. I first saw the *Southern Churchman* in the hands of C. J. Gibson in 1834, its first year I think. Gibson was the young lady of the college from his sweet countenance and gentle manners. His complexion was beautiful, fresh and ruddy, with a peculiarly attractive expression. He was a great favorite, and every one loved him; a pure and beautiful character, whose work and name will never be forgotten in Virginia, where his son is now Bishop.

Bristol College was bought by its founders for \$20,000. It was a beautiful place between the Delaware and Neshaminy rivers, containing 300 acres, with a splendid house, built by a rich China tea merchant. It was most substantially built, the walls were very thick, and the roof was covered with copper. One room was a cube of twenty feet and was used as a chapel.

Bristol College did not come into friendly relations with the Bishop of Pennsylvania, though he was Bishop White. It failed because, having no endowment, and being conducted with no view of making money, much was going out in its purchase and extension and little came in. It relied on aid from the clergy named above, in Philadelphia, and on Dr. Milner of New York, who, on account of the great fire there, was unable to raise money for it, so that it had to suspend. Bishop Onderdonk offered to redeem it if it should be put under Diocesan control, but Dr. Tyng refused the offer and it closed in February, 1837. Bristol College passed through many changes; once it was in the hands of the Roman Catholics, then it was sold to the colored people.

With such an able and devoted faculty as Bristol College had, with its beauty and convenience of position, its high and noble aim, it should have had a long career of honor and usefulness, for it did a great work in its short life of four years. I have never understood why it was allowed to perish, when other colleges have lived on for years.

I must add extracts from two letters written me not long before his death, by my valued and life-long friend, Major John Page, whose sons, Rev. Frank Page, Thomas Nelson Page and Rosewell Page of the Richmond bar, are well known :

OAKLAND, VA., *April 30, 1900.*

MY DEAR OLD FRIEND :

Your letter gave me unqualified pleasure.

One of the pleasures of my past days is to think of the dear old friends I have known, among the chief of whom I count you. I have known you for sixty-four years and have always respected and loved you. I ever think of you and the brave days of Bristol College. Never in life have you been out of my recollection, and now I rejoice that your honored old age is so comfortable, and that you can look back on a long and useful life. I remember with much pleasure the visit my son Tom and I paid you. I, like you, have had great comfort in my children. They have all turned out well.

You have always filled a post of honor, and have had much to do with the training of our younger clergy, among them my own son, Rev. Frank Page. I know no one who can look back on their past days with more satisfac-

tion than you ; your long and useful course of educating young men for the ministry must be a source of pleasure. I have just passed my seventy-ninth birthday, the 26th of April.

I subscribe myself

Your sincere friend,

JOHN PAGE.

Writing to Rev. T. J. Packard, Major Page adds :

I remember your father ever since the fall of 1834, and he seemed to me as old then as he does now, the oldest young man, or to put it more politely, the youngest old man, I ever saw. He was looked up to there with admiration and respect, shall I say, awe? as much as now. Dr. Packard was always considered a very learned man. He was always kind and considerate of us boys, for we were nothing but boys. I remember reading Livy at Bristol College under him, and the little I know of Latin and Greek is very much due to his instruction and infusion of interest in the study of the classics.

[Rev. Frank Page after my father's death wrote this tribute.—E.D.]

My father always had the greatest affection for him. Dr. Packard was an inspiration to us. His illustrations, his quaint sayings, his reverence for sacred things, his humility, his scholarship, his cordiality in his own house, I remember as if it were yesterday. In fact, I cannot think of the Seminary without him. I always had the greatest regard for him.

CHAPTER IX. COMING TO VIRGINIA.

" Ah ! little kened my mither
When a bairn she cradled me,
Through what lands I should wander,
And the death that I should dee."

WHILE teaching at Bristol I was elected in April, 1836, Professor of Sacred Literature in the Theological Seminary of Virginia. I think it was through the agency of Professor William N. Pendleton, my colleague, and through the Virginia students there, twenty-five in number, whose names I have mentioned, that I was suggested for the place. It certainly seems the leading of Providence that I, a stranger from a distant State, should be brought here. The Rev. Charles B. Dana, rector of Christ church, Alexandria, one of the Trustees of the Seminary, had been at Andover, and he had written to Professor Stuart in regard to my qualifications. The latter wrote a letter, saying that I had "made unusual progress in the Greek and Hebrew Scriptures," and that I was "fit for any Faculty." Professor Stuart told me later on, some years before his death, that all his life he had been trying to teach the Bible, and that I must do the same.

I accepted the position and went at once to Andover to perfect myself. I read and studied hard, but late in the summer I had typhoid or nervous fever, which left me very weak and prevented my coming to the Seminary till the middle of October, after the session had begun. Meanwhile I was ordained Deacon by Bishop Griswold, in St. Paul's church, Boston, of which Rev. John S. Lindsay, D. D., is now rector, on July 17, 1836, together with W. H. Hoit, Charles Mason and George Waters, just at the very time when the venerable Bishop White was dying. Bishop Griswold preached on the text, "We have this treasure in earthen vessels," the same sermon as at Dr. Lippitt's ordination seventeen years before. We were presented by Dr. J. S. Stone, who examined us. Dr. Stone I had known before at Andover, where he used to come to preach, and he was one of our most eminent and useful ministers. On that same day in Virginia Bishop Moore ordained Francis H. McGuire, Alex. M. Marbury, Launcelot B. Minor, R. E. Northam, John Payne (afterwards Bishop of

Africa), Thomas S. Savage and I. E. Sawyer, most of whom I knew intimately later on. My first sermon was preached at Hanover, Massachusetts, for which I received five dollars, covering my expenses there.

The day I was ordained I took tea with Jeremiah Mason, the great lawyer of New England, whose son Charles was ordained with me. Jeremiah Mason used to stay with my brother when on his circuit. Charles Mason was a very attractive man and good minister. I have a volume of his sermons. About that time I met Amos Lawrence, a philanthropist and a man of great wealth, a millionaire, which was then a great distinction. In a letter of my father to his daughter, written March 30, 1848, he speaks of Mr. Lawrence, who was a kind friend of his: "Mr. Amos Lawrence is still thinking of the family for good. He has recently paid into the treasury of the Am. Board Society \$150 to make my five children life members, thirty dollars each, besides doing other kindnesses. My idea is that he is distributing his wealth *very properly*, and in return I hope he will enjoy in abundance those true riches which are liable neither to rust, decay or flight." From 1831 to the close of his life in 1855 he devoted himself to deeds of charity, giving liberally to educational institutions in various parts of the country. He founded and maintained a Children's Infirmary in Boston and his private charities were abundant. Bishop William Lawrence of Massachusetts, his grandson was assistant to my brother George, at Lawrence, a place named from the family, and always showed the consideration and thoughtful attention that marks the highest type of Christian gentleman.

The Episcopal Church was very weak in New England, and Bishop Edward Bass, the first Bishop of Massachusetts, had only labored six years, when he passed away in 1803, the year my brother George was born. The centennial of his consecration in 1897 was marked by an interesting life of him written by Rev. D. D. Addison.

He had his fund of jokes, and some of these have been preserved. Although born in Dorchester, he had some objection to living there. Upon being remonstrated with for deserting his native place, he simply replied, "The brooks of Dorchester are not large enough for Bass to swim in."

His first marriage displeased many of his parishoners, and caused a ripple of gossip to pass through the town, so much so

that Bishop Bass concluded to preach about it. For some time he could not fix upon an appropriate text, but his search was gratified when he found this one, from which he preached the following Sunday—Gen. xx. 2, "Surely the fear of God is not in this place, and they will slay me for my wife's sake." Nothing more was said about his wife after this, and his second wife provoked no comment at all. Her name was Mercy, and before his marriage he preached on the text, "He that followeth after mercy findeth life," or as some put it, "I love mercy and I will have mercy."

Bishop Griswold, Bishop of the Eastern Diocese, embracing Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts and Rhode Island, was of marked character and influence. He was an evangelical Low Churchman, of earnest, spiritual nature. He was first a lay-reader, and was so acceptable that he was urged to take orders. He was ordained in 1795 Deacon, and in October, Priest, at the last ordination of Bishop Seabury. He was poor and had to support his family by the work of his hands until ordained, and, not being able to afford candles, he would stretch himself on the hearth and study by the light of the fire late into the night, after toiling all day. After his ordination his salary was so small that he had to teach a district school in winter, and he worked in summer at seventy-five cents a day harvesting. While farming he got a beard of wheat in his throat, and at last being made to cough, it came out, but it affected his voice and produced an impediment in his speech. Bishop Griswold was remarkably simple and unpretending in his ways; this in one in his position had a great effect on people, and he won many to the Episcopal Church; about two hundred and fifty ministers from other churches were ordained by him.

Prof. E. A. Parks of Andover in a sermon in 1844 satirized severely the motives of those entering our ministry. He said: "Proclamation has been made in high places that within the last thirty years about three hundred clergymen and licentiates of other denominations have sought the ministerial commission from the hands of bishops; that two-thirds of all the present clergy of the Church 'have come from other folds'; and that of two hundred and eighty-five persons ordained by a single bishop in New England [this was Bishop Griswold] two hundred and seven were converts from other denominations." He was silent and reserved, but when he spoke always said something to the point. When a

young man he was very talkative, but later on he became taciturn, and it was said that the verse "In the multitude of words there wanteth not sin" caused him to change in this respect. He was an untiring worker, preaching as rector at Bristol three times on Sunday and teaching all the week. Once, crossing Narragansett Bay in a storm, he had to lie down in the bottom of the boat as ballast, being so large and heavy. As a Bishop, though his health was never strong, he labored with unflagging zeal, continuing twenty-four years longer as a rector, besides superintending his vast Diocese. The year after his consecration he reported twelve hundred confirmations, and the Church grew in grace as well as in numbers, so that he lived to see the parishes increase five-fold, and his jurisdiction divided into five dioceses able to support four bishops, instead of the one whom they could not support. He was seventy years old when he ordained me, and in 1838 he became Presiding Bishop. He took a great interest in Foreign Missions and nominated the first foreign missionary ever sent out by our Church. He increased the circulation of the Prayer-Book, which he was wont to declare was "second only to the Bible in its utility." He would never give up in despair. Being asked to consent to sell a church in a decayed parish to the Congregationalists, he said, "I can never indorse or consent to such a measure." Where there was no church he would hold services in groves.

His last official act had been the consecration of Rev. Dr. Manton Eastburn on December 29, 1842, as his assistant. On February 11, 1843, he walked through the snow to call on him and fell dead on his doorstep.

No greater character have I known of in our history than Bishop Griswold and his influence and work were never surpassed in certain lines.

Bishop Eastburn was preaching and noticed that a woman near the pulpit seemed very much affected and shed tears. In the vestry room he spoke of it and said he would like to speak with her. The rector called her in and the Bishop said, "What affected you so much in my sermon?" She replied, "I was thinking all the time of dear Bishop Griswold, and that we would never see his like again."

I left for Alexandria early in October, 1836. It was a long trip and by various conveyances. I first took steamer from New York to Amboy, then by railroad to Camden, then by steamer to New

Castle, where I took a short railroad to Frenchtown; thence I took a steamboat again to Baltimore. As late as 1844 there was no railroad between Baltimore and Philadelphia.

I came from Baltimore to Washington by the railroad opened the year before, and I remember the almost unbroken forests between Baltimore and Washington. There was only one steamboat, going twice a day from Washington to Alexandria at 11 and 4, and Joe Johnson was its name. Rev. Frederick D. Goodwin, who had been ordained with William M. Jackson exactly five years before me, July 17, 1831, was on board, and was just removing to another parish, I think. He spent a long and most useful ministry and handed over his work to his sons, Revs. Robert A., rector of old St. John's, Richmond, where Patrick Henry made his famous speech; Edward L., also of Richmond, both of whom have labored most faithfully. His grandsons, Revs. William A. R. Goodwin, of Petersburg, Frederick G. Ribble, of Culpeper, John F. Ribble, of Newport, all laboring in Virginia, and G. W. Ribble, a devoted missionary in Brazil, and a daughter, Mrs. Thomas H. Lacy, of Lynchburg, testify to the influences that must have existed in that Christian home.

I hired a hack and came out to the Seminary October 17. On Shooter's Hill I met James A. Buck and William T. Leavell, whom I had known at Bristol, and after seeing them I felt more at home. The Seminary that year had 29 students; in 1833 there were 36, in 1834, 32, and in 1835, 22; and three professors—Rev. Reuel Keith, Rev. E. R. Lippitt and myself.

The following notice appeared in the *Southern Churchman* about this time:

THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY OF VIRGINIA.—We understand that the Rev. Joseph Packard, late Professor of the Latin, Hebrew and German languages in Bristol College, Pennsylvania, has accepted the chair of Professor of Sacred Literature in this institution. From the character we have heard of Mr. Packard, we feel authorized to congratulate the friends of the Seminary upon the accession of such valuable aid. He will enter upon his duties as Professor in October next.

The Trustees, in their report to the Convention of 1837, kindly said of me: ". . . As a scholar and a Christian he has the entire confidence of all who know him, and as an instructor is highly acceptable to the students."

When I came to the Seminary, in 1836, we note from the Jour-

nal that the Board of Trustees of the Seminary consisted of the Bishop or Bishops "and thirteen members, to be chosen by the Convention of the Church, who shall be elected every three years, and no Professor of the institution shall be eligible as Trustee." Also this rule: "The Board of Managers shall keep a regular record of their proceedings and report the same regularly to the annual meetings of the Convention." Among the Trustees elected in 1836 for three years are the names of Rev. John Grammer, father of Rev. Dr. James Grammer, for many years now a Trustee also, two Nelsons, two McGuires, James M. Garnett, grandfather of Prof. James M. Garnett, Ph. D., and of our present Trustee, Judge Theodore S. Garnett, who filled many public positions and was a very popular writer. All of them were noble men and good friends to me.

Of the seventy-nine men ordained Deacons in the year 1836 all have passed away except two—Bishop Clark and John Linn McKim of Delaware. Nine of that number were deposed; four were Bishops—Clark, Boone, Payne, Atkinson; twenty-six died before 1860; Minor, Payne and Savage went as missionaries to Africa the next year, and Boone to China. Others were prominent as ministers; among them Rev. Martin P. Parks (the father of Rev. Drs. Leighton and J. Lewis Parks), who succeeded Bishop Meade at Christ church, Norfolk, and was a very striking preacher; Dr. C. M. Butler, so useful in Washington and Philadelphia; Rev. John F. Hoff, beloved and honored in Maryland; Rev. Dr. A. T. Twing, our General Secretary of the Board of Missions many years; and many others, beloved and useful ministers.

I was ordained to the priesthood in the basement of the Seminary by Bishop Meade on Friday, September 29, 1837—a very solemn occasion to me. There was no chapel at the Seminary and no regular Sunday services there until 1840, and the students walked into Alexandria to church. The churches in Alexandria, Christ and St. Paul's, had strong rectors—Revs. C. B. Dana and J. S. Johnston, who came there about the same time, 1833.

I knew Mr. Dana very intimately and sometimes preached for him. He was very particular and precise, and once when I had not my bands, he was much disconcerted. This seems strange now, but the bands were an important part of the clerical dress at that time.

Bishop Atkinson once after getting to church sent to his home for a pair of fresh bands. The warden thought he asked for a

pair of *pants*. Mrs. A., wondering why he wanted them, sent his winter pants. The warden called the Bishop from the pulpit, and he was much astonished at receiving his trousers instead of the bands.

Another story illustrates the use of the bands. A rector came into church one day as his curate had entered the reading desk, and sent word that he wished to preach but had forgotten his bands. The only way was for the curate to untie his own bands and hand them up when the rector mounted the three decker to preach. Unluckily as he untied them, the string of the bands got into a knot. By a strange coincidence the singers struck up the anthem, "Loose the bands of thy neck, O captive daughter of Zion." As they repeated the words over and over—"Loose the bands of thy neck, loose the bands, loose the bands,"—the helpless curate became more baffled in his efforts to untie the strings, and supposed the anthem directed at him.

Mr. Dana gave out the Psalms in metre in regular order every Sunday till all were sung, when he would begin again. He was cold and impassive in his manners, a graduate of Andover, an accurate scholar and nearly related to Mr. Dana, editor of the *New York Sun*. He was at Christ church from 1833-1860, and, while not aggressive, as men are now, he did good work and was much respected there and was influential in the Diocese, especially as a Trustee of the Seminary. Professor Parks of Andover, a famous man, visited him and attended the Episcopal church. Mr. Dana was not a popular preacher, being somewhat formal and dry. I recall one of his anecdotes in a sermon. Two noble Romans were friends, and on parting they divided between them a tessara and agreed if they ever met or needed anything to show it. One was arrested and tried before a judge, who happened to be his old friend. He held up the tessara, "Knowest thou this tessara?" and escaped sentence.

Mr. Johnston was much admired and respected. He was dignified and stately, and took great pains with his sermons, learning them by heart; he was very popular as a preacher. He had the professors to preach for him Sunday afternoons when the congregation was smaller, for which he paid us. Mrs. Johnston while at the North knew Rev. Dr. Francis L. Hawks. Once riding together her horse ran away; Dr. Hawks could not overtake her, but in his beautiful and stentorian voice called after her, "Hold on tight." When the horse stopped and he came up, she

said to him: "Did you think I was such a fool as to let go if I could help it?" Dr. Johnston lived to a good old age. Once I went to see him before his death, and asked him if I should pray and for what. He said: "Yes, pray that I may recover and live longer."

"The tree of deepest root is found
Reluctant still to leave the ground."

Few indeed are like Sir David Brewster, who felt that he had done all that he desired to do. Many are like one of the best of servants and friends, as Dr. Boyd says, whose words were, "I never could have lain down at a worse time."

Several interesting events occurred about the time of my coming to the Virginia Seminary. The *Baltimore Sun*, which has for two-thirds of a century grown ever greater as a clean reliable newspaper, made its first appearance, and I have its first number, a small folio sheet. Roger B. Taney of Maryland that year was appointed Chief Justice and Philip P. Barbour of Virginia, Justice of the United States Supreme Court. Martin Van Buren was the first President I saw inaugurated. Victoria became Queen of England one year after my appointment, but has passed away while I am still living.

Sir Isaac Pitman invented his shorthand system. Windham Robertson of an old and honored family became Governor of Virginia. How strange it seems to know that thousands of settlers in Georgia and Alabama left their homes that year, 1836, through fear of the Indians! Of all the families that then lived and received me, a stranger from the North, so cordially and hospitably, few survivors remain. Dr. Wilmer kindly wrote my son, "What grand men the North furnished us and what good Southerners they became! Dr. Dame, Dr. Woodbridge, Dr. Packard, and others."

CHAPTER X.

THE VIRGINIA SEMINARY.

THE Seminary was only thirteen years old when I came, and it is now in its eightieth year. Of the nearly one thousand alumni, I have known all but about forty. Of the one hundred and eighty alumni before 1843 only one is still alive, the Rev. John M. Todd, who now lives in Maryland, after a long and active life, well known in conventions.

When I came to the Seminary it was embosomed deep in lofty woods, which stretched nearly all the way from Alexandria, with paths and roads through them. It was no wonder that, twenty years after, Phillips Brooks lost his way in coming out to the Seminary, for the road seemed to end at no place.

The origin of the Theological Seminary of Virginia is a matter of deep interest. While we can trace out its first beginnings, and name with honor those whose efforts gave it "a local habitation and a name," yet in a peculiar sense it is the child of God. His spirit worked in the minds of good men in Virginia and Maryland, inspiring them with love for the souls perishing for the bread of life, and with zeal for the sending forth of true ministers of the Word.

This Seminary is in idea and in actual attempt the oldest in our Church. We cannot say of it that, like Jonah's gourd, it came up in a night. Several years elapsed before its idea took a definite form. Those who were earnest in reviving the Church in Virginia saw clearly that the great need was a supply of well-trained ministers. Our Diocese deserves the credit of being the first in this country to take steps to provide for the education of its candidates for Orders.

One of the grandest monuments to the revival of the Church in Virginia was the founding of this Seminary.

In 1812 Rev. William H. Wilmer came as rector to St. Paul's, Alexandria, from Kent county, Maryland, where his ancestors had settled after leaving England in 1650. He had proposed while in Maryland the founding of a theological school, but it was not favored. Coming to Virginia, he found in Rev. William Meade, ordained in 1811, one of like zeal and devotion.

In 1813, two years before the General Seminary was established, Dr. John Augustine Smith, President of William and Mary College, proposed to the Convention of the Diocese, as he had already done in 1814 to Bishop Moore, who was removing from New York to Virginia, that the support of a theological chair be provided in that institution, where there was already a valuable library, formed by Drs. Blair and Bray.

Rev. Messrs. Wilmer and Meade were on the committee on the State of the Church in the Virginia Diocesan Convention of 1815 and they reported a resolution, which was adopted, "that the Bishop and Standing Committee be authorized to adopt measures for the promotion of an object of such magnitude, and which may, under the blessing of God, be productive of the most beneficial consequences." Dr. Hawks says: "This incident contributed, in the hands of Providence, to produce, a few years afterwards, the Theological School at Alexandria." In 1818 the Education Society was formed by clergymen and laymen assembled in Washington, of which Dr. Wilmer was President until he left Alexandria, and for which he issued stirring appeals. Of it Dr. Hawks said in 1836: "It has never failed to afford assistance to every properly qualified applicant, and has aided more than one-tenth of all the clergy in this country." It still continues this good work.

The founding of a Diocesan Seminary was much opposed at first. One of the bishops wrote Bishop Moore that such a plan would mar the unity and peace of our Church, and urged him to patronize the General Seminary, then at New Haven. The legacy of Mr. Kohme to a seminary in New York brought out a pamphlet from Bishop Hobart in favor of diocesan seminaries, and this form of opposition ceased. The General Seminary was transferred to New York on terms which secured its chief control by that Diocese.

In 1820 Dr. Wilmer, in his report from the Committee on the State of the Church, recommended the appointment of a Clerical Professor at William and Mary College, and Rev. Reuel Keith was chosen.

In 1821 Dr. Wilmer, from the same committee, recommended "the establishment of a theological school in Williamsburg, and that a board of trustees be appointed to select one or more professors, and to raise funds for that object, and to correspond with

the Standing Committees of Maryland and North Carolina to ascertain if they are disposed to co-operate with us." In 1822 Dr. Wilmer reports that ten thousand dollars had been raised. It is expressly stated that this action is from no opposition to the General Seminary founded by the General Convention, but because peculiar circumstances made a seminary in the South necessary. That same year the Convention of Maryland resolved to establish a theological seminary, the trustees of which elected Dr. Wilmer president, but the strong hand of Bishop Kemp crushed it. The school did not succeed at Williamsburg, having only one student ; so it was removed after a year to Alexandria, where it met the wishes of the Maryland brethren, and received the funds intended for their proposed "school of the prophets." Dr. Wilmer had always felt the need of such a school, and it had been ever his chief thought. He had, with the Vestry's permission, built a schoolroom in St. Paul's church-yard, and John Thomas Wheat, a student of divinity under him, taught school there, and that little schoolhouse may be said to be the birthplace of the present Seminary, and Dr. Wilmer and Bishop Meade deserve to be called the founders of the Virginia Seminary. The early records of the Seminary in Dr. Wilmer's handwriting show how great was his love and his service for its foundation.

Among the laymen who helped to establish this Seminary stand high the names of Dr. and General Henderson (of the U. S. Marines) in whose house the meeting was held which fixed on Alexandria ; Francis Scott Key, a famous and noble man, and after its organization, Mr. John Nelson, of Virginia, who collected by his efforts a large sum of money.

Rev. Dr. Wilmer was rector of St. John's Church, Washington, as well of St. Paul's, Alexandria, at the same time, but found it too much with all his other duties. His office as rector was no sinecure.

In 1824 Bishop Meade reports to the Diocesan Convention from the Board of Trustees that the Seminary has been started, as I have stated above, with two professors, and that the whole course of studies has been entirely conformed to the Canons of the Church, and as prescribed by the House of Bishops. He states that the removal from Williamsburg to Alexandria was necessary, as the former place was too remote and inaccessible.

The session of 1824 opened with twenty-one students. The

course of study was good. The four Gospels and the Acts of the Apostles were critically studied in Greek, and eighteen chapters of Genesis and thirty Psalms in Hebrew by the Junior Class, besides the usual English studies. The Senior Class studied all the Epistles, and twenty chapters of Isaiah in Hebrew, with Systematic Divinity and Church History, &c. Each member of this class, as now, had in his turn to prepare a thesis, a sermon, and to read the service. On these occasions the students were permitted to offer their criticisms and remarks on the performances, which must have made things lively and interesting, and the next week each of the professors criticised them.

In the class of 1824 was the Rev. Caleb J. Good, with whom I was associated at Bristol College as colleague, and with whom I was very intimate, for he was my dearest friend there. He was afterwards professor at Trinity College, Connecticut. He was a man of earnest piety, and faithful in every sphere—as preacher, as teacher, and as friend. He was for some time in Caroline county, Virginia.

In the spring of 1825 the Rev. Mr. Norris, rector of Christ Church, Alexandria, was chosen Professor of Pastoral Theology. In August Mr. Norris was seized with fever and died—a man of gentle, persuasive manners and deep piety, a tender and faithful pastor and preacher. He and our beloved Dr. Suter have been the only rectors of Christ Church who have died in office. In the case of both of them the bell of old Christ Church rang for service just before death came. Mr. Norris, recognizing its familiar tones, said to his attendants, “Go to church, go to church,” and soon afterwards went himself to the Church of the First-born in heaven. His son, William Herbert, was a graduate in 1842, and married a daughter of Judge Rawle, of Philadelphia.

Thus early in its history it was shown that there was need and demand for the Theological School of Virginia. By its situation in the South, and its accommodation to the habits and manners of that section, it attracted without injury to the General Seminary a support and attendance which otherwise would have been lost to the Church. Many of its students would have attended no seminary, and would doubtless have never entered the ministry, as Bishop Meade said. We notice now, in the names of the clergy of Virginia, the fact that nearly all of them are natives of the State, “to the manner born,” and certainly there are nowhere more devoted and useful clergymen than they are.

Of the class of 1825, I knew very well the Revs. John T. Brooke, D. D., John B. Clemson, D. D., John P. McGuire, and John T. Wheat, D. D., of whom I must speak later on.

Rev. William F. Lee of that class died May 19, 1837, shortly after my coming and I attended his burial in Alexandria.

Bishop Meade, speaking of him said : "The hopes and efforts of the few remaining friends and members of the Church in Goochland were aroused in the year 1826 by the missionary labors of the Rev. William F. Lee. As to body, Mr. Lee being little more than thin air, or a light feather, as he galloped over these counties, his horse felt not his rider on his back ; but the people felt the weight and power of a strong mind and will, and the pressure of a heart and soul devoted to the love of God and man. He laid the foundation anew of the churches in Goochland, Powhatan, Amelia, and Chesterfield, and lived to see them all supplied by ministers. His physical power being incompetent to these itinerant labors, he took charge of the Church of St. John's, in Richmond, and afterwards of that in the Valley. His health failing, even for this, he devoted himself to the press, and was the first editor of the *Southern Churchman*, establishing it in Richmond. He continued to edit the same, until his part of the work was performed, when, lying on his sick bed, his proof-sheets corrected, his selections made, and editorials written, while propped up with bolster and pillows, thus to the last spending and being spent in the Master's service. During his stay in Richmond, he was as a right hand to Bishop Moore, who not only loved him, for his amiable and zealous piety, but respected him for his good judgment, which he often consulted."

William L. Marshall was ordained by Bishop Moore at the same time as Lee in 1825, and married Anne Kinloch, a sister of Robert E. Lee. A curious thing happened in St. James Parish, Anne Arundel County, Maryland, where my son was afterwards rector. A vacancy occurring, two ministers were invited to come and preach, Rev. Messrs. Marshall and Drane. They both happened to fix on the same Sunday, and there being only one service, they agreed to preach at that. After Mr. Marshall descended from the pulpit, Mr. Drane went up and preached. There was a difference of opinion as to their merits. Many preferred Mr. Drane, but Mr. Marshall was chosen rector ; some said on account of his family and connections. He did not stay long, went to

Baltimore, gave up the ministry, studied law and became an eminent jurist and judge.

The Rev. Dr. Clemson speaks of the olden times thus : " There were but few students in my time, and they had happy homes in the families of Miss Peggy Ashton and Miss Sallie Griffith. The Rev. Mr. Norris always reminded me of the Apostle John. . . . The opening years of the Seminary were very auspicious. They were wise and true men who made choice of such fit instruments for laying the foundation on which has been reared so grand a superstructure to the glory of God."

Miss Sallie Griffith was daughter of Rev. Dr. David Griffith, who was elected first Bishop of Virginia in 1786, but was unable to obtain means to go to England for his consecration, his salary being then only \$250 a year, and his friends being unable to raise the money to send him to England. He was a noble and able man, the friend of Washington and Lafayette. He was rector of Christ Church, Alexandria, from 1780-89 and died that year, while attending the General Convention in Philadelphia.

Miss Sallie was a lovely character and a devoted Christian. She was the aunt of Colonel Llewellyn and Rev. William Hoxton, Mrs. A. M. Randolph and Mrs. Buckner Randolph. She remembered General Washington dandling her on his knee, when visiting her father. I buried her in Alexandria at the close of the war. Dr. Hoxton, her brother-in-law, was confirmed at home on his deathbed, by Bishop Johns.

At her house Professor Keith and four of the students lived and all of his recitations were in that building. How many pass it, even of our alumni, on the streets of Alexandria, without any recognition or knowledge of its existence or associations. It stands diagonally across from the electric-car office, corner of Washington and King streets ; and judging from the various signs on its walls, it has now a variety of uses. " Ah Moy Laundry " is one of the most prominent, the corner room facing both streets, on the lower floor. A " heathen Chineese," in the room of Dr. Keith. " W. R. Dienelt, Ophthalmic Optician, Eyes Examined Free," is another in a line with the former, towards Duke street. Beyond this are two others of a plumber and gas-fitter. On the second floor, fronting King street, is another, " Rooms of the Business League of Alexandria," and on the same floor, fronting Washington street, there is another, of " a school of shorthand typewriting".

This, the original Seminary, thus still has its hive of workers. But of what different nature and for what different purposes !

The Seminary was opened in Alexandria, October 15, 1823, with Rev. Reuel Keith giving his entire time to teaching the Old and New Testament, Biblical Criticism and Evidences, and Rev. Dr. Wilmer, Rector of St. Paul's, as Professor of Systematic Divinity, Church History and Polity. Fourteen students were in attendance. The Rev. George A. Smith, a graduate of Princeton, was led into our Church and ministry by Rev. Dr. Wilmer and was the only graduate of 1823. He was a man of deep piety, fine ability, and strong character, and his influence was felt in many directions in this Diocese for the long period of sixty-five years. He was a life-long friend of mine, a man of excellent judgment, of wide sympathies. He was prevented from preaching for many years by a weak voice, but as educator of youth, as editor, as writer, and, most of all, by his holy life and conversation he did noble work for the Church. He held several important charges, and when compelled to give up preaching, was editor for a time of the *Episcopal Recorder*, and later of the *Southern Churchman*, as also, still later, rector of the Clarens School. For many years, he was chairman, at the annual meetings of the alumni.

In 1826, the Rev. Dr. Wilmer, who, before the Seminary was organized, was training young men for the ministry, and had given his services without pay as professor for three years, resigned St. Paul's and went to Williamsburg as President of William and Mary College, where he only lived for one year. His death caused profound grief to every family there, and to the Diocese. His work and influence in that year were great and far-reaching. Bishop Meade, in "Old Churches," wrote : "Beside the regular services of the Church and the duties of the College, lectures and prayer-meetings were held in private houses, twice a week, and the first fruits of a genuine revival of true religion, in the College and in the town, had appeared." His career, though short, was a splendid one and deserves to be remembered. Ordained by Bishop Claggett in 1808, after four years in Maryland he came to St. Paul's, Alexandria. He was among the first clergymen of Virginia from the start, and among the foremost in restoring the Church there and in founding the Seminary. He presided and preached at the Virginia Convention in 1814, and was instrumental in bringing Bishop Moore to Virginia. He was

always President of the Standing Committee, and always headed the delegation to the General Convention, and he was President of the House of Deputies for four successive sessions. He and Mr. Norris imported the Canon on Clerical Discipline, nearly a literal transcript of that in Maryland, which had been introduced from the English Canon through Rev. Walter D. Addison.

In 1823, Bishop Moore being absent from sickness, Rev. Dr. Wilmer was elected President of the Convention by ballot. His ability and his untiring energy, physical, intellectual and moral, enabled him to do the work of many men in the parish, the press, the lecture-room, in letters, and in visiting. Though not twenty years in the ministry, his record is a glorious one. He died July 23, 1827, and was buried beneath the floor of the church in Williamsburg. Bishop Meade, for the Trustees, said: "The Board has sustained a heavy loss in the death of the lamented Wilmer. In this and every other department of usefulness he ever displayed a judgment, zeal and activity seldom united in one man." Bishop Moore paid him the highest tribute, and many others have risen up and called him blessed. He was a model of a Christian minister.

He was a man of deepest piety, of great knowledge of human nature, of most winning personality and a most able preacher. His half-brothers, Simon and Lemuel, were also devoted ministers in Maryland, and his children were the late Bishop of Alabama, Rev. Dr. George T. Wilmer, Mrs. Samuel Buel and Mrs. R. Templeman Brown. He published in 1815 *The Episcopal Manual*, a most useful book on the Church, which passed through several editions, and in 1818 a *Controversy with Mr. Baxter*, a Jesuit priest. He founded in 1819 the *Washington Theological Repertory*, which he edited for several years.

His son, Rev. Dr. George T. Wilmer, my pupil at Bristol, for whom I stood sponsor when he entered the ministry, died at Chatham, Virginia, where he spent his last years, honored and beloved, October 7, 1898. A ripe scholar, an able minister, a strong and earnest preacher, he had won the love and respect of all who knew him.

In 1826 the Rev. E. R. Lippitt was appointed Professor of Systematic Divinity. He was of a distinguished family in Rhode Island, and had been in the Diocese a few years before as rector of Norborne parish, Berkeley county. He was a graduate of Brown University and had been master of the Latin school there.

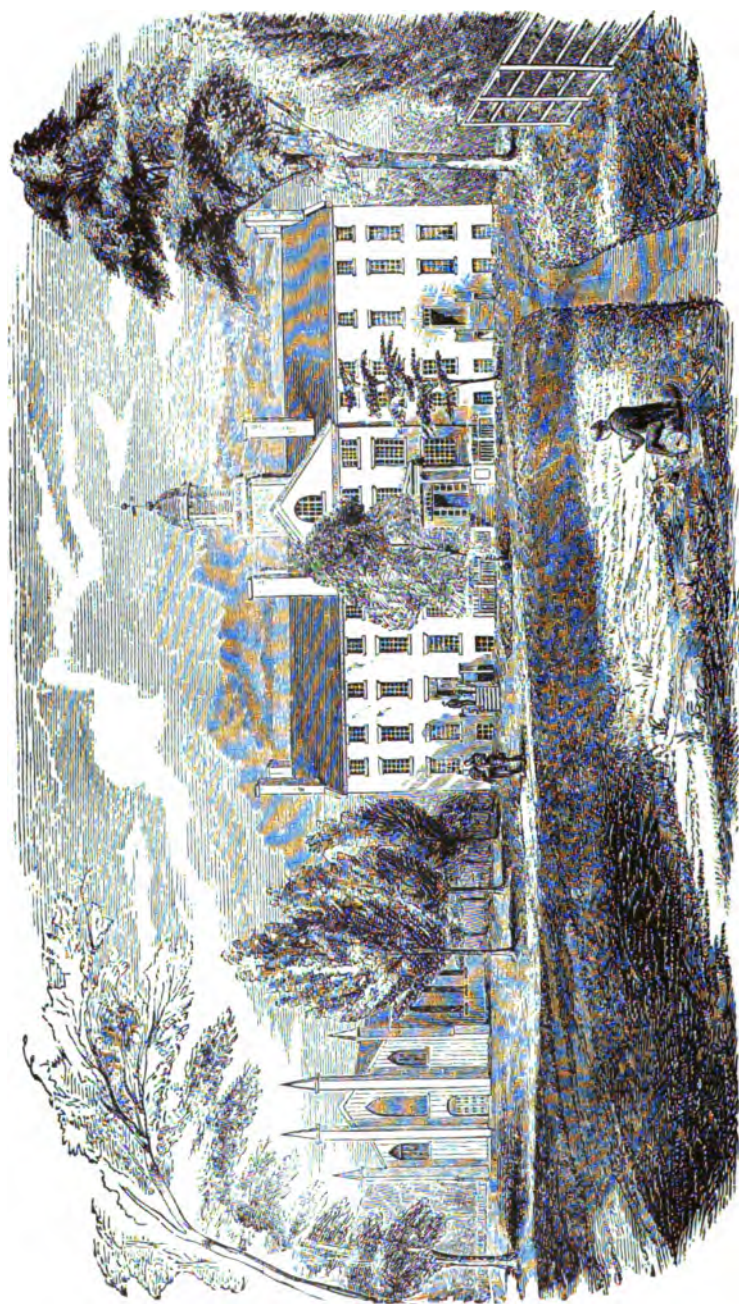
He was highly recommended for the position of professor and was here until 1842, when he resigned. He then for six years had charge of the *Southern Churchman*. After passing through a series of distressing providences, which he bore meekly and without complaint, he died at his son's house in Clarke county in 1870. Bishop Smith, a life-long friend, says that he was a refined gentleman, an accurate scholar, an exemplary Christian. Dr. Sparrow said that his mind was highly cultivated, but that his extreme modesty repressed the exhibition of his powers. He was the only man I ever knew overburdened with modesty. His death was peaceful and happy, and he had prepared for it as he would have done for a night's rest.

He was for several years the regular pastor of Falls Church, and was always ready for every good work. Many of the old alumni will never cease to remember with affection his pious and amiable character, which did much to sustain the religious spirit of the institution. His home was noted for its hospitality and good cheer, and the students enjoyed its social influences.

In 1827 the disadvantages of having the Seminary in a town were felt, and the Trustees determined in May to purchase or erect, near Alexandria, a house or houses large enough for two professors and twenty students. In June, 1827, the Committee of the Trustees went to Alexandria, and after careful examination selected the present site, which, "on account of the healthiness of its atmosphere, the beauty of its prospect, and its many conveniences, has given universal satisfaction." It contained sixty-two acres of land, half of it cleared, well enclosed, and covered with grass. There was a new brick dwelling-house, with out-buildings. The cost was five thousand dollars, which Mr. John Gray, of Traveller's Rest, the treasurer and liberal benefactor of the Seminary, kindly advanced. A brick house of three stories, having twelve rooms besides basement, affording a dining-room and kitchen, was erected, costing three thousand dollars. This was the south wing of the old Seminary. The north wing, of the same size and at the same cost, was added some years later, in 1832, and afterwards the centre and connecting building, with a small cupola, was erected for five thousand dollars, in 1835, altogether thirty-six rooms, prayer-hall and refectory.

In the fall of 1827, then, the Seminary was removed from Alexandria to "The Hill", 255 feet above the Potomac.

G. T. Wilmer remembers his trip out to the new site in a cart



OLD SEMINARY BUILDING



THE CHAPEL

ASPINWALL HALL

BOHLEN HALL

with some furniture. It was in the spring of 1828 when Miss Mary Dobson and he, a boy of nine years, took their seats in a cart with two horses, hitched tandem, and journeyed out. Except in pleasure-carriages, I think horses were usually hitched tandem then, and not abreast as now. Miss Mary would not let him return, as it was a drizzling evening, but put him in care of one of the students, who arrayed him for the night in one of his garments. That student was Charles Dresser, a graduate of 1828, and a most faithful and useful minister. A mnemonic association of ideas makes Mr. Dresser's name readily recalled. He deserves a brief mention. Born at Pomfret, Conn., February 24, 1800, he graduated at Brown University in 1823, and went to Virginia, where he studied theology. He went in 1828, immediately after ordination to Antrim parish, Halifax county, where he labored faithfully and successfully for ten years. He married in 1832 Miss Louisa Withers of Dinwiddie county. In 1838 he removed to Springfield, Ill., where he remained twenty years and while there officiated at the marriage of Mary Todd and Abraham Lincoln, November 4, 1842. He was chosen Professor of Divinity and Belles-Lettres in Jubilee College in 1855, and died March 5, 1865.

In 1827 eight thousand dollars was collected for the purchase, and for the first building, entirely in Virginia, and in the Virginia Convention Journal of 1829 is the list of subscribers with the amounts, which is very interesting reading to a Virginian who would know the people whose descendants are still in the old State.

In the year 1829 the Permanent Fund was about eleven thousand dollars. Everything then was on a simpler, less costly scale than now. Bishop Moore only received three hundred dollars a year for his services as Bishop, having besides his salary as rector of Monumental church. The professors received six hundred, eight hundred, and a thousand dollars a year, and the board of students then was fully covered by seventy-five dollars, which in Alexandria had cost one hundred and twelve dollars a year. The expenses of living then were hardly half what they are now; groceries were cheap, and servants' wages small, and what are now considered necessities were then luxuries, and the numberless expenses of dress now were then much fewer. To show prices then, one subscription to the Seminary was thirty bushels of wheat, estimated at thirty dollars. I bought a bag of coffee at

nine cents a pound. Besides, money went farther then than now. It was said that General Washington once threw a silver dollar across the Rappahannock. Chief-Justice Coleridge was told this and was inclined to doubt the fact, but was reassured on being told that a dollar went farther in those days than it did now.

Mr. Gray was the treasurer of the Trustees from the organization of the Seminary, and gave thousands of dollars during life and at his death. After his death his son-in-law, Mr. William Pollock, gave his faithful and gratuitous services until the war. During this long period, for thirty-one years of which the institution was without a charter, the treasurers used such care and judgment that none of its funds were lost.

I knew only a few of the graduates of 1827 and 1828. The Rev. George L. Mackenheimer was a lovely man, affectionate, earnest and brave. He never failed to speak a word for Jesus, when many would have shrunk from doing so. He did not think it intrusive to warn the heedless or to encourage the timid when it was needed. Such was his gentleness and tact that he never gave offense, but on the contrary gained respect, and did good. He lived and died in Maryland.

Rev. Dr. Wheat, whose memory is still fresh and fragrant in this Diocese, after more than forty years, at the time of our semi-centennial, wrote that he recalled Dr. Keith as to saintliness of character; as to Mr. Lippitt, modesty; as to Dr. Wilmer, keenness and power.

The Rev. Dr. Brooke was a native of Maryland, and when Bishop Johns was rector at Frederick he was a bright and rising lawyer. He came in once to church, rather to scoff than to pray, but was converted under Mr. Johns' attractive preaching, and became an eminent clergyman. He had the power to prepare and arrange even the very language of an elaborate sermon, and with rare eloquence and clearness deliver it unwritten, exactly as it had been prepared. Bishop Johns alone surpassed him in this rare gift. Dr. Brooke labored faithfully in Maryland and Ohio, and died full of faith. He was the father of Rev. Pendleton Brooke and Right Rev. Francis Key Brooke, Bishop of Oklahoma.

The Rev. John Grammer, D. D. (father of our Trustee, Rev. James Grammer, D. D.), was one of the most faithful and true men, and one who, as minister and trustee, had a strong influence. He was born in Virginia, for which he lived and labored all his life. Except for a few years, which were spent in the parish of

the pious Devereux Jarratt, he spent his ministry in one cure, Antrim parish, Halifax county, where his name is still remembered and where he ministered for over forty years to different generations. His life was long and useful, and all respected and loved him. He was the trusted friend and confidant of Bishop Meade. He was simple and self-denying. He expressly asked that no "resolutions" should be passed nor eulogy spoken when he was dead. He died full of years and rich in good works for Christ. He had been destined for the bar, and his connection with such people as the Withers and Brodnax families and his own firm character and abilities promised success. When he decided to enter the ministry his friends expostulated with him, but could not dissuade him. He lived some time in the home of .Rev. Dr. Wilmer in Alexandria.

The Rev. Dr. Wing was often spoken of by Dr. Sparrow, who knew him at Kenyon, and was ordained the same year. His name was striking—Marcus Tullius Cicero Wing.

The Rev. Ebenezer Boyden, born in Vermont May 25, 1803, graduated at Yale 1825, and at our Seminary in 1828, was rector of Walker's parish, Albemarle county, Virginia, for forty-two years. He was a spiritually minded man and most exemplary in his life and ministry. Two of his sons entered the ministry, Rev. D. Hanson Boyden, who died in the morn of great promise of usefulness, and Rev. Peter M. Boyden, now laboring faithfully and successfully in Maryland.

When he lived in Vermont, his family had been Congregation-alists, but the church happened to be vacant once when a minister travelling through the State stopped for a few days in the neighborhood. Being asked to preach, he said, "I am an Episcopalian and will do so, if you will use my service, and if some will learn it." They agreed to this, and he instructed them and preached twice. They were so much pleased they asked him to stay and be their minister. He said he could not on account of other engagements, but he would send Bishop Griswold. He came and won them to the Church and the Boyden family thus became Episcopalians, he being fifteen years old. When Rector of St. Paul's, Norfolk, the hole in the church wall where the British had fired a cannon ball was seen, but no cannon ball had been found. Learning the direction of the shot, he hired a man, and digging deep found the ball and had it placed in the hole.

The site chosen for the Seminary is unsurpassed for beauty and

extent of prospect. Where could there have been found a better place? Surely the hand of that God who founded the hills directed the choice.

What a glorious amphitheatre of rural scenery, of hill and dale, of great cities, and of broad river flashing in the sun! Said the early lost and long lamented Dudley Tyng: "Its location has left on my memory an impression not easily forgotten. It overlooks the undulating valley which slopes down to the broad and placid Potomac. At its foot lies the town of Alexandria and in the distance the cities of Washington and Georgetown, surmounted by the lofty dome of the capitol. On the right the woodland stretches down to the home and tomb of the Father of his country. From the cupola keen eyes may discover the three needle-points of the first mountain range, the Blue Ridge. Amid such a scene dwell the 'sons of the prophets.' Truly, you will say, if all within corresponds to all without, no wonder it should be remembered with longing and revisited with delight. Just such a picture as surrounding nature painted on my eye have its inner scenes imprinted on my heart."

Said another alumnus, Bishop Bedell, "I never again expect to rest my weariness on a spot of earth which will appear so much in the neighborhood of heaven. It always seems to me in recollection a land of Beulah, a little way to the fords of the river and the gates beyond, where angels keep their ward. From this glorious hill we readily turn to look above to the city which hath foundations."

Its beautiful grove affords place for retirement and meditation :

" Wisdom's self
Oft seeks to sweet, retired solitude
Where with her best nurse, meditation,
She plumes her feathers and lets grow her wings."

I think our seminary could not have been placed in a better situation than just here. It was in the South, so as to enlist the sympathies of the Southern Dioceses, and to be convenient for their candidates in days when traveling was difficult. It was near Washington, the Capital of the country, and so in touch with the national life. My recollections of Washington go back now sixty-five years, and they recall a very different state of things from what may now be seen. There was then great simplicity of living, and the city had very few of its present beautiful public

buildings or private palaces. But it had what it has not now in its Senate and House—men who would make any city or State noble and distinguished. To see and hear these men was a privilege, and professors and students had this great advantage. The Roman Catholic and Methodist Churches have within the last few years realized the importance of Washington as a centre of influence and are establishing great universities there.

Bishop Meade and others chose wisely in selecting our beautiful and commanding Hill for the Seminary. If they could only have planned and executed on a larger scale, securing land when so low and proper endowments, we might have been able to do a larger work. Some have thought that if a Church college could have been established here, to complete the plan of the High School and to prepare for the Seminary, it would have filled a niche that is now empty in this middle section, with Trinity College north and Sewanee south. Our Preparatory Department would always have furnished a nucleus, and there would have been many who would have preferred a Church college to sending their sons to the universities or the denominational colleges. When Bristol College failed, if we might have taken up its work, I think good would have been done. Now we have twenty-five or more men being educated away, who, under the influence of the Seminary and the Church college, would have found more congenial and helpful influences than anywhere else. It may come yet ; but started sixty years ago, its work and usefulness would have been very great.

CHAPTER XI.

MY FIRST FRIENDS.

I SHALL speak particularly of my first class in the Seminary, which entered with me in 1836. There were six members, though two more, Noblitt and Stewart, were with us awhile. Their names were James A. Buck, William H. Kinckle, William T. Leavell, Cleland K. Nelson, John J. Scott, Richard H. Wilmer. They were an unusually good class, I remember, all being men of fine abilities and excellent training. They were all ordained by Bishop Moore, and all (except Bishop Wilmer) on July 11, 1839, and went to work in different dioceses. Fifty years rolled slowly by with their mighty changes in Church and State, and five of these six graduates were still laboring faithfully in the vineyard, and I alone of their professors was still alive. At the suggestion and request of Rev. Dr. Buck, rector of St. Paul's, Rock Creek, D. C., we met on the fiftieth anniversary of ordination, July 11, 1889, to celebrate their jubilee. Only one of the class had fallen asleep, worn out by his untiring labors, Rev. W. H. Kinckle, of blessed memory. They joined together in the service and sacrament of love, which had been their occupation and joy for fifty years, Dr. Nelson making the address on this rare and memorable occasion. Afterwards they met together with many friends for a bountiful collation in the beautiful rectory grounds of Rock Creek parish, nearly two hundred years old.

Five years later, July 11, 1894, all but one of us met again at the same place, four out of six remaining, active and strong for their age, Dr. Nelson having dropped from the ranks. At this fifty-eighth anniversary of their association together, the four were present and took part in the solemn prayer and praise to God, who had granted them to labor for and with Him all through the long day. Bishop Wilmer made the address and told of the secret of peace and power in the service and following of Jesus Christ, and with the rector administered the Holy Communion to a large congregation.

I spoke of the remarkable and unparelled case, that after fifty-eight years of work and friendship, five out of seven should be present in good health to celebrate the anniversary ; and I

dwelt on the rewards of such faithful ministry. The Rev. Dr. Elliott, of Washington, followed, with some happy and pleasant remarks, comparing the four veterans to the four winds, the four evangelists and the four creatures of Revelation; and Bishop Wilmer closed with the blessing. An offering was made, and it is intended to place in the Virginia Seminary some memorial of this wonderful event of the class of 1839. Out of the sixteen classes before them only four graduates then survived, while whole classes after them have died; only four graduates, up to 1845, now remain.

We can recall no such wonderful thing as this, that in a fleeting and changing world, after fifty-eight years of association in the same work, two-thirds of the class should meet with one-third of their teachers, and all active and in fair health; or that after fifty-three years, five-sixths of the class should survive, as was the case a few years ago. Truly they can say with the Psalmist, "I have been young and now am old, and yet saw I never the righteous forsaken."

The members of this class have been well-known and devoted ministers in the Church, apart from the wonderful length of service; the Rev. James A. Buck, D. D., had been for forty-one years rector of Rock Creek Parish, D. C., and endeared himself to all who knew him by a holy, devoted life and ministry. The parish under him has grown and flourished and is now stronger than ever, though all around new parishes have been formed. He was also chaplain of the Soldiers' Home near by, where he was much beloved, and he headed the official list of the clergy of the Diocese, having spent, I believe, nearly his whole life therein. He died in the early autumn of 1897, having been more than fifty-eight years in active ministry. He was succeeded by his cousin, Rev. Charles E. Buck, an alumnus of our Seminary, and an influential member of the Diocese.

The Rev. W. H. Kinckle, after loving, faithful service, mostly spent in Lynchburg, passed away after too brief a ministry, leaving a name and memory that still survive after more than a generation have gone.

The Rev. W. T. Leavell did faithful service in West Virginia, spending nearly all of his life in one section, where he was respected and beloved by all. Born September 11, 1814, in Spottsylvania county, Virginia, he early

felt the call to preach the Gospel, and for sixty years he faithfully proclaimed its message. He preached his last sermon about two months before his death. The Diocese of West Virginia was dear to him, and he exclaimed shortly before dying, "I wish I had another life to give to the Church in West Virginia." In his character were combined gentleness, cheerfulness, humility, devotion to duty and unselfishness. The epitaph he liked best was, "He lived for others." He passed to his reward August 25, 1899. The Church mourned with him over the death of his son, the Rev. Francis K. Leavell, a few years ago, after a short but devoted ministry among the poor.

The Rev. C. K. Nelson, D. D., was well known in the Church at large as an eloquent preacher, and as deeply interested in higher education, which he did much to advance. I never knew him very well, for he spent most of his life in Maryland, as Rector of St. Anne's Church, Annapolis, as sixth President of St. John's College, Annapolis, 1857-61, and later as Principal of Rockville Academy, Maryland. He was a Greek and Latin scholar, and a very able writer.

The Rev. Dr. Scott was for many years rector of Christ Church, Pensacola, and after long and useful service came to Washington to live as rector *emeritus*. He wrote me, "I have always felt grateful for the thoroughness and accuracy of the foundation you laid in my mind of Biblical learning. I have often called to remembrance for my example and guidance your heart of love and gentleness of manner. Dr. Lippitt took me to his heart and made my visits to his family very pleasant. Dr. Keith said to me on parting, 'Never give up the study of Metaphysics.'"

The Right Rev. Dr. Richard H. Wilmer, late Bishop of Alabama, was an early and life long friend, whose noble heart, kindly wit and calm wisdom were unsurpassed.

He lived on a farm at Lebanon near the Seminary with his stepmother and rode down to lectures often with his trousers stuffed in his top boots. His studies were much interrupted, but he came to us with a reputation as a graduate of Yale College, class of 1836. I heard his first sermon, which was full of rhetorical figures and flowery. Dr. Keith objected to it on this ground, but Wilmer said in reply, "You know when you turn a young colt out he wants to run and kick up his heels; when he gets older he gets more steady, so with my style, it will quiet down."

He was a great preacher and made everywhere a deep and powerful impression, for he had a persuasive and charming voice, a beautiful style and always clear and strong thought, illuminated by imagination and illustration. I heard him preach in the Seminary Chapel in October, 1897, with great delight, and his voice and energetic delivery were remarkable. A physician in New York after hearing him said, "I have spiritual food to last me a week." At the burial of Rev. Dr. Minnegerode he recited most beautifully the hymn, "I heard the voice of Jesus say."

His wit and wisdom made him most charming, and a volume would be needed to set them forth. A brother clergyman, great in genealogy, wrote him he had traced back his descent to David, and hoped to go back further. Bishop Wilmer wrote him that at his time of life he was more interested in whither he was going than where he came from, and he hoped to get to Abraham's bosom.

His last days and hours were brightened by a serene strong faith, which was shown in the wit with which he spoke, so natural to him, and showing no fear of death, but perfect confidence in God. His sister married my early friend, Rev. R. T. Brown, class of 1838, who was of unusual talent as a writer and of choice taste. He spent his last years in Rockville, where his preaching was greatly admired. A Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, hearing Mr. Brown preach there, expressed the greatest admiration, and thought he had never heard a greater sermon.

Bishop Wilmer's son, Dr. William H. Wilmer, the eminent oculist of Washington, is carrying on for the physical faculties the same work that his noble grandfather, Dr. W. H. Wilmer, did for the spiritual powers of the people of Washington and Alexandria. Asking his father not long ago where he should build his new house and office, the Bishop said: "My son, there are only two suitable places, C street or I street." The son chose I street.

The Rev. Reuel Keith, D. D., was the first professor of the Seminary, and for twenty years he was its main teacher, and the Seminary was fortunate in getting such a man, to stamp upon it a character which it has never lost. Born in Vermont, from early childhood he was passionately fond of books. In Troy, New York, where he was clerk in a store in his boyhood, he became acquainted with the Episcopal Church. He fitted himself for college at St. Albans and entered Middlebury College in 1811, and,

after being at the head of all his classes, graduated with the highest honors. He was baptized by Dr. Henshaw and became an earnest Christian. Coming to Virginia on account of his health, for the doctors said he had a large hole in his lungs, he became a tutor, which was a very common thing then, nearly all the teachers being from the North. He acted as lay reader in King George county, and this report was made to the Convention : "*The spirit of religion* is reviving under Mr. Keith, who has large congregations." He returned to Vermont and was tutor for his alma mater. He then studied for the ministry under Dr. Henshaw, in Brooklyn, and later as resident graduate at Andover. He came to Alexandria and was ordained by Bishop Moore in St. Paul's, Alexandria, in 1817. He at once became assistant to the Rev. Walter D. Addison at St. John's, Georgetown, where his ministry was so successful that a new church, Christ Church, was built, of which he was the rector for one year. After staying two years at Williamsburg, as rector of Bruton parish and Theological Professor at William and Mary, he was, after a short stay in Vermont, brought back to Virginia in 1823, and from that time till his death, in 1842, was professor here. He was deeply interested in Hengstenberg's Christology and learned German thoroughly in order to translate it. A bookseller in Alexandria undertook to publish it, but it had to be printed at Andover, and I saw it through the press for him in 1836, just before coming to the Seminary. This work did honor to our Church and is a most admirable translation. As soon as I arrived here I went to see him and was heartily welcomed. I spent my first evening at his house, and we talked until late in the night, not noticing the flight of time. I boarded with him for a year, having my room at the Seminary, and derived great profit from my association with him.

He had the power of abstraction in a very high degree—the highest of all mental powers—and he would become so absorbed in his subject as to forget everything else. Thus he was very strong intellectually and was a master of what he had studied. Everything he read and saw and heard he put into his own crucible, tested it, and laid it away for future use. This was the secret of his wonderful command of all his resources. He was a many-sided man, great in the lecture-room and in the pulpit, and there were other sides of his character equally pleasing. He was an excellent and accurate scholar and thoroughly understood the Hebrew, Greek, Latin and German languages, as his translation

of Hengstenberg's Christology shows. He was a man of tall but stooping figure, with a noble forehead and piercing eye. He was, as Bishop Meade says, a most eloquent preacher, and the most earnest one I have ever heard, and he made a great impression on the students with his "blood earnestness," as Chalmers says. There was a glowing sense of the Divine presence on him which moved others. He was much sought after to preach at Associations; at Conventions he was often heard with delight, and was thought the best preacher in the State. His manner of reading the Psalter and the Prayers, especially the Litany, was remarkably fervent and impassioned. He *prayed* the service throughout as I have never heard any one else do.

His voice was very good, silvery and penetrating, awe-inspiring. His mode of preparation for the pulpit, when I knew him, was to look over one of his old sermons and then to give its substance, with any new thought he had, without notes. I never knew him to write a new sermon in the six years of our association.

Bishop Smith bears witness to the impression made on him by the solemn earnestness of Dr. Keith's piety, by the fervor of his devotion, and by the richness of instruction, the solidity of argument and the force of delivery of his sermons, riveting the attention of all who ever heard him, and producing powerful effects. He was a moderate Calvinist. A slight infusion of Calvinism, like sugar in a cup of tea, might by a discriminating person be perceived in his sermons. When a student on one occasion, after Dr. Keith had presented the Calvinistic view of a subject, said to him, "When, Doctor, are we to have the other side?" he answered, "There is no other."

I will give an extract from a New Year's sermon of his which was published by request of the students, January, 1840:

"Pause, I beseech you, and reflect deeply and solemnly on the nature, the greatness, and the eternity of this salvation, that the thought of its nearness may forever dispel the slumbers of your immortal spirits. It is a salvation which interested the affections and occupied the councils of the holy, blessed and glorious Trinity before the foundations of the world were laid, and which were deemed of sufficient importance in the sight of God, to be accomplished at no less expense than the incarnation, sufferings and death of His only begotten Son. It is the salvation of a rational, accountable

and immortal being, of boundless capacity for enjoyment or suffering; a salvation which rescues him from all that is evil, and confers upon him all that is good, through the whole extent of his never-ending existence; for it delivers him from the curse of God and makes him the object of His everlasting love. It is a salvation so great and glorious that every instance of its being secured by one of our fallen race heightens the happiness even of heaven itself; 'for there is joy in the presence of God and of the holy angels over one sinner that repenteth.' It is a salvation which God has accomplished for us expressly in order that He might show in the ages to come to an admiring, adoring and rejoicing universe what His almighty love can do, and what is the exceeding riches of His grace in his kindness toward us through Christ Jesus."

Dr. Keith was very fond of horses and spent much of his leisure in riding or driving. He was much given to exchanging them, in which he generally got the worst of the bargain. He would spend his vacations driving over a good part of New England in a yellow carry-all with two horses, one probably a large, bony, grey horse, and the other a small sorrel. He never paid much attention to appearances. I borrowed one of his horses, the sorrel, to ride on horseback with him to Leesburg, he on the grey, to the consecration of the new church there. On our return, in company with Bishop Meade, we stopped at a wayside inn, half-way between Leesburg and Alexandria. The Bishop deliberately drew a chair to the corner of the room and began to shave himself without a glass, a thing I have never seen done, before or since.

Dr. Keith was of a very nervous temperament, moody and subject to fits of depression, but on recovering from them he would be in very high spirits. From the time I knew him he would often sit for days together in his house without saying a word, and leaning his head upon the back of his chair. In 1840 he lost his wife, who was his right hand and his right eye, and he was very uncomfortable at home. In the next spring, after being sick all the winter and very miserable, he became melancholy and thought he was lost. Rev. Carter Page, one of the noblest men I have known, the brother of Rev. James J. Page, went with Dr. Keith on a trip South, as there was no one else to go. When traveling on the stage Dr. Keith addressed a man who was swearing and warned him to escape eternal damnation, to embrace now

the salvation offered him, saying : " You can do it now, but as for me, it is too late ; there is no hope for me." Though his sun went down here in clouds and gloom, it rose in glory on the other side, when he reached the city of which the Lamb is the light. This phase of his life reminds me remarkably of the poet Cowper, and of the lines written On Cowper's Grave by Mrs. Elizabeth B. Browning.

" Oh Christians ! at your cross of hope, a hopeless hand was clinging !
O men ! this man in brotherhood your weary paths beguiling,
Groaned inly while he taught you peace, and died while ye were smiling ! "

His melancholia has been sometimes, but unjustly, ascribed to his religious views. Religion was with him the great and absorbing subject ; and just as a rich man when insane becomes fearful of poverty, so Dr. Keith when his mind was thrown off its balance feared that he was lost.

Philip Slaughter, when a student, thinking that a Doctor of Divinity knew everything in the Bible asked Dr. Keith one day what was meant by " the whole creation groaneth." With his usual simplicity he replied, " I don't know ; I never did know what that verse meant."

He lived in the house next to the chapel, and his was the first door on the Hill at which I knocked.

A student, visiting across the Potomac, had his mind diverted from his studies. He once called on Dr. Keith, and asked if he would explain how mind could be affected by matter. The doctor said he could not, but added, " There seems to be a little matter over in Maryland that affects your mind very much."

Someone asked him what was the greatest sin a man could commit. " Defacing a mile post," was his reply.

A student reciting in Butler's Analogy said, " Oh, Doctor, I have detected a flaw in Butler's reasoning." " Then you have caught a weasel asleep," said the Doctor. Something was said about the Deluge and the Ark, and a student asked, " Doctor, what became of the fish ? " He answered, " Fine time for the fish, Mr. ———."

Even in his gloomy days he was logical. A student with a bad complexion and sickly look remarked to him bewailing his poor health, " Why, Doctor, you don't look very badly, you don't look worse than I do." He replied, " You are looking very badly, Mr. ———."

Rev. J. C. Wheat, D. D., is just my age and is a wonderful instance of activity in old age. He is by fourteen years the oldest living alumnus of Kenyon College, Ohio, where he graduated and soon after ordination he devoted his life to the training of the young, but always exercised his ministry when called on. He never received a salary from any parish, but gave his services freely and in Lynnwood parish where he spent the last fifteen years he baptized nearly all the children and buried all the dead. When Vice-President of the Virginia Female Institute he lived in Staunton and on Sundays officiated at Boyden Chapel, six miles, and at Port Republic, twenty-two miles distant, riding or walking those distances winter and summer, no matter what the weather. In his ninetieth year he drove five miles to bury the dead. Like Mr. Leavell from seventy-six to eighty-four years of age he preached twice every Sunday, and was besides superintendent and teacher in the Sunday School until he was eighty-nine. [Dr. Wheat died August 12, 1902, after three days' illness.—ED.]

Rev. Henry W. L. Temple (1841) was a man of noble character and gained a most extraordinary influence not only over his flock, but his community, in worldly as well as in spiritual matters. He spent his whole ministerial life in one parish in Essex County. A tender, faithful pastor, a wise counsellor, an exemplary Christian he was greatly beloved by all, dying in 1870.

I may here speak of the Rev. Edward C. McGuire, elder brother of Rev. J. P. McGuire, so well known to our older clergy, but remembered now by very few. Born in July, 1793, he grew up, having "religious emotions" when ten or twelve years old, but with no one to guide or counsel him in religion save his pious mother. At eighteen he began to study law, and was then very fond of worldly amusements. He had visitations of the Spirit and was led to pray earnestly for several months, but relapsed into sin. In his nineteenth year he determined to be a Christian. "It pleased the gracious God," he said, "to visit me again with the powerful influence of His Holy Spirit. It was instantaneous and sudden as a flash of lightning from the clouds. It was unsought, the free and unmerited gift of a gracious God. Praise the Lord, O my soul!" The outward circumstances of this change are said to be these. There was to be a large "assembly" ball in Winchester, which he, in spite of difficulties, determined to attend. He started in fine spirits and full of joyful anticipations. A cloud rose rapidly, and a pouring rain forced him to take shelter under

a tree. An instant after a stroke of lightning shivered the tree, and that, strange to say, without even stunning him. Instead of going on to Winchester he returned home, and from that hour the gay pleasures of the world were nothing in his eyes. In January, 1812, he went to Alexandria to study under Rev. William Meade, as there were no seminaries at that time. In April, 1812, he writes, "I first communed, *not having had an opportunity before*," showing the destitution of religious privileges. "I now began," he adds, "to rejoice greatly in the Lord." Mr. Meade leaving soon after, he studied under Rev. W. H. Wilmer, rector of St. Paul's. In September, 1812, he removed to Baltimore, where he studied one year, and September, 1813, he was called to Fredericksburg as lay-reader, and as rector as soon as he was ordained. This was on August 4, 1814, by Bishop Moore, being his first ordination. The state of the Church in Fredericksburg was most discouraging and might have daunted a braver heart. He writes: "I commenced a career most unpromising in the estimation of men. But the God of my salvation was with me. . . . A work of grace quickly commenced in the Church. Souls were converted to God, and, aided by their prayers, we began to lift up our heads and pursue our work with increased diligence and strength." No one can sum up the results of his ministry in this, his only charge, and only the day of judgment will reveal all that was due to his faithful preaching, his holy example and his untiring labors. Few have had a stay so long and useful in one place. Forty-five years did he spend in that one parish! His ministry did not lose, but gained in strength the longer it continued. Some men may spend a brief ministry in a place with éclat for their stirring sermons and energetic work. Here was a man who started at twenty as lay-reader, and continued nearly a half century, as Bishop Meade says, "with a succession of revivals, or rather a continued one, under faithful evangelical preaching, with two new churches, each increasing in size and expense, called for, and with several young ministers going forth from this parish. Among them was Rev. Launcelot Minor, whose remains are on the African shore, alongside of those of Mrs. Susan Savage, the devoted missionary, whose spiritual birthplace was St. George's Church." There have been but few such cases in our Communion, and the papers mentioned the golden jubilee of Rev. Richard S. Storrs in Brooklyn as unusual.

Dr. McGuire not only built up his own parish, but went through Spottsylvania, Stafford, Essex, Caroline, Culpeper and Orange counties preaching and visiting. Once in Caroline with Revs. J.W. Cooke and John P. McGuire, about fourteen hundred people gathered on Sunday, crowding the church and filling the yard. Great feeling was shown and many tears were shed, and souls were saved.

In 1831 there was a special awakening, of which I have often heard. There was simple, earnest preaching of the gospel, but the interest spread from soul to soul till about sixty were changed. Still greater was the religious interest in 1858. Though no special means were used, and the pastor's infirmities hindered him, yet as a result of the revival eighty-eight persons were confirmed, of every age and calling, male and female.

I often saw Dr. McGuire, who was a true friend of the Seminary and visited it often. He told me that he was once on a wharf with Bishop Moore. An Irish porter passing by with a trunk hit against the Bishop, who struck him with his umbrella. The porter laid down the trunk and came to settle with the Bishop, who edged behind Dr. McGuire, as he was very tall and large. I can see him now as he represented the scene. I spent a night at Dr. McGuire's and was put in the same room with Bishop Meade. In the morning when he woke up he began to talk about his clergy, spoke of poor Mr. ———, who had a large family and needed help. He gave \$400 one year to a minister who was without work, and was always thinking of his clergy, and spending himself for them. He stinted himself that he might have to give to others.

Dr. McGuire published a volume on "The Religious Opinions and Character of Washington." He wrote many of the reports on the State of the Church in our journals. His great experience, sound judgment and pure character gave him great weight in our Conventions, and he was often a deputy to General Convention. In July, 1858, Alfred M. Randolph, now Bishop of Southern Virginia, who had just graduated, was secured for his assistant, as his health was failing. On Friday, October 8th, just after dressing to visit some parishoners, he dropped dead. He was just sixty-five, not old as we now think, but he had done much for his Master. The burial was attended by a vast concourse, Bishop Johns made a beautiful address, and he passed, we believe, to a glorious reward.

Rev. Thomas E. Locke was born the same month and year as I was and had the room next to me at the Seminary my first and his last year. We were thrown together very much and enjoyed a long and valued friendship for sixty years.

His life was spent in Virginia, and his recollection of persons and things was very vivid. I wish he could have written his reminiscences. He told me a curious thing. He married a man and received twenty dollars ; he buried that wife and was handed thirty dollars. Not long after he married him again and he gave him ten dollars. On burying that wife he received the same amount. When he came to marry him again, the man remarked to some one, " Mr. Locke will break me yet." Mr. Locke told me the students at Kenyon sometimes threw the butter out of doors, and he said the tea was execrable because a tallow candle was held over the kettle to see that the quantity was right and tallow dropped in. Bishop Chase reproved them and told them if they did so again, he would say, " Take up thy bed and walk." Locke was one of thirty students there and graduated.

CHAPTER XII.

LIFE IN VIRGINIA.

IN the summer of 1837, after our session had closed on July 15th, Rev. Philip Slaughter, rector of Christ Church, Georgetown, asked me to go with him to the White Sulphur Springs. I was very glad to have the opportunity of seeing something of Virginia. We started at 5 A. M. on the stage to Warrenton Springs, which we reached that night. Often one had to wait days to get a seat, the stages being full. We stopped for some days at the house of his father, Captain Slaughter, a distinguished officer of the Revolution, whose daughter afterwards lived on the Hill, and remembered my visit and some remarks sixty years before. He was then living with a widowed daughter, and offered me his easy-going riding horse to use. He had been closely associated with Chief Justice Marshall, as Marshall served under him in the war, and was, he said, a splendid soldier. The Chief Justice had died a short time before. I used to dine with his son, James Keith Marshall, when I preached in Alexandria. I remember that blackberries were not eaten then, but were thought fit only for hogs, and tomatoes were rarely used. We went on to Charlottesville, where I met Revs. Richard K. Meade and Joseph Wilmer, afterward Bishop of Louisiana. Wilmer had just published a sermon on "Great Men who have become Christians," and he gave me a copy.

We met Professor Gessner Harrison at the University of Virginia, which was then only twelve years old. There was at that time quite a lack of discipline and method, it seemed to me, in the course. They read very little Latin or Greek, but spent much time on grammar, &c. One of our bishops, a Master of Arts before the war, told me that he had never read any Homer, though a full graduate there. That is all changed now. One of the professors came into our hotel and drank at the bar a stiff glass of brandy, and it was said in excuse that he was an Englishman. We stopped at Covington and at last reached the White Sulphur. We had passed on our journey many family parties in their own carriages. At the Springs there were more than one hundred carriages owned by private parties,

and six four-in-hand carriages, and every morning they went out driving. Mrs. Dolly Madison was there with some young ladies named Walker. She often went about the grounds in her turban. The leaders of society in Virginia and in the South were there, such as the Tayloes, Hamiltons, Middletons and Pinckneys. I remember what a pretty woman Miss Pinckney was. One family from South Carolina had eleven horses and seven servants with them. Gambling went on openly, and near our cottage men assembled to play. The table and accommodations were poor and Mr. Caldwell, the proprietor, said when complaint was made: "The guests came to drink the water and not for high living at the table." Men went out hunting all the time, deer and other game being very abundant. The packs of hounds interested me greatly, being something entirely new.

We stayed three weeks and Dr. Slaughter preached. He had a very happy faculty for selecting suitable texts, and his sermon there was on the Pool of Bethesda. Once, preaching in the woods to the soldiers, he took no text, but said: "The groves were God's first temples," and used that as his theme.

Ex-Governor James Barbour of Virginia, a large man with a strong face, was there; he was a great talker and always had a group around him listening to his eloquent conversation. Ex-Governor Sprigg of Maryland and many other prominent men met there.

We visited all the other springs near by, and the Hawk's Nest, fifty miles away. This is a remarkable precipice, 1,100 feet in perpendicular height above the water, which roars and tumbles below and yet not the faintest sound is heard above. I spent the night in a log cabin, and its owner said he had seen a panther the day before and that he could shoot all the wild turkeys he wanted more easily than raising them.

Rev. J. J. Page, when in West Virginia, knelt to pray in a one-roomed cabin, and the man came and shook him, thinking he was ill. They had never heard of God or the Christian religion.

The Natural Bridge far surpassed my expectations, and there I received my first impression of sublimity. To see that vast dome, so to speak, the arch so regular, so graceful, and airy, of solid rock, the same with the sides, overwhelms the mind. It is all one solid piece.

We came back by Staunton, where there was a frame church and a small, feeble congregation, which had not been long organized,

where I preached. I visited Weyer's Cave nearby. I went also to Harper's Ferry, in which I was disappointed. Jefferson had never seen it when he wrote his fine description.

Dr. French, in Alexandria, told me that buffalo had been killed the last ten years of the last century in Virginia. Where he lived he got certificates from several persons that their fathers had killed buffalo in Wytheville, and they were published in the *American Naturalist*, edited by my nephew. There is a place called Buffalo Lick Springs near Staunton.

I never saw the dogwood which makes the spring so gay and spreads its level floors of white through the dull woods, until I came South, or the beautiful tulip poplar tree. The opossum, highly valued by the negro, is not found north of the Hudson. My son caught two in one night in his traps. Wild turkeys were abundant in Fairfax when I came.

In August, 1832, five years before my trip through Virginia, I traveled in a buggy from Walpole through the White Mountains. The scenery was quite different from that in Virginia, and the trees and vegetation unlike. In both nature was in her prime, uninjured by the hand of man. I went up the valley of the Connecticut river, stopping at Hanover for the College Commencement; thence to Oxford, a beautiful town, Bath and Haverhill, the river in view all the way, lined occasionally with fine meadows, reaching Littleton, New Hampshire, where I was treated with attention from our letters of introduction. We next day drove the fifteen miles to White Mountains, through an unbroken "forest primeval" of the white pines one hundred and twenty-five and one hundred and fifty feet high, that had never felt the axe. Thirty years later I passed over the way and not one of them was left. The country was full of game; partridges I saw in the road; deer, wolves and bears were common and seen every day. I was much excited at seeing the fresh track of a bear. The week before a party passing through the Notch saw a wolf standing over the body of a deer. They drove the wolf off and took the deer of which they made a good feast. The mountain sides were grooved from summit to base by the sliding of earth, and the Notch seemed in process of being filled up by the torrents of sand and stones brought down. The clouds had been gathering around the bald summits, they enveloped the defile in mist as we came near and the violent wind bent down the stunted trees of the Notch.

We fished one day at the falls of the Amonoosuck, a wild sylvan scene, an object of great interest anywhere but in the White Mountains. The Crawford House was the only hotel and it was full with its fifty-two guests when I was there. Old Crawford was living, and to entertain the guests used a speaking trumpet, the sound of which when softened by distance and far away among the hills resembled unearthly melody, and tones of more than mortal sweetness were sent back from their rocky caverns. We were prevented from ascending Mt. Washington by a snow storm in August, which Crawford said had never been known before. At that time visitors had to walk to the top, then horses were used until the railroad was made. With great interest did we watch the varying changes of that mountain, either when reflecting the evening or morning sunbeams, and when partly covered with snow.

I once travelled with a man who said he could have bought, in 1834, the whole of Chicago for one hundred dollars an acre. Dr. Heman Humphrey, of Amherst, went out there and invested five hundred dollars. A few years after he was asked to sell it for twenty-five hundred dollars and he took the offer. The next sale was one hundred thousand. Its value now is immense, being in the heart of the city. It was incorporated as a city in this very year, March 4, 1837, population 4,170.

The Potomac river when I first came was not only full of fish, but abounded in wild ducks, canvas-back and other choice varieties, and wild geese. Going up the river on the boat, I have often seen large spaces, acres, covered with ducks, and they did not seem timid. Dr. Richard Stuart, who lived lower down the Potomac in King George county, has told me that often he was kept awake by the noise of the ducks and geese feeding in the river. I went down to an association there with Bishop Meade and B. B. Leacock, who preached so well that they called him. He was very kind and helpful to me. We stayed at Cedar Grove, the beautiful and hospitable home of Dr Richard Stuart, and the table fairly groaned under the weight of his generous provision. His house was only a few yards from the river bank. The mocking birds used to sing all night, in the yard there, it seemed to me. Potomac means, I think, in the Indian language, stream of swans, and in a poem, "The Maid of the Doe," by C. Carter Lee, are these lines :

"From thy south shore, great stream of swans,
Came the great Lees and Washingtons."

When I came to Fairfax county the farms were very large, but the land was generally poor. The negro slaves were numerous, but no one seemed to make money by farming or to care much for making it. Hospitality abounded, and living was most luxurious as far as the table was concerned. There was a marked difference from the northern ways in all external matters, and while often the houses were substantial and well built, the yard and farm was not kept with strict regard to appearances or to beauty. I remember enjoying a most luxurious dinner at a house not at all imposing, surrounded by a worm fence, though this was not usual. By the way, the worm fence is a curious survival of the past, and shows a country, such as Virginia and Maryland were, where wood and labor were most abundant, and saw mills scarce and nails costly. In the seventeenth century nails were mentioned in the wills as valuable assets.

Society was then simple and in some respects patriarchal. The head of the house was a man who not only had his household looking up to him, but perhaps one to four hundred slaves, for whom he had to think and provide in many ways.

Hugh S. Legaré defined feudalism as a scheme of organized anarchy, while the social system of the South on the contrary was both unorganized and conservative. It has been called "patriarchal in its upper stratum and pastoral in its lower one."

Dress was a very simple thing comparatively. A young lady of the best families would have a handsome dress, which was worn on best occasions, and some simple lawn or gingham gowns, and she would then be ready to visit her friends, or even to go to the Springs. Fashions did not then change so often as now. The trunks were small, often of sole leather, or hair-covered narrow low boxes, such as could be easily carried on the top of the stage or the seat behind the carriage. Often in the mountains, where vehicles were not so much used, they would go off to a party or for a visit with sufficient clothing carried in a bag on the pommel of the saddle. Now we have changed all this, and no young lady can go off for a short visit without a dozen dresses, and a Noah's ark or a Saratoga hotel to hold them.

Virginia had from the first some remarkable characteristics in a financial way. During the seventeenth century, from 1607-1700, there was so little coin in circulation that it might be said that it was not used, tobacco being the currency for everything, from the payment for groceries and goods to the hire of laborers,

the fees of lawyer, doctor and minister, the building of houses and churches. This use of tobacco extended in some measure into the eighteenth century, though coin and notes were then used more largely. But a new element came in, and that was slavery, which affected its financial system.

It is a great mistake to think that the slaves were neglected generally. Being the most valuable property, they were of course well cared for, and I can bear my personal witness to the kindness and care usually shown them. They were kept occupied, but that was necessary for their good, and their work was not often excessive. This is shown by the fact that seldom was money made in Virginia by them ; no great fortunes were accumulated, no costly houses were built or handsome furniture bought. There was great abundance of good food, most of which was raised on the place by the industry and oversight of the master and mistress. Most of what was raised was consumed on the farm ; seldom was even enough sent off to pay for the goods that were bought. No private or public improvements remain to show any hard labor on the part of the slaves ; no good roads, no strong fences, and no public buildings or monuments such as were made by the Israelites in Egypt, were ever contemplated or attempted. Why ! Virginia with its immense number of laborers, if they had been worked with system, not to say severity, might be a garden spot, with stone turnpikes through every farm, stone fences and stone barns, instead of its miry, clay roads, its worm fences, and its frame stables.

Just here I might say that in the life of the late Frederick Douglass, he states that negro children were not allowed to be baptized in slavery times. This is false in regard to the Episcopal Church (and I doubt not in regard to the Methodists and Presbyterians also), as our parochial records will show. For instance, Rev. F. D. Goodwin, rector of St. Paul's parish, Prince George's county, Maryland, reports to the Maryland Convention of 1836 that the previous year he had baptized 37 white infants and 63 *colored* infants. In our Journals from of old stands Infants, *white* ; infants, *colored*, under head of Baptisms, and the same double record for Confirmations.

The slaves were not overworked or even hard worked in Virginia or Maryland, I think. Fifteen or more would be kept about the house or yard ; fifty were kept about Arlington, and the others would work on the farm. I remember hearing that

Rev. John T. Clark (father of Rev. W. Meade Clark), once finding that his overseer had made over one hundred hogsheads of tobacco on his immense plantation with its numerous slaves, told him that he did not want his slaves worked so hard.

Not all were like this, for I heard Bishop Richard Wilmer once in a sermon say, "for a few more pounds of tobacco you will work your slaves too hard or make them work on Sunday."

Now, as to the effect of slavery on the financial methods of Virginia, it was this: The slaves formed a large portion of the wealth of the rich and were almost the same as bonds, for they were readily converted into cash on occasion. Hence a man who had such property had good credit with the merchants. The planter could get what supplies he needed year by year, sending down what he had to spare from the farm, and being credited for the rest, and charged from twelve to twenty per cent. more for interest. This might go on for years unless either the merchant or the farmer should die. In that case the sale of a slave or a family or two of slaves would settle the matter. The planters were not used to paying their debts until they died, and it has occurred to me that this was one cause of the financial difficulties in which the State of Virginia was involved. They were not used to settling debts as others were, and hence, though with as high a sense of honor as any people in the world, repudiation and readjustment took place after the war.

It was very uncommon to press a debtor in Virginia. While he lived, few creditors would disturb him by executing a judgment. Mr. Henry Fairfax once told a friend of mine that old Mr. D——, under pressure of debt, was to be sold out by some creditor, not probably of the same county. On the day fixed for the sale Mr. Fairfax rode over to express his sympathy for his old friend, and found him sitting on the lawn before his house with his household goods around him, but there was no one there to bid and the sheriff did not even make his appearance. Those were easy-going times, though somewhat earlier party strife was bitter and often sundered families.

The army and navy had great attractions for Southern men, and, as appointments were the President's prerogative then, many Southern men entered both branches. Fairfax county furnished her share of navy and army officers.

Before the State Convention of 1850 none but those having a

legal interest in land had the right to vote, and the vote was then *viva voce*.

A word more as to slavery, which is admirably treated by Edward Ingle in *Southern Sidelights*, from which I quote, that "cotton and slavery were introduced into the South within a twelve-month." Tobacco and cotton culture prompted England to fasten slavery upon the South, hence the plantation system was formed in order to produce raw material for England, and when England let go the North took hold, so that slavery in America is due to England and New England.

The last ship that brought slaves from Africa to this country was called the "Wanderer," landing one load not long before the war on the coast of Georgia. Her "log" was lately found and is a curious record. Her owner, Mr. Charles L. —, was the only child saved from a terrible wreck, and to the remonstrance of his father about bringing slaves to this country, he replied that he felt justified in bringing the poor wretches out of Africa into Georgia for that he bettered their condition in every way.

The community in general was peaceful and law-abiding. Men did not usually carry deadly weapons. Those who followed the code of honor had no occasion to go armed, and others, when they did fight, used their fists. I never heard when I came to Virginia of men drawing pistols on each other. Fourth-of-July and general-muster days sometimes were the occasions of trouble. Old General Morgan, of Revolutionary fame, was a noted pugilist and his home in Clarke county was near Berryville, which was often called Battletown, on account of his combats.

McCarty, whom I have seen, used to be pointed out as the man who had killed Mason in a duel. They used rifles and agreed to stand at the end of the rifle, and it was a wonder McCarty escaped. Duels used to be common fifty or sixty years ago. I have known of ministers fighting duels. There used to be a regular duelling ground outside of Washington near Bladensburg. It was considered that no man could come off with honor without fighting a duel under certain provocations. Some few brave men stood out against this barbarous custom.

John Randolph of Roanoke had been making pretty heavy strictures on the Richmond *Whig*, of which John Hampden Pleasants was the editor. Pleasants went on to Washington expressly to insult him and bring about a duel. Meeting Randolph on Pennsylvania Avenue, Pleasants, standing directly in

front of him, said loudly, "I don't get out of the way of puppies." Quick as a flash John Randolph, stepping aside, said, "I always do. Pass on."

John Randolph said that "farming in Virginia went in a circle. The negroes raised the corn, the hogs ate the corn, the negroes ate the hogs" and so on. A Southern journal described the circle of investment of capital in land and negroes, "Making more cotton to buy more negroes to raise more cotton to buy more negroes."

It reminds us of Turretin's Papal circle. The Papacy proved the Bible, the Bible proved the Church, and the Church proved the Papacy.

When Randolph was Minister to Russia he visited London and was invited to lunch with Lord —. He stopped on his way to see Mrs. Harriet Martineau who made herself so agreeable that the time passed away and lunch being brought in he did not leave. Arriving very late at the house of Lord — he said, "Mr. Randolph, we have been waiting for you."

He replied, "The woman tempted me and I did eat."

John Randolph freed his slaves by *will*; but made another will later making John C. Bryan, father of Joseph and Rev. C. Braxton Bryan, his heir. These wills were in litigation and finally the will freeing his slaves was established. His brother, Richard Randolph, freed his slaves and settled them on lands near Farmville, Va., but they did not prosper.

Mr. David Minge, of Charles City county, Virginia, in the summer of 1825 set free his eighty-seven slaves, from three months to forty years old, valued at twenty-six thousand dollars, and the expenses were four thousand dollars more, as he chartered a vessel to take them to Liberia, furnished them with tools and goods and money to start them. Aged men, about to leave the world, have left large endowments and legacies to found institutions in their honor. Mr. Minge was only twenty-four or twenty-five, and thus performed a noble act of unselfish liberality. William H. Fitzhugh set free three hundred slaves.

I recall my father-in-law saying to me that until the abolition movement in the North there was no statesman in Virginia who was not in favor of abolishing slavery as soon as it could be safely done. I was told that in 1832 the Brodnax resolution in the Virginia Legislature to call a convention to abolish slavery was lost by only *two* votes. I have heard also that about that time Thomas Jefferson Randolph advocated its abolition in Virginia.

Clay advocated gradual emancipation, with purchase, as they should come of age. If his views and advice had been adopted a fearful war would have been saved the country. But their eyes were blinded that they could not see, and their ears stopped that they could not hear. My father-in-law was one of Senator Clay's greatest admirers, and also one of the most ardent advocates of his pacific and humane measures.

Dancing or some amusement was often provided for the slaves on Saturday nights closely followed by religious instruction on Sunday. On some plantations slaves were called to family prayers, and ministers either white or colored were employed to preach, to baptize, to marry and to bury the dead. An infidel, it is said, convinced of the advantages of religion for slaves, undertook to teach them about it himself.

I knew an old colored woman named Delphy, living on the Blue Ridge Mountains, who had been paralyzed for more than forty years, and suffering acute nervous pain. In all that time, we were assured, she had never been heard to murmur and her faith and patience were the admiration of all who knew her. For more than twenty years she had never heard the Bible read and did not remember having been visited before by a minister. She told me that though her sins were as great as the "Cobbler" mountain and black as charcoal yet Jesus had forgiven her. I wrote a short account of her to the *American Messenger* and money was sent for her. A good mattress was bought, instead of the boards on which she had lain, and her house was repaired, but it hastened her death. Much might be said about the negroes' desire to please by saying what seemed to be desired. An old woman in the Almshouse near us was visited by our students. She appeared very old and when one asked her how old she was, said, "Most two hundred, Master." Old uncle Dick, a negro at Chantilly, lived to a great age, and used to be fond of telling of his old master, saying once, "I remember Master Richard Henry Lee riding across the Atlantic Ocean on his white horse."

There was a simplicity in religious as well as in social matters. People then believed the Bible, and observed the Lord's-Day as a sacred season, without criticism or analysis. They better knew *how* than *why* they believed and acted as Cowper has said :

"They knew and knew no more, the Bible to be true,
A truth the brilliant Frenchman never knew."

Such was the reverence for the sacrament of the Lord's Supper, that some under the influence of erroneous teaching were kept from observing the positive command of our Lord by the fear of not "being good enough," their intentions being praiseworthy, but their knowledge defective. The conduct of many such men was devout and exemplary, and many were not confirmed until old age.

There were no internal revenue officers then, and men could "still" whiskey as they liked from apples or peaches. Ardent spirits were cheap, thirty and forty cents a gallon, so there was no temptation to poison and drug it, and even men who drank to excess were not made insane, as they are now.

There were no public schools at that time, and there was a general inability to read among the laboring people. This, however, did not prove that they were less intelligent or less moral than those who think that *education* means attendance on public schools, or being able to read and write. The masses received educating influences in mind and morals from well-educated classes—from lawyers, judges, public speakers and ministers. Public speaking was a great educating influence. There was a well-marked distinction of classes, but at the same time a kindly feeling and a friendly association between them. The Civil War showed what intelligence and character existed among the masses of the white people.

We used to go every summer after I was married to Fauquier county, Va., to see my wife's sister, Mrs. Dr. R. E. Peyton. We went first in 1839. We hired a hack at four dollars a day and it took about three days. When we reached Thoroughfare Gap there came on a severe thunder storm and they told us we could not get across Bull Run. Mr. Chapman, who lived in a stone house near by, took us in, and we spent the night and reached Gordonsdale at 10 o'clock. I remember how "The Plains" looked—only one store and one house.

I used to enjoy my life at Gordonsdale very much. I was struck with the different customs, the great hospitality; many visitors coming without notice and staying two or three days, with their horses. They would have breakfast at 10 o'clock, and were celebrated for their bread and biscuit. Dr. Peyton kept twenty horses, had fifty slaves—same number as at Arlington, only half a dozen perhaps, doing the work, the rest were children or infirm old people. Mrs. Peyton used to have a great deal of care about the

slaves, their clothes to provide and a new suit for each at Christmas, and there were always some sick among them to be looked after. Every day in winter a wagon-load of wood was brought from the woods for the day's use. Dr. Peyton's home was a pretty fair specimen of independent, but not very wealthy, country life in Virginia. His farm contained about 700 acres, for which he had an overseer. That year he had 100 acres in corn, about the same in wheat, a garden of five or six acres ; grapes in the greatest profusion, more than I ever saw in my life before ; water-melons. We picked thirty fine ones in one day ; apples innumerable and half an acre in strawberries. The house was a very large one of brick with fourteen guests at that time. Our usual dinner was ham (I never saw a dinner in Virginia without it), chickens, fried or broiled, a saddle of mutton, which is another standing dish, and *such* mutton ; tomatoes, cymblins, cornpudding, etc. The desert is generally ice cream. The first Sunday I spent in Fauquier county we drove nine miles to a Union Meeting House, where Rev. George Lemmon preached the funeral sermon of a Mr. Buckner, who had died six months before. The widow invited us to dine with her on our way home. I used to go to Mr. Edward Marshall's frequently, where there was a house full of relatives, some from the far South, Douthats and others ; and to Mr. Strother Jones', who had a large farm near Winchester, using forty horses and many slaves.

CHAPTER XIII.

MARRIAGE—GENERAL WALTER JONES.

REV. PHILIP SLAUGHTER, then rector of Christ Church, Georgetown, introduced me in Washington City, and took me to visit Gen. Walter Jones' family, whose daughter I married. General Jones was then at the height of his fame as a lawyer and orator; was associated with all the leading men there, and was for many years at the head of the bar in Washington. His father was Walter Jones, M. D., who, graduating at William and Mary College, went to Edinburg to study medicine, and was there held in high esteem by Cullen and other professors. He practised on his return in his native State, Virginia. In April, 1777, Congress elected him Physician General in the Middle Department. He was elected to Congress in 1797, and again in 1803-11. Dr. J. M. Toner, in his book, quotes of him this testimony: "He was, for the variety and extent of his learning, the originality and strength of his mind, the sagacity of his observations and captivating powers of conversation, one of the most extraordinary men I have ever known. He seemed to possess instinctively the faculty of discerning the hidden cause of disease, and applying with promptness and decision peculiar to himself the appropriate remedies." He was the intimate friend of Washington and Jefferson, and their correspondence shows how highly he was esteemed by them.

Walter Jones was born at Hayfield, Northumberland County, Va., on October 7, 1775. He pursued his classical studies under a Scotch tutor and all his life delighted in the Latin classics. He studied law under Bushrod C. Washington, a wise and good man, who for more than thirty years was a Justice of the Supreme Court. In May, 1796, he was admitted to the bar, and soon became famous for legal learning, eloquence and logical power.

General Jones inherited his father's talents, and though he has left few monuments in the way of orations, yet, on the testimony of William Pinkney and others of equal weight, he was one of the most eloquent speakers that this country has ever known.



W. Jones

The Supreme Court bears witness to his powers as a lawyer in its record of decisions, and he was engaged in the most famous cases for fifty years, the name of no other lawyer appearing in so many.

Charles Carroll of Carrollton met him when a young man and said, "Is this the Mr. Jones of whom I hear so much?"

He was the principal lawyer in the Girard will case, and the argument had been made, and was being considered. Another hearing was given and Daniel Webster was chosen as associate. He made a very brilliant speech, but he did not answer a single new point. General Jones, through courtesy, assigned to him the closing argument. It was he that put Mrs. Myra Clark Gaines' case, that romance of litigation, on a firm foundation, so that it could be brought before the courts. The most famous of his cases was *McCulloh vs. Maryland*, in 1819. Walter Jones, Luther Martin, and Joseph Hopkinson appeared for the State of Maryland, while Webster, Pinkney and Wirt, then Attorney-General appeared for the Bank. Though the decision of the Court was against the State of Maryland, yet Chief Justice Marshall from the bench said that "both in maintaining the affirmative and the negative, a splendor of eloquence and strength of argument, seldom, if ever, surpassed, have been displayed." Mr. Pinkney in this case singled out the argument of Mr. Jones for special reply, saying his speech "was one which the most eloquent might envy, the most envious could not forbear to praise."

Rufus Choate spoke of "the silvery voice and infinite analytical ingenuity and resources of Jones." Judge Morsell admired him, and loved to talk of him, saying that if you granted General Jones' premises, you must adopt his conclusions, so convincing and persuasive was he.

Mr. John H. Latrobe, in 1885, speaking of Webster, Wirt, Reverdy Johnson and Walter Jones, said: "Walter Jones, with no personal advantages, the quickest, brightest and probably the acutest lawyer of the four."

Philip R. Fendall, Esq., who knew him intimately, said: "We see him bringing to the height of his great argument

'All the reasoning power divine
To penetrate, resolve, combine;
And feelings keen and fancy's glow.'

"a logic severe and subtle; the most captivating elocution, though little aided by gesture; rich, but never redundant, illustration, drawn from extensive and various reading, hived in a memory singularly retentive, and always applied with accurate judgment and in good taste. We see him discussing a perplexed case, driven from one point to another, and, at length, after an exhausting contest of many days, seeking refuge and finding victory in some new position. . . . This faculty of calling into instant action all the resources of an intellect so vigorous, so astute, so comprehensive, so fertile, so abundant in the learning of his profession, which led one of his most illustrious competitors to remark that 'if an emergency could be supposed in which a cause had been ruled for immediate trial, and the client was driven to confide it to some advocate who had never before heard it, his choice ought to be Walter Jones.' In the social circle his charm was conspicuous. His most casual remark was in a vein of originality, and couched in terms terse, sententious, and of the purest English."

General Jones appeared in nearly all the neighboring courts in Virginia and in Maryland. A gentleman from Winchester remembers when a boy that the school was dismissed in order that the boys might hear General Jones speak.

Hon. Spencer C. Jones, of Rockville, recalls his father speaking of him in the Crampton will case, one of the famous Maryland will cases. Walter Jones made the closing argument, and his father was foreman, and Tom ——— was on the jury. Looking around he saw Tom gazing at General Jones with open mouth and gleaming eyes. At the close he said, "Tom, what did you think of that speech of General Jones?" "Well, I thought I would give everything in the world if I had that man's brains inside my head." "No, Tom, you could not have them; they would burst it."

Coming out of the court he would buy of the boys some marbles, put them on the ground, and soon lose them to the boys and go on his way.

The military title of Walter Jones was derived from his command of the militia of the District of Columbia. His active service in this rôle was in the defense of Washington in 1814, when the raw levies were forced to retire before the veterans of the British army. The only shame in that campaign was to the

victors, who burned the President's House and the Capitol, including its library, which by all rules of civilized warfare should have been held sacred.

He was quite a small man but of well built and active figure; his features were irregular, but his face was lit up by brilliant and expressive brown eyes. His voice was rich and clear and so distinct was his articulation that he was easily heard in the largest assembly room. He attained the ripe age of eighty-six years, yet he preserved all his faculties in almost their full vigor to the last. When he was over eighty years of age he rode on horseback from Washington to my house in Fairfax county, a distance of eight miles.

He died October 14, 1861. When his cousin, Mary A. Jones, went to him, he said, "You have seen many sick and dying persons, do you think this is the death rattle?" She said, "Yes, I think it is." He then called his son-in-law, Dr. Miller, and said he wanted some writing done. The Doctor said, "It is too late now, General." He said, "No, I can sign it with my own hand." When told there were two witnesses present, he said "There must be three." He dictated his will, his strength almost gone but his intellect unclouded, and while some one held his hand he signed his name. Not long before his death he said there was no act of his life that he looked upon with any degree of pride or pleasure.

Walter Jones married in 1808 Anne, then sixteen years old, daughter of Hon. Charles Lee and granddaughter of Richard Henry Lee, and first cousin of Robert E. Lee. When three years old she could repeat the Declaration of Independence. She was a brilliant and beautiful woman, very gay, light-hearted and witty, would never speak without saying something bright. She was generous to a fault, gave away things really needed and even her jewels to her friends. She would never have her picture taken.

They had fourteen children, twelve of whom grew up, nine daughters and three sons. Walter died of typhoid fever at the University of Virginia, having given promise of brilliant intellectual powers and noble character; Thomas was drowned in the Rio Grande on the boundary survey in 1853, and Charles Lee died in 1889. His daughter Katharine died of smallpox caught from a scholar, while a missionary in China. Three daughters still survive.

General Jones had a country place in Virginia, and there was then neither Aqueduct nor Long Bridge, but only ferries. His ferriage bill, I think, was sometimes five hundred dollars a year. One summer when his daughter, Violetta, was ailing, he moved his family to the suburbs to a house standing on the site of the present Episcopal residence on Thomas Circle.

He was often absent-minded from his abstraction and concentration of mind, once getting up and walking in the aisle of the church during service.

His wife had the accumulation of some years sent to the auctioneer, but to her surprise and dismay a few days later nearly all of it came back, having been fancied by General Jones who often attended sales and did not know his own belongings.

I married Rosina, his third daughter, at the house on Third street, in the evening of January 23, 1838, at seven o'clock. Rev. Mr. Owen, a one-armed man, who was then in charge of old Trinity Church, on Fifth street, officiated, and made me say the woman's part, including the word *obey*. Henry Clay, R. E. Lee, Emily Lee, Frances Lee, Franklin Pierce, then in Congress, all the Arlington family, the Lees and other relations from Alexandria, Mr. and Mrs. Lippitt, Mrs. Gales and others, were present, sixty persons in all. After the marriage there was a supper, and Henry Clay took the bride in, and I remember his congratulating me very pleasantly. I recall the scene and how people looked—they flit before me like figures in a dream. Life seems like a dream.

No presents were given in those days and wedding journeys were not thought of, but parties and receptions were given.

We spent a week in Washington, going into company every day. One evening we took dinner with Mrs. Gales, and shortly afterwards there was dancing before we had left. I saw Graves who had killed Cilley, dancing. Some ill-natured person reported the matter to Bishop Meade, who took me to task about it, but accepted my explanation. It was my first and last dancing party. We drove in a hack to Alexandria and paid a visit to Mrs. Hodgson, her cousin. Mrs. Harriet Lloyd, a favorite cousin, gave us a beautiful dinner at which Rev. Mr. Dana and Mrs. W. H. Fitzhugh were present. The latter had not long been left a widow, and was one of the finest looking women I ever saw, fit to grace a throne, with charming manners and conversation. I



MELROSE

lived opposite to her a short time at the Lloyd house nearly thirty years after.

We then boarded for three months at Dr. Alexander's at Howard, the present High School property, which he owned and farmed. In the spring of 1838 the trustees bought for my home, Melrose, a place of twelve acres, with a good brick house, for which they paid \$3,500. It was under high cultivation, having a fine orchard of apple and peach trees, a garden, beautiful rose bushes, whence its name, and the largest pecan tree and apricot trees that I have seen. My wife had visited Clarens before, as the McKenna family, her relatives, owned it. There she had met Philip Slaughter, who introduced me to her. It was vacant when I came and the Trustees thought of buying it for \$2,300, but thought it too remote.

I have been grateful every day since I came, to God and to kind friends, who have granted me such a sweet home for sixty-four years. The Jones family were very intimate with the Masons in Washington, and when General Jones was at my house once I took him down to see Mrs. Rush, who was visiting Mrs. Cooper.

I have heard him often speak of General Washington. One raw and snowy day in the fall he said "It was on just such a day I remember that General Washington caught his death-cold." He attended his burial and I suppose was one of the last survivors of that occasion. Once, about 1858, walking up and down at my house, I heard him say, "On this very day, sixty years ago, I saw General Washington at such a place in a green velvet suit." He had dined with Washington. I have regretted that I did not get more from him, for he had known Jefferson and all the great men of that day very well, and was a mine of information about that early time. When young we often do not appreciate how much we can learn from the old, and regret our loss when they are gone.

I heard one of his daughters ask him about General Washington. He paused and said: "He was the greatest man I ever saw; there was a majesty about him that I have never seen in another."

My wife, born in 1814, the year St. John's Church was started, was a member and a Sunday-school teacher of Old Trinity Church, built in 1829, a poor building, with a curtain near the chancel, behind which the minister changed his surplice for gown.

Her interest in religion was first aroused by the solemn and beautiful service of the Holy Communion as celebrated by Rev. H. V. D. Johns, the brother of the Bishop, and first rector of Trinity Church. Her father attended that church, was on the building committee of the present edifice, giving one thousand dollars, and his daughter, Katharine, giving a legacy she had lately received. When his two daughters were confirmed, my wife and Mrs. Henry T. Harrison, he went up with them and stood near holding their hats. His daughter, Mrs. Matthew Harrison, was the first person married in the present church, which is like the Temple Church in London, with clerestory windows. For many years it was a bare looking building, but under the able leadership of its present rector, Rev. Richard P. Williams, it has been made very beautiful, the debt has been paid and on its seventy-fifth anniversary the church was consecrated. The communicants now number 850 and the Sunday-school 850, while the parish has 2,000 members.

I add here a letter written January 23, 1878 :

MY DEAR WIFE :

On the fortieth anniversary of our marriage I feel that it is but due to you that I should address a few lines to you. Very few couples reach the fortieth year of their married life. I may at times have seemed unmindful of what I owed you, but the longer I live the more do I appreciate your faithfulness to your duties. My comfort and usefulness are largely owing to your prudent management and attention to my comfort. Our children owe to you, far more than to me, the training which has made them a blessing to us, and to others. They 'rise up and call you blessed.' I can only, on this day, pray that you may be spared many years to bless your family and that we may during the brief span of life that remains to us so live together in this world that in the world to come we may have life everlasting.

I have spoken at the beginning of dear Dr. Slaughter, and will close with a letter he wrote me on my fiftieth anniversary as Professor here :

THE HIGHLANDS, CULPEPER COUNTY, VA.

My Dear Brother:

* * * * *

Though absent in body I shall be present in spirit, and heartily sympathize with all that may be said and done in your honor on the semi-centennial anniversary of your faithful service in the Seminary. The good seed which you have sown has borne fruit

in the Old as well as in the New World. It must be a great comfort to you in your old age to think that the impulse which you have given to many minds is propagating in ever-widening circles in a sort of geometrical progression, and will be felt in all time and in the endless cycles of eternity. Many a young soldier of the Cross whom you helped to arm for the fight has fallen in the domestic and in the foreign field while you survive. All honor to the battle-scarred veteran who after half a century's service still 'holds the fort.'

In looking back over the years that are passed 'since we were first acquent,' myriads of memories come flashing like electric sparks over the wires. Among these, not the least pleasing are the memories of our wanderings to and among the Alleghanies—the mountains with the story-telling glens, the crystal springs, the murmuring streams, and meads as dew-drops, pure and fair, which filled our souls with grandeur, melody and love. What a change !

'Faces and footsteps and all things strange ;
Gone are the heads of silvery hair,
And the young that were have a brow of care.'

But these thoughts do not fit the occasion, which is one of congratulation and thanksgiving. 'Silver and gold have I none, but such as I have give I unto thee'—the offering of a loving heart.

'So blessings on your frosty pow,
John Anderson, my Joe !
John Anderson, my Joe John,
We clamb the hill thegither ;
And mony a canty day, John,
We've had wi' ane anither ;
Now we maun totter down, John,
But hand in hand we'll go,
And sleep thegither at the foot,
John Anderson, my Joe.'

Faithfully and affectionately your old friend,

PHILIP SLAUGHTER.

Dr. Slaughter used to have very long family prayers, sometimes when warmed up using the Te Deum or anything beautiful. Some young men who were visiting there were kept waiting a long time and it was suggested he should shorten his prayers. He said, "Shall I leave the throne of grace for mortal man ?"

CHAPTER XIV.

BISHOPS MOORE AND MEADE.

THE life of Bishop Moore has been written, but I will speak of him as I knew him the last five or six years of his life. He was born in New York in 1762, his grandfather being an eminent merchant there and the first person buried in Trinity church-yard in 1749. He was ordained Deacon and Priest in 1787 by Bishop Provoost. He was of most attractive manners and sweet temper, and after a most faithful and most successful ministry of twenty-seven years he was elected Bishop of Virginia in 1814. He was intensely evangelical in his preaching, had strong personal magnetism and true pulpit eloquence. His manner was lively, and his voice had unusual charm and pathos. On one occasion, after preaching as usual and giving the benediction, no one started to go, but remained seated in fixed and solemn attention. A member of the church arose and said: "Dr. Moore, the people are not disposed to go home. Please to give us another sermon." At its close a like scene was repeated, and the services went on through a third sermon, when he was obliged to say, "My beloved people, you *must* now disperse, as my strength is exhausted and I can say no more."

It was the custom then to pay for burials as well as marriages. Often the executor was instructed to pay the minister. A funeral was not complete even in cities unless a sermon was preached, sometimes six months or a year after death, perhaps being regarded as a *requiescat* as in the Roman Church. Hence arose the expression which still survives to "preach the funeral."

Bishop Moore always had a good word for everyone. Once he preached at the burial of a woman who was known as a scold, and he gave her a different character from that she had with her neighbors.

He was sent for to marry a gentleman and received a fee of fifty dollars. Some years after he was sent for to bury the wife and received one hundred dollars. Bishop Ravenscroft used to say that he received more from a man for burying his wife than for performing the marriage. Was the last fee larger because of greater

affection than at the beginning? I heard of a man who paid no wedding fee saying that he would send it at the end of the year if Sally pleased him, and every year thereafter sent one hundred dollars to the clergyman.

At the General Convention in Baltimore, 1808, Moore made such an impression that he was twice called to St. Paul's there. The Convention was so affected by his reading of the new hymns that an opponent of their adoption protested, saying "I object to the hymns being read by that gentleman, for we are so fascinated by his reading that we shall without hesitation adopt them all."

Only seven clergymen and eighteen laymen made up the special convention that elected him, so weak was our Church then. His coming brought new strength and hope to the Diocese, and new life sprung up. Ten new churches were reported as being built in 1816, and eight of the old or deserted buildings were being repaired, and the good work he started has gone on even to this day. From four or five working ministers when he came, it grew in his twenty-seven years to nearly a hundred earnest and devoted clergy. His ministerial life was evenly divided—twenty-seven years as Priest and twenty-seven as Bishop, and in both he was most successful. He was of a loving, genial temperament, but mild, firm, and with his benignant countenance and saintly look he impressed every one, and none who saw him could doubt the apostolical succession in his case. When he came to the Seminary at commencement and examinations the easiest chair in the neighborhood was secured for him, and there he would sit, serene and calm, often asleep, but no one seemed to think anything of it.

Once a young woman was speaking of the self-denial of the Christian life as hindering her confirmation, and he said, "Oh, I don't expect you to be an angel." He was very natural and human in his feelings and his conversation was bright and full of anecdote. He was to the end devoted to his work. I have heard him say that he was often weary *in* his work, but never weary of it. He was very fond of associations and protracted religious services, but without any of the dangerous devices of the mourners' bench. At the annual convention religious meetings were held before and after its session, and he called all the Church families he could together there to hear fervent preaching and earnest praying, and great good was done. Communicants were urged to abstain

from worldly amusements and the standard of piety was raised. His addresses after the close of the convention, Sunday night, were so fervent and eloquent that the congregation were often in tears.

In the Life of Bishop Moore one of his farewell addresses is given, but it cannot give the sweet voice, the appropriate gesture, the melting eye, the overwhelming pathos and feeling which made his words so impressive. A brief extract is given: " * * * The concourse of people who attend our conventions from every part of the Diocese attest the responsibility of our office, prove the interest they feel in the concerns of our Zion, and proclaim to us in language which cannot be misunderstood the necessity of ministerial fidelity. What ambassador of the Saviour can look around him at this moment without the conviction resting on his mind that he will have to give an account of his stewardship; that the precious immortals who attend on his ministry merit his unwearied efforts? that it is his duty to deliver his Master's message with scrupulous fidelity; in season and out of season to call sinners to repentance; to lead them for salvation to the Lamb of God, and to press on their consciences the necessity of that holiness without which no man shall see the Lord? * * * When we cast our eyes around us, from the pulpits we occupy on the Sabbath, and witness the assemblies of God's people in the sanctuary, we should remember that they form the objects of the Saviour's compassion; the beings for whom He shed His precious blood, and for whom He died on the cross. * * * We should permit no considerations of pleasure or indulgence to step in between us and our pastoral duty. * * * My beloved sons in the ministry, we have no time to fold our arms in ease and indolence. * * * I speak to you, my sons, as a father to his children, and it is from an experience of fifty years as a preacher of the gospel that I call upon you to be faithful."

This gives us some idea of his thought and his style of address.

Bishop Moore was a great favorite in Baltimore and New York, where at times he received an ovation after his powerful preaching. He attended the General Convention in New York, 1841, and took great interest in the proposal to appoint two bishops—one for Texas and the other for Western Africa. Returning home he preached in Richmond and then set out in November for

Lynchburg, where he died after an illness of a week, in his eightieth year. I can never forget this truly apostolic man. His placid, affectionate countenance, his hoary locks flowing down his neck and shoulders, his trembling hands upraised above the congregation, touched you before a word was spoken. His words were so solemn, so tender, so simple, so parental, that it was as a father speaking to his children. The Church in Virginia owes much to his long and earnest episcopate.

The Rev. Thomas Jackson, an honored clergyman, was assistant to Bishop Moore at Monumental Church, Richmond, but, his health failing, he came to Alexandria to live. He died there in 1837, and having married the widow Mullikin (*née* Bowie), his body was carried to Croom, to the family burying-ground. All the clergy of the vicinity went over in hacks to the burial, and I remember there were twenty-seven gates on the public road. I drove the road again in 1887, fifty years after, and the gates had been taken off only a few years before.

I may mention here some other bishops whom I met about this time. James H. Otey was consecrated the first Bishop of Tennessee shortly before I came to the Seminary, and one hundred and eighty bishops have been consecrated since. He was noble in birth, in character and in appearance, and a devoted missionary bishop. Bishop Green baptized him as an adult and Bishop Otey years later, with Bishops Polk and Freeman, consecrated Bishop Green, at Jackson, Mississippi. Once when the cross-tree of a stage broke, Bishop Otey blew the bellows and struck for the blacksmith in making a new one. He may be styled the founder of the University of the South, though Bishops Polk and Quintard were its earnest and successful builders.

Bishop Polk about this time had immense distances to travel in visiting Arkansas, Louisiana, Alabama and Texas, and his report of work to the General Convention of 1838, I think, has never been surpassed by any of our missionary bishops. I met him once when he visited Dr. Keith. He had just been through Texas on horseback, and I recall his saying that he could buy the finest land for cotton and sugar for five dollars an acre. He was a great and noble man, of most commanding presence. Some one met him once and said, "How do you do, General?" Polk replied, "I am not a general." "Well, how are you, Judge?"

"I am not a judge. I am a bishop." "Well, I knew you were some sort of a commanding officer, anyhow."

Bishop Philander Chase went to Ohio when it was a howling wilderness, but was determined to have a college. He went to England and begged the money and bought some thousand acres and built Kenyon College, which was named after Lord Kenyon, and the town Gambier after another benefactor. He used to go around soliciting money for it and visited us.

There was much talk at that time about the bronze eagle lecterns which were objected to as an innovation. The Bishops were asked for their views about them and they were published in the *Episcopal Recorder*. Bishop Chase's reply was: "I do not know anything about bronze eagles, but I know about gold eagles and I would like to have some for Kenyon." A Scotch woman, when she first saw them, said, "The minister was ahint the hen."

Bishop Chase wrote the pastoral letter of 1835 and read it to Bishop Brownell, who said nothing, though he did not like it; he showed it to Bishop Meade, who said, "This will never do," and talked to Bishop Brownell, and he said, "Write it yourself," which he did.

Bishop Chase was a simple, natural, and strong man. He was very fond of animals, and had a choice ram in a pen, which got out while he was preaching. He saw it and stopped, saying, "My ram is out." He once spoke to two young ladies who were Presbyterians. "Why don't you get off that little raft on which you have to hold up your aprons to make sail, and get on the good old ship of Zion?" They both joined the Episcopal church and later on one became Mrs. Churchill J. Gibson. She riding to church one Sunday with her nephew passed a Presbyterian church. He said: "Let us get out here and get the pure milk of the Word." She said: "No, I prefer to ride farther and get the cream," which she did at her husband's church.

I may here mention one or two things of general interest. The ten years from 1830 to 1840 was a remarkable period in the history of our Church, and its growth in strength and influence during the same length of time has never been equalled in this country, before or since.

The Congregational and Presbyterian Churches at the North had, by some rigid doctrines, lost their hold on many, and their

organization was too much of a clerical aristocracy. They were called "The Standing Order." The liberal Christians were alarmed by the doctrinal breaking up which they had begun, which, however, went too far for them. The Unitarians were divided, since many felt that it was necessary to acknowledge the Divinity of the Being who gave the name to their religion, while many became almost infidel. The other religious bodies were imposing new terms of communion—anti-masonic, anti-slavery, total abstinence and the like, and were driving the thinking and conservative men from them. The Methodists also did not meet the wants of a parochial and settled ministry. The Episcopal Church stood forth then with its beautiful Liturgy, its most apostolic constitution and polity, in agreement with the universal usage of Christendom for fifteen hundred years, and with the general order of things in the civil government, whose founders were mostly Churchmen, and above all with a hearty welcome to all who desired her "more excellent way." This welcome had not always been extended, for once it was regarded almost as an intrusion for outsiders to join the Episcopal Church. This welcome I am inclined to think is not given now in some quarters of our Church for fear lest those coming in may not hold all the doctrines and ways of the elect.

We had earnest, able bishops at that time, who had great influence in attracting outsiders. I have spoken of Bishops Griswold and Moore and their mighty influence on outsiders as well as on those in the Church. Bishop White lived till 1836, and he stood forth as the great representative of Episcopacy, and his wisdom and moderation attracted many. Then Bishops Chase, Brownell, Smith, Hopkins, McIlvaine, Meade, Otey and Kemper all exercised great influence. Bishops Onderdonk and Doane were High-Churchmen; not being associated with them I did not know of their work so well.

I often used to go over to Burlington from Bristol College Sunday afternoons to hear Bishop Doane catechise, for which difficult exercise he had the most wonderful powers I have ever known. It was a delight to hear him. Once the river was frozen solid and we went all the way on the ice.

Bishop John Henry Hopkins was very conservative in the first part of his episcopate, and about the time of the Tractarian movement and Ritualism he wrote a most able tract, *The Novelties*

that Disturb Our Peace; but later on he changed and wrote a small book called *The Law of Ritualism*, &c., quite the opposite. I sometimes compare them. He was a man of great force and ability. The result of our position in those years, 1830-1840, as conservative, sound in the faith, and evangelical, was, I think, the largest increase we have ever had. The number of the clergy doubled in that decade, and many of our ablest clergy came to us from without. Among them were Bishop Thomas M. Clark, E. A. Washburn and Daniel R. Goodwin.

At this time there were two well-defined parties in the Church, differing, however, not much as to any fundamental doctrines, but mostly as to the relative importance of certain features of the Church and in the interpretation of certain terms. The Episcopal Church was not ashamed then to call itself Protestant, and as yet no Oxford movement had developed the theory of Episcopal absolutism. Its bishops were not mere ecclesiastics, but the leaders of the Christian people. All the members were under one general law, their mutual rights and functions adjusted by written statute.

This influence of the Episcopal Church, due to its Liturgy, its true catholic faith, its constitutional order and apostolic ministry, was the great force then and is the same now, and not any extreme or exclusive notions of Episcopacy, as some now in their arrogance seem to think. A convention in August, 1783, set forth "a declaration of certain fundamental rights and liberties of the Protestant Episcopal Church in Maryland," of which the third article is as follows: "Without calling in question the rights, modes and forms of any other Christian churches or societies, or wishing the least contest with them on that subject, we consider and declare it to be an essential right of the said Protestant Episcopal Church to have and enjoy the continuance of the said three orders of ministers forever, so far as concerns matters purely spiritual."

This was the simple, strong position of the Church of England until the time of Laud. We admire both its moderation and its wisdom, for the dogma of Episcopacy that unchurches others and denies their *valid* ministry, though irregular in our view, is an extreme one, and influences not the mass of men, but the exceptional cases. The Historic Episcopate, observed from the first in

the Church as apostolic, wise, constitutional, and the best bond of unity and continuity, will always win its way.

Bishop Seabury held the strongest view, but it was his personal powers and energy and not the exclusive dogma that he held that gave him any influence, we believe.

Rev. Dr. Francis Wharton, my life-long friend, and a man of remarkable ability in so many directions, has told me that they intended to tar and feather Bishop Seabury in his town, so unpopular were his political views and Toryism. He had been a chaplain in the British Army and was constantly writing and publishing political pamphlets against the independence of the colonies.

A Congregational minister, Rev. Matthew Byles, approaching him said, "I extend to you the right hand of fellowship," and he gave his left hand. This Byles was a Tory, and living in Boston suffered changes of feeling; it was said he was "guarded, regarded and disregarded."

Dr. Wharton also said that Bishop White was of a timid, gentle disposition. He did not always call things by their simple names, but used circumlocutions, speaking of Satan as that personage. Bishop Meade once preached in his church, and by his plain, strong language made the people tremble, and Bishop White told him in the vestry-room they were not used to that sort of preaching.

I might here say that another strong feature of the Episcopal Church in its appeal to others was the share of the laity in church work. When we were seeking the Episcopate from England the Archbishop of Canterbury and others feared an intrusion on clerical privileges from the democratic character of our country. The American Churchmen, however, insisted on lay representation, which was unknown in England. They upheld it as scriptural and primitive, and as necessary to the growth of the Church in America.

A third striking feature of the Episcopal Church in the period when I joined it was its common worship, in which all the congregation joined. There was not then, as now, such wide variance in the regular usages of public worship, but High and Low-Church had the same customs. Now there is wide diversity, and some customs are thought High-Church which have no doctrinal meaning, but are matters of taste. In those earlier years the

shorter Absolution was read by the Low-Churchmen, and the longer Absolution in Morning Prayer was read by High-Churchmen. There is no real doctrinal difference. If there were, the two ought to be read in the opposite way. Yet it used to be a mark of Churchmanship which Absolution was read. So unreasoning are some of our judgments !

It used to be the custom to sing the verse of a hymn as each set of communicants came to the chancel and returned.

Rev. Dr. Milner and other evangelical clergy had prayer-meetings in their churches. Bishop Hobart once went to Dr. Milner and told him that he must break up the prayer-meeting in New York. He replied, "Well, Bishop, you must go with me and break it up."

When I first joined the Episcopal Church the General Confession was often said as the rubric directs, clause by clause, *after* the minister, no doubt because Prayer-books were not so common nor the service so well known as now. This is done, I am told, now in some places in England, and might be advisable with the colored congregations or any others not acquainted with our service.

The General Convention of 1835 passed a resolution that "in repeating the General Confession in the Morning and Evening Prayer, the people should unite with the minister in saying it after him in the same manner as is usually practised in saying the Creeds, the Lord's Prayer, and the Confession in the Communion Service." Bishop Stone, of Maryland, in 1836 recommended to his clergy to do the same for the sake of uniformity, and to avoid needless additions of time to the service. Bishop Moore, in his Convention address, 1836, said that he had refrained from adopting this recommendation himself and submitted the subject to their consideration. The Committee on the State of the Church, Rev. Dr. Empie, chairman, thought their former practice in conformity with the original intention of the rubric, and so not to be altered by mere *resolution* or *recommendation* of General Convention ; yet they think the recommendation is not inconsistent with the rubric, that it is expedient, and for the sake of uniformity they recommend the observance of the resolution to all the churches of the Diocese. The old practice, according to the letter of the rubric, is now thought a novelty.

I would like to quote the words of my friend Bishop George Burgess. "Let it be remembered that the Church has forsaken

none, has excluded none, that it is older than all, and that from it all are derived. Even where its numbers are small, its position is one which no reflecting man could wish to see abandoned or otherwise vacated, and it is not arrogance if it still claims to be the ancient homestead and hearthstone of all Christians of English blood, and the only abode which is large enough, in its place, to embrace them all."

I must add a word as to Bishop Burgess, as I have thought him a most learned, gifted and noble man. His memory was remarkable, his learning prodigious, and his sound, common sense made him a most useful minister and bishop. He died while resting on the deck of the steamer from Hayti April 23, 1866; suddenly called but perfectly prepared through his faith in Christ Jesus.

I shall not speak so much of Bishop Meade, because the admirable life of him by Bishop Johns portrays his noble character and is in the hands of many of my readers. I have always said that he was a great man and a great bishop. Simple and plain in his ways, he was of such strong character and principle that at times he seemed harsh and severe. His *Recollections of Two Beloved Wives* did him injustice, as also did the *Reminiscences*, by one of his schoolboys, Rev. Robert Nelson. Severity was then the rule in schools. He had no salary for many years, and was, later on, forced to be very economical, and I remember his bringing his clothes down in the spring to be dyed in Alexandria.

He was most simple and self-denying to himself; acted on the saying, "plain living and high thinking"; for many years refused a salary and supported himself, like St. Paul, by his own efforts. I once visited him, and there was not a soft chair in the house. While stinting himself, he was most generous in his gifts to poor clergymen, to religious societies, the poor, and the asylums for the widow and orphan. Until 1839, besides his other many works, he was constantly in charge of some parish, healing its discords, reviving its religious interests, and building it up again.

It is significant that Bishop Meade entered the ministry in 1811, when Virginia had no representative in the General Convention at New Haven, where it was reported "that they feared the Church in Virginia was so depressed that there was danger of

her total ruin, unless great exertions, favored by the blessing of Providence, are employed to revive her." At that Convention only two bishops were present. Only twenty-one, and waiting I think for that canonical age, he turned aside from the bright worldly prospects before him to his God and Church. William Meade did not believe the Church was dead in old Virginia, but only torpid from long neglect. He labored more than fifty years with heart, mind and body to revive her and rebuild her ruined churches, and lived to see her rise from the dust and put on her beautiful garments.

Throughout his long life he was a most untiring worker in every department of his ministry, preaching, traveling, working, writing, and collecting funds, and to him more, we believe, than to any other one man does Virginia owe the revival and up-building of the Church. Mr. Meade, though assistant to Dr. Balmaine in Frederick parish, took charge of Christ Church, Alexandria, in November, 1811, and soon built up a strong and devoted congregation. His youth, zeal, evangelical doctrine and musical voice attracted notice from the first, bringing members of Congress to hear him—John Randolph, of Roanoke, and Milner, afterwards Rev. Dr. Milner, both of whom owed much to his influence. Francis S. Key, author of the "Star Spangled Banner," was another intimate friend and co-worker, to whom John Randolph wrote, in May, 1814, when Rev. Mr. Meade was to preach at the opening of the Monumental Church, on the site of the burned theatre: "Meade will preach to-morrow in the new church. All classes are eager to hear him. The congregation would like to have him establish himself here. No man could be more generally revered than he is." Sunday evening he adds: "Meade preached a most excellent sermon on the pleasures of a true Christian life. He goes to Hanover, thirty-five miles, to preach at night. I fear he will wear himself out."

The same energy and zeal marked his whole life. A devoted Virginian, he labored for its true welfare in every way, and his influence was widespread and controlling. He was ordained presbyter in Alexandria, January 10, 1814, by Bishop Claggett, who doubtless at the same time consecrated St. Paul's Church. On that occasion he wore his mitre, which he put on at a house some distance off, and walked through the streets followed by a great crowd of boys, who were struck with admiration at his gigantic

stature and his official dress. As the procession of clergy and vestry entered the church, reciting the twenty-fourth Psalm, his stentorian voice startled the quiet congregation, and one young lady of weak nerves was so overcome that she was carried out in convulsions.

Dr. Meade from the first took the deepest interest in the negroes and preached to them himself most faithfully and constantly. I heard him preach at Falls Church one hour and a half, the last third to the negroes. He set his own slaves free, but seeing its injury to the negroes, he did not encourage this plan, but took the warmest interest in the American Colonization Society, and founded many branches of it in New England. After his consecration, in 1829, he visited all parts of the great State of Virginia as far as the Ohio river, and also the Diocese of Maryland and the infant churches in Kentucky and Tennessee. Once in West Virginia his carriage broke down and he walked nine miles and had to sleep three in a bed. He was a constant writer, and more than fifty publications were issued by him. He once remarked that he thought the best work of his life had been his effort to introduce good books to people. I have a copy of the sermons he edited for lay readers, reprinted in England in 1874, and sold largely.

The Rev. Lucius Carter, a graduate of 1824, had moved to Pennsylvania, and in 1829, when the election for bishop took place, as it was known that Mr. Carter would vote for Rev. Dr. Meade, a rule was introduced refusing the right to vote except on a certain length of residence, which shut him out. Dr. Meade, however, received a majority of one of the votes cast, but as Dr. Byrd Wilson neither voted nor was present when the ballots were deposited, the chairman ruled that as he had not received the votes of a majority of the clergy *in attendance*, no nomination was made. So Dr. Meade was saved for Virginia, and for a more pleasant work than with his views he could have found in Pennsylvania at that time.

We know in what a low state the Church was when Bishop Meade began his ministry in 1811. It is encouraging to find him report in 1837 that in the Diocese of Virginia more than seventy ministers faithfully declare the word of life in more than one hundred and fifty stations. Now there are two Dioceses set off and the old Diocese is stronger than it was then,

He was from the first on the Board of Trustees of the Seminary, and his tireless efforts, his practical wisdom, his zeal, made the Seminary a reality.

To its interests and welfare, the heart, the mind and the will of Bishop Meade were devoted. He watched over it with a father's care and a mother's tenderness. Some one once on the Seminary cupola said, "If you seek his monument gaze around you." No man could desire one more grand and enduring. When straitened for funds, as it often was, he collected the means to relieve it by his personal efforts and influence. He conducted its affairs with the strictest economy and saved it from shipwreck on the rock on which so many institutions of learning have split.

He was not only a founder, but a benefactor, parent and nurse of the Seminary, and it was as the apple of his eye.

He was in some respects narrow, as most strong men are apt to be. After the chapel was built at the Seminary, the pews, as designed by the architect, were finished, with a cross at the top of the pew end. They stood so for some time, when on one of his visits they struck him unpleasantly, and he ordered them to be sawed off. This was done and the chapel was a scene of direful destruction, with these crosses covering the floor. Strange to say, in the Psalter, the Sunday after this was done, was the verse, Ps. lxxiv, 7 : "But now they break down all the carved work thereof with axes and hammers ;" Phillips Brooks was present then. He mellowed very much in his later years, and I do not think he would have done it fifteen years later.

He would not allow his own boys to have marbles, but he bought the first ones for his grandchildren. He was Professor of Pastoral Theology at the Seminary, and he published his lectures on Pastoral Theology, which are valuable and wise.

He was a brave man, and his unpleasant position in certain ecclesiastical trials and in other matters was taken solely as a stern duty, and I can testify to the great reluctance with which he prosecuted the cases of the bishops. Only conscientious feelings forced him to take this painful stand, though some have said that it was from differences in churchmanship. I have given my testimony to his courage and boldness, and yet his reluctance to engage in the trials of the bishops, save at the command of conscience. I might have added the testimony of Bishop Johns and

John H. Hopkins on this point, which is absolutely convincing as to his motives, and as to his part, not being the first to start it, but only yielding to his absolute duty under the law of conscience and the canons of the Church.

Bishop Johns shows from the record that Bishop Meade had nothing to do with the trial of Bishop H. A. Onderdonk till placed on the committee in the House of Bishops, and there is no evidence of his action there, further than to concur in the report and resolution submitted to the House. In Bishop B. T. Onderdonk's trial, of the three presenting Bishops, Bishop Meade was the last who agreed to engage in the enquiry. His name precedes the other two because he was their senior. In Bishop Doane's case, Bishop Meade was neither foremost, nor did he yield to the canonical requisition, until he had tried, as far as allowable, to excuse himself from the painful duty.

Bishop Hopkins (in *True Church Principles*) says : " Bishop Meade stands in no need of defence from me. His life is his defence, and I would to God that we could all appeal to the same evidence with equal safety. Our learned antagonist, however, seems to think it matter of reproach that this eminent man has been *the leader* in all the presentments against bishops. But who has a right to impeach the honesty of his motives, or the utility of his labors, in this most thankless and yet most important part of his official duty? Assuredly there are thousands in our land who have cordially approved it, while yet there might not be one amongst them all who would have undergone the odium, toil and trouble of the task. As to myself, I lay no claim to the Christian boldness and fearlessness which it required. But yet I should esteem it an honor, far beyond any in my reach if my epitaph could say, 'Here lies the body of a bishop who was distinguished beyond all his brethren for his zealous, sincere and consistent support of pure Church discipline.' "

In 1841 he spent four months in England, enjoying its churches, castles and beautiful scenery, unawed by its titles and style, and not caring to be called My Lord Bishop. Asked what he most admired in England, he said "the Southdown sheep," and a gentleman sent him some, which he greatly valued.

In 1841 Bishop Moore died, and in 1842 Bishop Johns was elected Assistant to Bishop Meade, and the relationship between them for twenty years was most loving and cordial. After the conven-

tion, Bishop Meade embraced the opportunity to say to the Assistant Bishop, "I will aid you in making the appointments till you have visited all the churches, and then you can arrange them to suit yourself. The Diocese is before you; whatever you find to be done, do it, except matters of discipline and letters dimissory. These I am obliged to attend to myself. In all other respects the whole Diocese is open to you, without the necessity of a reference to me, unless when you desire information or counsel; only let us be careful so to arrange our movements that each parish may be visited at least once in eighteen months, that all may be regularly and equally served. We will meet statedly at convention, at the examinations of the Seminary and High School, and as often as may be convenient, and in the intervals communicate by letter." The only instance in which he manifested dissatisfaction was connected with a series of appointments published by Bishop Johns in reference to a part of which Bishop Meade proposed the substitution of other places which he thought had not received their proper proportion of Episcopal services; Bishop Johns explained that he had visited those places in regular rotation, and was not yet due there again, but would certainly make the change if the Bishop so directed. The next mail brought a reply requesting that Bishop Johns would never again use that odious word "direct" in such connection. This is the only instance of interference or whisper of dissatisfaction during the constant and intimate intercourse of twenty years. The occurrence was a small matter, but in its spirit and singleness very significant of character. It shows the true greatness of the man.

I did not attend the Convention when Bishop Johns was elected. Bishop Meade made no secret of wanting Johns and that settled the question. Dr. Cobbs, afterwards Bishop of Alabama, was very popular, had most cordial and gracious manners, and Dr. Lippett voted for him.

I wish I could recall some of the many pleasant memories I have of Bishop Meade's unvarying and devoted interest in the Seminary and in the whole Church. On his return from the General Convention he would tell of all its interesting discussions and events. He had the greatest weight in the House of Bishops. Bishop Alonzo Potter, of Pennsylvania, father of Bishop Henry C. Potter, told a friend: "There's a man lying on the sofa. Often he seems tired and lets the others talk, but he gets up now and then

and has things his own way." Alonzo Potter was a man of commanding intellect, and one of the greatest bishops of our Church. He delivered the "Lowell Lectures" in Boston, each occupying one hour and exhibiting the closest thought, without a note.

Once, when preaching in Christ Church, Alexandria, Governor Henry A. Wise was in the congregation. I was present myself. Bishop Meade had a habit of looking steadfastly at the congregation while sitting in the chancel. In his sermon he spoke against duelling, and, among other things, said that "in the day of judgment the duelist would be shown to be an arrant coward." The next day Governor Wise wrote to complain of his personal allusion to him, as he had shortly before been engaged in a duel, and he thought that the Bishop fixed his eyes upon him as he spoke. The Bishop assured him that he had not known that he was present, and as his eyes rested on him he had taken him, with his white tie, for one of the theological students. He showed him the sermon, which, with that very passage, had been written ten years before, and had been borrowed by Governor Wise's first wife. He showed us the sermon and Wise's letter.

When Bishop Meade first visited Staunton he sent notice of his coming to the Episcopalians, who had no church, and asked the Presbyterian minister, Mr. Calhoun, to give out the notice, which he did. He went on to say: "I must warn my people against going to these services. Episcopacy is a weed that grows apace, and, once rooted, is hard to take up. There is a book called 'The Episcopal Manual,' written by a Dr. Wilmer, and I advise you not to read it. A bishop is a wolf in sheep's clothing." The people, being used to few menageries in those days, determined to go to this one, so well advertised, and finding Bishop Meade, with his musical voice and earnest, impressive preaching, so different from what had been said, a most favorable impression was made and a church was at once started, and now there are two strong Episcopal churches there and, I think, only one Presbyterian church.

Bishop Meade told me that he had seen Thomas Jefferson in church at Charlottesville. Jefferson always treated ministers with great respect. Dr. Keith once spent a night at his house. I saw in Baltimore, at the home of a Jewish Rabbi, Simon Wolf, two New Testaments from which Jefferson had cut out all the

words of Jesus Christ. At Edge Hill Dr. Norton saw the passages that had been cut out.

I once went to Baltimore with Bishop Meade in behalf of the Seminary, dined with Charles Howard, a generous, noble man, who had the most wonderful influence as a preacher, though he was not an orator. It was a delightful day full of pleasant and profitable talk.

The Bishop was a beautiful reader and when asked how he had learned to read so well, replied, "My mother taught me."

At the separation of the States and Dioceses by the Civil War, he became the Presiding Bishop of the Church in the Confederate States, and his last service was at the consecration of Rev. Richard H. Wilmer, son of his friend and co-worker, as Bishop of Alabama, March 6, 1862, dying a week later.

He was buried in Hollywood, and a handsome monument erected, but after the war was removed to the burying ground of the Seminary. Richard Kidder Meade, his father, was a distinguished officer and a great friend of General Washington, whose parting with his officers was most affectionate and affecting. The General said to Meade, "Dick, you'll make a good farmer."

CHAPTER XV.

MISSIONARIES AND MARTYRS.

THIS Seminary has always cultivated the missionary spirit among the students and they have nobly responded. All the foreign mission stations of the Church have been founded, I think, by our alumni.

The Rev. John H. Hill, class of 1830, went as missionary to Greece, taking his wife. In 1832 for \$600 he purchased a lot twenty feet from the four beautiful Doric columns which still adorn the site of the ancient Agora on which to erect a house for the girls' school. In 1833 the building was completed, of stone, 72 feet long and 30 broad, two stories above ground and one below. Rev. Dr. Whitehouse who visited Greece in 1834 writes of it: "In the schools all is successful, and with unfeigned astonishment we beheld the results of labors comparatively so short and exercised under such unpromising circumstances." As a mark of the respect in which the schools were held by the Government of Greece, one of the young women educated by Mrs. Hill was by its order selected to conduct the Government Primary School at Napoli, and further twelve girls were placed under Mrs. Hill's care with a view to their becoming future teachers at the public expense.

When Hill was a student he was very fond of fast horses and kept one to drive. He was thought too complaisant to the Greek Church and Dr. Andrews criticised him for allowing Greek priests to catechise his school children and conniving at some superstitions. We cannot always judge fairly at a distance. Rev. Dr. King, a Presbyterian missionary, opposed the Greek Church and his house was destroyed by a mob and the city had to pay \$20,000, but his mission ended.

At a meeting of the Board of Missions in 1834, a resolution was adopted authorizing the establishment of a mission in China.

In 1835 the Revs. Henry Lockwood and Francis R. Hanson were appointed missionaries to China, and on June 2, the missionaries sailed from New York for Canton, being the first missionaries who came near entering China. William Boone found

Hanson and Lockwood at their post when he went out. I knew Hill and Hanson.

I saw much of Bishop Boone, and thought him one of the greatest missionaries I have known. He was an interesting man in every way, genial, yet thoughtful and profound. Seventeen men offered themselves from this Seminary to go with him to China and he raised twenty thousand dollars for the mission. I remember his telling me that he had drank tea in China worth twenty dollars a pound. I went up to Washington with him and introduced him to President Pierce. He carried a Chinaman along and we all went in a party to dine at Brown's Hotel, and we were the observed of all observers, as the Chinese were very rare in this country then (1854). The story has been told of Bishop Boone's ability and devotion as a missionary, of his working on his translation of the Bible into Chinese, with his feet in water and his head bound with wet towels. Two of his sons were at our Seminary. Rev. William J. Boone (2) became Bishop of China, and Rev. Thomas Boone served in the ministry here.

When I came, Payne, Savage and Minor were just preparing to go to their mission fields. They had been class-mates at the Seminary, and they used to have a praying circle which met once a week at six o'clock in the morning for prayer and converse as to the duty of going to preach the gospel to the heathen. Payne in his diary, January, 1835, speaks of a "most thrilling appeal in behalf of Foreign Missions by brother Boone. Never was I so deeply affected. O Lord, shall I go? He that will not leave father and mother, house and home, for My sake is not worthy of Me. O Lord, thou hast created me, Thou hast preserved me, Thou hast redeemed me. * * * I am Thy servant and am bound by the most weighty obligations of duty and of love to honor and serve Thee all the days of my life. O Lord, here I am. If it be Thy will, send me." "After mature deliberation and full survey of the risk to life and health, brother Minor and myself determined to devote ourselves to preaching the gospel in Africa."

"Dr. Keith said that with our views of a fitness for heaven, he did not see how any heathen could be saved without Christ. We hear of none that live up to their light. My heart seemed to burn within me to labor for their welfare. * * * The

Professor thought that I, less qualified than the others, should still press on, as I might be eminently useful as a missionary."

"Mr. Abeel, the Chinese missionary, came to converse with us individually. He made no distinction in favor of any peculiar qualification, but thought all were bound to go, unless they could show good reasons why they should not. Oh, may I imitate the faithfulness of Abeel, who spoke to every one he met about salvation, and remember always the interests of the heathen, the glory of God."

Never, I think, was there a more pious or saintly man than Bishop Payne. He was not an attractive preacher, though what he said was always most interesting. I remember his giving an account of one time when they were all about to be murdered by the savages, when a vessel came, just in time. His life ought to have been written. There was much material for it, as he had always kept a diary, and it would have had great interest, for he had been thirty-two years in Africa, and yet he was told by the doctors that it would be death for him to go there with his bilious temperament. I recall his saying that the heat there was not as great as it is here at times, but it was about the same, 80°, all the year round, and never below 60°. This was depressing to the constitution. When it was rainy or cool he would put on his overcoat, but fire was not needed, except for cooking.

The natives, he said, were great believers in greasing or oiling themselves, and he found it at times beneficial. He was twice married, and he told me the natives could not see any difference between having two wives at once and having one after the other. Polygamy has ever been one of the greatest hindrances to Christianity there. The Mohammedans, of course, never had this difficulty in their work, as the Koran allows four wives.

Mrs. Payne was once terrified at seeing a boa, which had climbed up by a tree, in her room, and could only whisper "husband, husband." Dr. Savage told me that they made such a noise in the stubble or brush that they were not greatly feared.

Launcelot B. Minor, uncle of L. M. Blackford, M. A., whose sister long lived at the Episcopal High School, was ordained in 1836, and, after arousing great interest in the mission by preaching throughout Virginia, went out to Africa with Payne in 1837. The Rev. Thomas Locke, of Albemarle, went down the river with

Mrs. Minor, who was then blind, and her son Launcelot, on his way to Africa.

When a student here, young Minor was most devoted and most beloved. He used to walk up frequently to Falls Church, six miles, where he taught Sunday-school and held service and visited them in the week, and he was delegate from there in 1836. Bishop Meade in his convention address, 1838, spoke of him most highly: "By his untiring zeal and most affectionate manners he soon collected a large Sunday-school, and in losing him parents and children thought they had lost their all." He was tall, lithe, strong and very active.

Falls Church, built in 1762, had been given up by the Episcopal minister in 1798, when Bishop Madison paid his first and last visit to it. The professors and students had revived it before this time, and Mr. Minor's noble work there helped it on.

L. B. Minor was a man of wonderful energy and many attractions. I saw him when he returned from Africa on a visit, and he told me he had seen mountains in the interior of Africa and he meant to get on top of them. Bishop Payne told me that one day Minor walked forty miles on the burning sand, and these imprudences and over-exertion shortened his life. Minor said that the natives ate monkeys and told him they were very good eating and he ate them himself. Would Darwin have considered this a modified cannibalism? The toilsome but untiring labors, the glorious self-devotion and the lonely death of Minor are recorded on high.

Rev. Dr. T. S. Savage, born June 7, 1804, (father of Rev. W. R. Savage) I knew well. He studied medicine before going to Africa, so as to be more useful. He was a born naturalist and did a great deal for science, which was fully acknowledged by the British societies and by such scientists as Owen and Huxley, with whom he corresponded. He was the original discoverer of the gorilla, sending over to England the first skull and skeleton of it ever seen, and it was first named in honor of him *Troglodytes Savagii*, and he later on suggested the name gorilla, and this was years before Paul du Chaillu went to Africa.

Dr. Savage said that one of the negro colonists who went out to Liberia saw in one of the native huts a chimpanzee, dressed in the same ornaments (not to call it clothing) as the people, and looking like a wizened old woman. "Well," said the negro,

"they told me I would see some of my ancestors over here, and this must be one of them"—an unwitting confirmation of Darwin's theory of descent!

He married Miss Susan Metcalf of Fredericksburg and they sailed from Baltimore November 16, 1836, but she died one month after reaching Liberia. With other things he carried out the frame of a dwelling thinking thus to modify the severity of the acclimatization of the missionaries. His medical knowledge was of great service to the mission.

Rev. Joshua Smith, of Connecticut, graduate of Yale, was the next missionary to Africa from Norfolk, in February, 1840. Joshua Smith was peculiar in some ways. When he went as missionary to Africa, he said farewell just as if going to Baltimore. One night in Africa the boys woke him with their noise, and going into the school-room he found a boa eating his dog. He discovered the hole by which he entered, stationed the boys there and killed him. He and S. Hazlehurst returned from Africa in 1844.

E. W. Hening went to Africa in 1844 and I preached at his ordination as deacon, and as priest when he came back blind from fever, and had to be led to the chancel. When Mr. Hening returned from Africa with his motherless child, Mrs. Sparrow adopted her, in addition to her own large family, and her early death brought the deepest sorrow to the family. In a letter she wrote: "I have not received such a wound for many long years. We had forgotten she was not of our own blood. * * * All loved her as a child or sister."

Dr. May took the deepest interest in missions and missionaries, and was the one who, after Bishop William Boone, did the most, humanly speaking, to make and keep this a missionary Seminary, by his letters, conversations and addresses. He and Mrs. May were given to hospitality, and they were never more happy than when entertaining missionaries, as if they were entertaining angels, not unawares. Mr. Hoffman said of his letters: "No letters ever comforted me more than his—so cheerful, so warm, from his very heart of hearts."

Mrs. C. Colden Hoffman came here as a bride just before leaving for Africa. She was a Miss Virginia Hale, whose sister had married Mr. Richard Dixon, of Norfolk (Mrs. Bishop Johns' brother). I was at the Norfolk Convention when Hoffman first

met her and I heard he was paying her attention. As the Hoffmans were leaving, the students formed in two lines, through which the carriage passed, and sang "From Greenland's Icy Mountains." It was most impressive and inspiring.

I recall a missionary sermon by Dr. May, who was regularly employed by the Board of Missions to preach for them, in which he alluded to Mrs. Hoffman: "When I took, in parting, the hand of this dear friend and beautiful young woman, I said: 'Oh, why this waste?' but thank God, I found it in my heart to add (his eye flashing and stamping his foot), 'Let the alabaster box be broken and the precious ointment be shed.' " It made a great impression, as he was not usually animated, and Dr. Wharton, hearing of it, said he wished he could have been there to have seen him.

Some years ago the Bishops of China and Africa, Boone and Payne, visited the Seminary on successive evenings, and were much disappointed at not meeting each other.

At the consecration of Aspinwall Hall, in 1859, Bishop Johns made one of the addresses, which I, with many, consider one of his best, and in speaking of the missionary character of the Seminary said: "And now, if you could hail that noble ship which has doubled the Cape of Good Hope, and heading east is, I trust, careering under full sail to her destination, you would hear '*Golden Rule*, from New York to Shanghai, eighty-three days out—all well.' As she sweeps by, you may recognize, in the interesting group on the quarter-deck, faces familiar to us all—who have forsaken all for Jesus—and, under the power of His constraining love, are panting to publish it to the teeming millions of China." There were on board a daughter of Dr. Sparrow, and her husband, Dudley D. Smith, Elliott H. Thomson, Thomas S. Yocum, James F. Doyen, Henry Purdon, and Mr. and Mrs. Henry M. Parker. All of the men were from the class of '59 in our Seminary, going to China.

Cleveland Keith, son of Professor Keith, was a missionary to China and was lost in the burning of the *Golden Gate*, when returning to this country. He exhorted to the last his fellow-passengers to flee to that Saviour who was near his servants in that awful hour.

Henry M. Parker of Massachusetts (1859), the brave mission-

ary to China, sang at family prayers the night before he was killed,

" With joy shall I behold the day
That calls my willing soul away."

He had gladly offered himself and his possessions to Christ, unlike the rich young man in the Gospel. Attempting to stop the shedding of blood and prevent the atrocities of heathen warfare, he with another missionary was literally hewn to pieces and his mangled remains were cast out on the open field.

Time would fail one to name the fifty-eight missionaries who have gone forth from this Seminary. " We ask not for it riches nor the praise of men, but this thing that it may be a missionary institution," so I said when Hening was ordained, and so it has been.

The youngest foreign mission of our Church, Brazil, has from the first excited my deepest sympathy from the noble men who went out as pioneers, Lucien Lee Kinsolving, now Bishop, and James W. Morris, and those who have gone to aid them, and from my own daughter going as a missionary worker.

These missionaries as they return and tell us of the work, its needs and its rewards, keep alive the missionary spirit, which is the Spirit of Christ.

The flame of missionary spirit and inquiry, which was kindled here first of all seminaries, has never been quenched. The example and memories of our missionaries and the high view of Christian duty taught with such plainness on this Hill have been the chief cause of the foremost consideration given to the missionary work as the natural and ordinary field of occupation for a minister of Christ. This honor and glory of the Seminary remain undiminished by time, and its martyrs—Minor and Parker and many others—will be remembered forever.

Among the martyrs should be named Revs. William M. Jackson and James Chisholm, who died of the yellow fever in Norfolk and Portsmouth. Mr. Jackson was singularly gentle in manner, a persuasive preacher, and as a pastor seldom equalled for self-denial and devotion. In perfect self-abnegation, in the discharge of dangerous and loathsome duty, he died gloriously, having soothed the dying hours of the plague-stricken and the afflicted. The same may be said of Mr. Chisholm, of whom we have further to say, that, while small in stature and modest, reserved and

retiring, he was a man of marked talent and acquirements, a distinguished graduate of Harvard, an accurate scholar, the most painstaking sermonizer. He laid all at his Master's feet and died a martyr to his duty the same summer of 1855.

Of them I can quote the lines written by the Primate of Ireland in memory of a young curate, the most beautiful epitaph of the last century :

" Down through our crowded walks and closer air,
O friend, how beautiful thy footsteps were !
When through the fever's fire at last they trod,
A form was with them like the Son of God,
' Twas but one step for those victorious feet
From their day's path into the golden street ;
And we who watched their walk, so bright, so brief,
Have marked this marble with our hope and grief."

In this pestilence 2,500 persons died and there was great difficulty in procuring coffins. Some poor old woman had secured a coffin which she kept lying on her floor with her hand on it, that if she died she might be properly buried. The man who carried out the dead coming in and seeing an empty coffin said, " Missus can you just lend me that coffin ; I will bring you another by and by ? "

Old Mr. Wickham, of Hickory Hill, Virginia, who died about twenty years ago, had a favorite walnut tree cut down, sawed into planks, and seasoned in his office, from which wood his coffin was to be made.

The Rev. Joseph Wolff, missionary (as he signed himself) published his travels and labors in the East just as I came to Virginia, and visited us in 1840. He was ordained Deacon by Bishop Doane who examined him, and asking how a pump worked, Wolff illustrated it by working his arms up and down. He received a roving commission and went about preaching. He went all over the Eastern countries, saw the descendants of Jonadab, the Rechabites, and near the Euphrates, some Jews who were half Christians, and some disciples of John the Baptist from the time of his beheading. They had a yearly baptizing unto repentance and he was there on the day of baptism. Each one went into the water with the ministrant, knelt down, and water was poured over the head with a form of words. He was a Jew himself, brave and zealous, but very eccentric. In his book he gave as recommendation from the *Quarterly Review* " The Rev. Joseph

Wolff, a religious fanatic," and states "that Dr. Seabury, editor of the New York *Churchman*, has declared me to be insane." He married an English lady. Once when he went off knowing his absentmindedness, she charged him to put on a clean shirt every day. On his return she found no shirts in the bag, and found that he had them all (six) on his person.

Rev. John Liggins (1855) is another missionary graduate who went to China in 1856, and from thence to Japan, being the first missionary to Japan. He arrived at Nagasaki May 2, 1859, and was joined a month later by the Rev. C. M. Williams, who afterwards became the first Bishop of Japan, and who now labors in his quiet, holy and influential way in the land to which he has given his whole life and energies.

Mr. Liggins has written many able articles and works in aid of the missionary cause and is still active. Time would fail to mention all our missionaries; their names are marked with a cross in our Catalogue.

The General Convention of 1835 gave a great impulse to the missionary work of the Church by establishing The Constitution of the Board of Missions, making every baptised member of the same a member of its missionary organization; and its new plan of apportioning a definite amount to each diocese and each parish promises to be another forward step in arousing the Church to its great mission.

One of our missionaries to Africa had promised in case of his wife's death, that she should be buried at her old home in Virginia. She did die in Africa and her remains were sent by sailing vessel to this country. A short time after he married again and his leave of absence falling due, he and his bride started home by steamer. When he reached Richmond he met his brother-in-law who told him the remains of his wife had just come and the burial would be the next morning. He had to leave his bride at the hotel and attend the first wife's burial.

A student once in the Rhetorical Society debating the comparative worth of the different races, spoke of the elevation of the negro being possible, for "you know there was Scipio Africanus, a great man."

I will take this opportunity to speak of Rev. John Cole, of the class of 1828, whom I knew long and well, and who deserves well of our Seminary for his successful efforts for its welfare. He

was born in Delaware in 1807, and when still almost a boy entered the Seminary. He graduated in 1828, and was ordained by Bishop Moore with his class, May 18, 1828, being just old enough to receive Deacon's Orders. When I knew him, about ten years later, he was a good looking man, unmarried, not so tall as his son, Rev. J. Thompson Cole, but quite stout. Like the Rev. William Friend, he did not marry until quite late in life. He spent his entire ministry in this State, and had charge of only two parishes. As a Deacon he officiated in Prince George county, then was rector of Abingdon and Ware, Gloucester county, until 1836, when he went to St. Stephen's parish, Culpeper county, where his labors were greatly blessed until his death. Three churches were built by him, and were well filled with worshippers and well maintained until the war brought desolation to that part of Virginia, the chief battle-ground of the war.

Mr. Cole was a quiet man, easy-going in his ways, but most earnest and uncompromising in teaching and defending evangelical truth. He was very bold and intrepid, and entirely independent. He had an unusual custom of having service on Sunday at 12 o'clock or a few minutes after and using the Evening Prayer. It may have been because his people had a long way to come and because the Evening Prayer was shorter.

Mr. Cole was the man who introduced the touching and long-continued custom of closing the labors of the Council with the singing on Sunday night of "The voice of free grace," &c. None who have heard it in its old fervor can ever forget its inspiring effect. Its first use was in this way: At a convention about sixty years ago, when the clergy and the lay delegates, at the close of the services on Sunday night, were gathered around the chancel to bid farewell to the bishops and brethren before separating, Bishop Moore called upon Mr. Cole to "raise a hymn." He obeyed by commencing:

"The voice of free grace."

It was caught up by all—bishops, clergy, delegates and worshippers, singing at that touching hour of parting, and it lasted long as a beautiful and unique custom of the Virginia Council.

Mr. Cole opposed another custom which I proposed, and that was the celebration of the Holy Communion at the opening service of the Council. Talking with the Bishop before one of the

meetings, I suggested to him how appropriate and edifying it would be to begin our labors with this sacrament of love, and he readily agreed.

Mr. Cole deserves our grateful commemoration for his long and earnest labors for the Seminary, and Dr. Dalrymple has recorded this in his Alumni Address, from which I quote. Mr. Cole was for many years the trusted agent of the Board of Trustees, appointed to visit the parishes of the Diocese and secure contributions to its endowment fund. We know not the full amount of his labors in this regard, but when the Alumni undertook, in 1853, to raise \$50,000 for endowment, Mr. Cole was appointed as their agent to make the collections. The record of his work is carefully preserved, and from that it appears that in the two years of his agency he secured nearly \$40,000. No one of the Alumni, either living or dead, has been more abundant in such labors than he. To Mr. Cole's energy and perseverance is due the granting of our charter from the Virginia Legislature of 1854. This had long been desired by Bishop Meade and the friends of the institution. Efforts had been made to obtain it again and again, but all in vain. So, when Mr. Cole sought permission from Bishop Meade to make another effort, consent was reluctantly given. Mr. Cole gave himself entirely to this work; he knew the Speaker of the House, and secured his goodwill, and then with rare sagacity brought arguments to bear upon the minds of the members. At first no response was given, for the State of Virginia was averse to giving charters to any religious or benevolent institutions, from a long-established policy, and even a union of denominations had failed to get such charters. The Presbyterians and the Baptists also opposed us on this occasion, fearing that it would secure us some unusual advantages. Mr. Cole's steady and placid perseverance gained him a hearing from many who had influence; the manifest justice and propriety of the application were at last appreciated, and the act of incorporation was granted in a most liberal form. Every one was surprised at Mr. Cole's success, so unexpected and so contrary to the predictions of many and to the experience of the past. Our charter has given us a position and permanency which has greatly aided our endowment fund.

CHAPTER XVI.

ALEXANDRIA AND MOUNT VERNON.

THIS Seminary has been generally called The Alexandria Seminary and was first established there ; hence I will say something about the old city and the old State and some of the people I have known. Alexandria was founded in 1749, Mr. William Ramsay, ancestor of Mr. G. William Ramsay, being the "first projector and founder of this promising city." St. Andrew's Day, 1761, a week before the birth of my father, the first election of Lord Mayor, Aldermen and Council of Alexandria was held, and William Ramsay, above named, was invested with gold chain and medal, and a grand procession of town and country people was formed, with drums beating, flags flying, and guns firing continuously.

"A very elegant entertainment was prepared at the Coffee House, where the Lord Mayor, Aldermen and Common Council dined. In the evening a ball was given by the Scotch gentlemen, at which a numerous and brilliant company of ladies danced. The night concluded with bonfires, illuminations, and other demonstrations of joy." This is what the *Maryland Gazette*, December, 1761, states.

Alexandria was well on its way before many cities, now twenty times as large, were dreamed of. It is still a place of historic interest, with Mount Vernon on the south and Arlington on the north. From the first some substantial, handsome houses were built and one of them, a square two-story building, is now standing in good condition, in which is shown a large, square wainscoted room overlooking the Potomac, where Major-General Braddock held a council of war and planned his march before setting out on his ill-fated expedition against the French and Indians in 1755. The road which he followed to the mountains, and which he had cut through the forest primeval, passes by the Seminary property and is still called Braddock's Road. Alexandria was the headquarters of his army at that early period, and it was there doubtless that Washington joined the expedition to Fort Duquesne. Mount Vernon, where George Washington was then living, was only ten miles below Alexandria.

The mansion had been built in 1743, costing \$10,000, the barn being built later of brick brought from England, it is said. This estate was always in possession of the Washingtons, descending by will or inheritance, from the grant of Lord Culpeper in 1670 to the time it was sold to the Ladies' Mount Vernon Association on April 6, 1858, by John Augustine Washington, son of Mrs. Jean Washington, for \$150,000. Mount Vernon was the home of George and Martha Washington about fifty years. John Washington, great grandfather of George, died in January, 1677, leaving the place to his son Lawrence, who bequeathed it to his son Augustine, father of the General. Augustine left it by will to his eldest son, Major Lawrence Washington, who married Anne, eldest daughter of William Fairfax, of Fairfax county, Va. Between Lawrence and his half-brother, George, fourteen years younger, there was a remarkable affection, and dying at thirty-four, he left the estate to George, having previously named it Mount Vernon in honor of Admiral Vernon, under whom he had served at Carthage.

About 1752 his brother George, who had been living there several years, inherited it from his brother Lawrence, and after his marriage with Mrs. Custis, in 1759, it was the scene of a generous hospitality, and the prominent men of Virginia visited there, among whom the future President had already taken a high stand before the Revolution.

General Washington left it to his nephew, Judge Bushrod Washington, third child of John A. Washington, who dispensed liberal hospitality there. Having no children, he left this property to his nephew, John A. Washington, father of John Augustine, who was at Bristol College with me, and who sold it to the Association. I used to dine with him when he owned it, and Mr. John Blackburn remembers me at a dinner there in 1855 and noticed that I took no wine, which was unusual.

I had thus some acquaintance with the family at Mount Vernon. It consisted of Mrs. Jean Washington and her sons and daughter. After my marriage, as there was no house provided for me, my present house not having been yet bought by the trustees, I boarded for some months with Mrs. Washington's daughter, Mrs. Alexander, who lived in what is now the dwelling house of Mr. L. M. Blackford. The property afterward was bought from the Alexanders by the Seminary for the Episcopal High School. Mrs. Washington invited my wife and myself to spend a week at Mount Vernon, towards the spring of the year in which I was mar-

ried, 1838. It was a week of great enjoyment. I had to return to the Seminary to my duties some days and would walk back in the evenings.

A party of seventeen young ladies were staying there, among them Constance Gardner, sister of Rev. William F. Gardner, a brilliant and beautiful woman, who afterwards married Henry Winter Davis.

Mount Vernon is embosomed in forest trees, some of them five feet in diameter, and General Washington in 1785 had procured from the West every native tree—among others the coffee trees of Kentucky—which are now of immense size. Every morning, at the first dawn of day, there was a carol of birds such as I never heard before. They were never disturbed, and there were some species which are not generally found in this region. It rivalled Milton's description of the Garden of Eden :

" Nature wantoned, as in her prime,
Which not nice Art
In beds and curious knots, but nature boon,
Pour'd forth profuse on hill and dale and plain."

I feel as if I had come near to Washington, for my father had seen him and my father-in-law had known him. General Washington used to walk up and down his porch which was ninety feet long and had calculated how many times he must walk to make a mile, nearly fifty-nine times. I tried this walk on my visit to Mount Vernon.

Tobias Lear, who held many important diplomatic positions, deemed his greatest title to fame, as his monument sets forth, that he was the private secretary and familiar friend of the illustrious Washington. He died in 1816, but his widow, being a niece of Mrs. Martha Washington, often visited Mount Vernon, and was a friend of my wife's family. She sometimes spent nearly a week with us, was a lady of the old school and a devout Christian. She had lived at Mount Vernon in Washington's lifetime. She said the family and visitors stood in awe of him and the young people stopped talking and laughing when he came in. She gave my wife a gold sequin, and had some relics of Washington, giving me two letters of Washington, one of which I gave to the Maine Historical Society.

Colonel Henry Lee, Irving says, visited General Washington at Mount Vernon, and was "not much under the influence of that reverential awe," which Washington is said to have inspired.

Washington one day at table mentioned his being in want of carriage horses and asked Lee if he knew where he could get a pair.

"I have a fine pair, General," replied Lee, "but you cannot get them."

"Why not?"

"Because you will never pay more than half price for anything; and I must have full price for my horses."

The bantering reply set Mrs. Washington laughing and her parrot, perched behind her, joined in the laugh. The General took this assault upon his dignity in great good part. "Ah, Lee, you are a funny fellow; see that bird is laughing at you."

As a boy I was told by persons in Maine that the day Washington's death was announced, the children came home from school crying with grief. It recalls Lord Ellenborough's lines on the Duke of Wellington:

"Pursued by murmured blessings as he passed upon his way,
The lovers broke their converse off, the children left their play;
While child or man, who crossed his path was proud at eve to tell,
We met him on his homeward ride, the Duke was looking well."

General Washington constantly visited Alexandria before and after his Presidency, and he owned a plain frame house on Cameron street, between St. Asaph and Pitt, where he would go for rest and quiet when fatigued. It has only been demolished since the Civil War. Many memories of Washington and memorials of his life long remained in Alexandria. My father-in-law, General Walter Jones, told me that on the occasion of the President's last visit there the Alexandria company of soldiers assembled to do him honor, and he said a few words to them standing on a very large stone, which formed the step of the old City Hotel.

Alexandria was first called Hunting Creek Warehouse, and sometimes Bell Haven, from its fine harbor. The Legislature by successive acts encouraged its growth, and in 1762 it was enlarged by laying off lots on the higher ground belonging to the Dade, West, and Alexander families, from whom it derived its name. From that time on it improved rapidly, and at the end of the century had a large commerce and ten thousand people. At the close of the Revolution it was so promising that its claims to be the capital of the United States were weighed with those of Washington, and doubtless it would have been chosen but for

Washington's unwillingness to seem partial to Virginia. Shooter's Hill was pointed out as an admirable site for the public buildings.

When Alexandria was founded it was included in Truro parish, and there appear to have been four churches in it, about ten miles apart, at the corners of a square. These were Payne's Church, near the Court-House; Old Pohick, near the Potomac; Little Falls Church, and one at Alexandria. In 1764, Fairfax parish was set off, with the two last-named churches, and Christ's Church Vestry-book begins in 1765. The two old churches were repaired at once at a cost of thirty-two thousand pounds of tobacco. In 1766 it is determined to build two new churches at these points, at a cost of six hundred pounds each, and exact directions are given and the best materials are used. In Truro parish there were two churches also, which were replaced by new churches about this same time. Rev. Lee Massey was rector from 1767 to 1785, and died at the age of eighty-six in 1814. He wrote that he "never knew so constant an attendant on church as Washington. No company ever kept him away. I have often been at Mount Vernon on Sabbath morning when his breakfast table was filled with guests, but instead of staying at home, out of false complaisance to them, he used constantly to invite them to accompany him." The "Father of his Country" set a good example in this as in other matters. The Duke of Wellington did likewise. On one occasion a Roman Catholic prince being his guest, he inquired, as church time drew near, "Prince, where do you worship?" Prince not wanting to worship, made excuse about not knowing the way to church; but the Duke, calling a servant, said, "Show his excellency the way to the Roman Catholic Chapel."

The Rev. Mason L. Weems, in some of his books, calls himself formerly rector of Mount Vernon parish; but this is a mistake, as there was no parish of that name, though he doubtless preached there occasionally. He was for some years a traveling bookseller for Matthew Carey, of Philadelphia, visiting all the Southern States in a little wagon with his fiddle as his companion. He would sell books of all kinds, infidel and Christian, and when Rev. William Meade on a court-day at Fairfax Court-House remonstrated with him for selling Paine's "Age of Reason," he immediately took out of his case the Bishop of Llandaff's answer and said, "Behold the antidote! The bane and the antidote are both before you." Many amusing stories are told of him and by him, and his lives of Washington and Marion mingle fact and

fancy indiscriminately. His life of Washington has been read more than all others. I used to hear old people speak of him. At an old tavern Mr. Weems and some strolling players met together. An entertainment had been announced, but a fiddle was needed. Mr. Weems consented to play if a screen were put up. This was done, and all went well till, in the excitement, the screen was overturned and Parson Weems was seen playing his fiddle for dear life. This was told me as a fact by Mr. Custis and General Walter Jones, who had known him.

George Washington had much to do with Pohick Church, his parish church. The old frame church had fallen into ruins, and, as a new one was to be built, Washington wished it moved about two miles the other side of Pohick Run, to a more central place. But Mr. Mason, of Gunston Hall, lower down on the Potomac, wished it rebuilt on the old site, and there was a friendly dispute about it, and the vestry adjourned without deciding. Meanwhile Washington surveyed the parish, made a well-drawn map of it, marking the houses and distances, and when the day of decision arrived he met all arguments of his opponent by this paper and carried his point. Washington for some years regularly attended this church, six miles off, never allowing any company to prevent his observance of the Lord's-Day. After the war, he attended Christ Church, Alexandria, and his name stands on that vestry-book in his own writing as a pew-holder and subscriber in 1785. In 1765 he was chosen vestryman in both parishes, a unique honor.

All these churches were built in the same style and proportions, of brick, with white corner and binding stones, with two sets of windows, suggesting the name "double-decker," and suitable for galleries; but Christ Church alone had a gallery. Three of them are now in excellent condition and full use, only one, Payne's Church, being gone.

When I came to Alexandria, Christ Church was in the same condition as when Washington was its vestryman, having a high pulpit, with Commandments, Lord's Prayer and Creeds on either side; also galleries, and some square pews. It remained in this condition until 1867, during the rectorship of Rev. R. H. McKim, D. D., who had the old pulpit taken down and other changes made. It was restored as nearly as possible, but of course of new material, by Rev. Dr. Suter, and it is now substantially as of old; the only square pew, however, remaining, is the old Mount Vernon

pew on the north side, in which tourists and strangers like to sit. On the other side was the Arlington pew, where the Custis family sat. In this pew were often seen Colonel R. E. Lee and his family who lived at Arlington, and here in old Christ Church I saw in 1853 Robert E. Lee and his daughter Mary confirmed by Bishop Johns. Two tablets, on the same side as the respective pews, commemorate the names of these two noble sons of Virginia, of whose character and deeds she is so justly proud, connected by marriage and of the same type of character.

St. Luke's Church, Smithfield, is the only church having a memorial window to George Washington, it is said, though he was a good churchman and helped build churches. St. Luke's is the oldest church in use in the United States, being built in 1632 of brick, a large and handsome building. Only its walls were standing when through the exertions of Rev. David Barr it was restored and services are now regularly held in it by Rev. R. S. Carter.

I count it a great privilege that I knew so well the Custis family, of Arlington. I frequently visited at Arlington and dined there every year. General R. E. Lee was first cousin (once removed) to my wife. This contributed to our intimate acquaintance with them. Arlington as it is now is very different from Arlington as it was then. It was then in the midst of a forest of 1,200 acres, with magnificent oaks and other forest trees, left to the wildness of Nature, with a farm road leading to the mansion. When staying at Arlington I slept in the bed in which General Washington died. Arlington was left by him to Mr. Custis, and it stretched almost to the Seminary.

Mr. Custis invited me to dine there, and knowing that I was from the North sent off and got a codfish.

Mr. Custis had been adopted by General Washington and was fond of styling himself "the son of Mount Vernon." He was sent to Princeton by General Washington and gave no little trouble to him, as he was not inclined to study or to any profession. Their correspondence has been published in the lives of Washington. He was fond of the stage, and he had some turn for public speaking, and was in demand on the Fourth of July and on Washington's birthday. He was sent for to Washington and Alexandria on public occasions. He was also an amateur painter. He painted General Washington standing by a horse of colossal size, rather the most prominent figure in the painting. A friend of mine,

visiting Arlington and being shown the painting, exclaimed, "How striking!" He and Mrs. Custis were most hospitable. He always said grace at meals. He was social in disposition and affable to all who visited Arlington. He was careless of appearances. You might see him on the grounds in an old straw hat and in common dress, and you would with difficulty be convinced he was the adopted grandson of Washington. On the bank of the Potomac, opposite Washington, he built a pavilion for the entertainment of visitors who came over in boats, and he used to sit there to receive them.

Mrs. Custis was remarkable for her simplicity and piety, in which respects her daughter, Mrs. Robert E. Lee, resembled her. She had much literary taste, and I was often indebted to her for the loan of new books of interest. One felt perfectly at ease in her company. There was an entire absence of all style about the house and a freedom from ostentation. She visited the Seminary on public occasions and sometimes dined with us. She was a member of Christ Church, Alexandria, and attended as often as possible. She and her husband are buried now in the grounds at Arlington, surrounded by the graves of the soldiers. Her daughter, Mary Custis, was like her mother. She was married to Lieutenant R. E. Lee in a quiet way at Arlington by Rev. Dr. Keith, of the Seminary. Dr. Keith was highly esteemed by Mrs. Custis. He went on horseback to perform the marriage ceremony, and was overtaken on the way by a violent thunder-shower, and arrived in a woebegone condition. He had to change his dress, and Mr. Custis supplied him with garments ill befitting so tall a man, for Mr. Custis was short in stature; so that there was something ludicrous in the Doctor's appearance. My wife's family were at the marriage, June 30, 1831. They were two noble and congenial spirits, and their beautiful home was most happy and bright.

Lee never asked for an easy place, as did many of the officers, and was sent, therefore, to the frontier. I heard him relate an incident of his military life. A soldier who had been guilty of some misdemeanor was brought before his colonel who said to the soldier, "You shall have justice." "That is what I am afraid of," the soldier answered.

He became captain shortly after my marriage, and was from the first distinguished for his ability in every line of work; as engineer, scout and leader his deeds were unsurpassed. When colonel he lived for a time in Baltimore, on Madison Avenue, near Biddle

Street, and had a room, as he told me, "hardly big enough to swing a cat in."

After the capture of the city of Mexico, he was in the habit of riding out for his health. On one occasion he saw a Mexican approaching him with a lasso in his hand, which he was unwinding. He took out his pistol and held it on his saddle, so that it could be seen by the Mexican, who gave up his plan of lassoing him, and they passed with a courteous greeting.

Colonel Lee was very particular in visiting all his relatives in our neighborhood, when he returned on leave from Mexico or Texas. Putting one or more of his boys on horses, he would ride over with them and call on all of us. His last visit was a few months before his death, when he was under the influence of the disease of which he died. He spoke despondently of himself, and was a broken-hearted man. He seemed to be paying a farewell visit to his old friends and his old home. He had a pleasant word for every member of the family, saying to my youngest son, as he put his hand on his head, "Don't run after other boys' sisters, but stay at home and take care of your mother and sisters." He could well speak thus from his devoted care of his invalid mother, carrying her in his arms to the carriage, entertaining her, and taking even the housekeeping cares upon himself. When he left her to go to West Point his mother said, "How can I live without Robert? He is both son and daughter to me." A lady once brought her infant son and asked his blessing for him. He put his hand on his head and said, "Madam, teach him to deny himself."

Colonel Charles Marshall, his closest military friend and officer in the war between the States, told me that he had heard General Lee speak of me and of my sympathy. I was deeply gratified at this and at receiving on Easter, 1901, from his daughter, Mary Custis, this card, "For dear Dr. Packard, the kind friend of our family for three generations and personally associated with my earliest and happiest days."

His son, General William H. Fitzhugh Lee, lived at Ravensworth, in Fairfax county, about nine miles from me. He served one term in Congress. I have never met a more courtly gentleman. He was gentle to all men, and was highly esteemed not only by his associates, but by the poorer people of his neighborhood. The tributes to him in Congress were remarkable, espe-

cially from Northern and Western men. He was, I have reason to think, a truly pious man. On the occasion of his confirmation I wrote him, expressing my gratification. In reply he said he had accepted our Saviour's invitation, "Come unto me, all ye that are weary and heavy laden." He died prematurely at the age of fifty-five. I cannot soon forget his burial from his residence, which was attended by five hundred persons, chiefly men. It was one of the loveliest days of October, and all "the air a solemn stillness held"; while the fading tints and falling leaves of autumn spoke affectingly to the heart of the passing glory of the world, these gentle voices of Nature sweetly chiming in with the accents of God's holy providence, and telling each one "we all do fade as a leaf."

I recall very pleasantly Dr. Richard C. Mason who lived in a brick house halfway between the Seminary and Mount Vernon. He was a courtly, fine looking and hospitable man and I used to visit him frequently. His oldest son, William, was my pupil at Bristol, and his other sons are well known in Virginia, among them Rev. Landon R. Mason in the Church and Beverly R. and William P. Mason in the educational world. The latter taught at the High School and is now principal of the Rockville Academy. Dr. Mason was a grandson of George Mason of Gunston; he married a Miss Randolph, and her sister, Miss Lavinia Randolph, was a dear friend of Bishop Meade. Miss Emily V. Mason, a brilliant woman and an old friend, lived before the war, with the Rowlands, where Mr. Charles R. Hooff now lives.

Alexandria, though at the extreme end of the State, was always important ecclesiastically, as is seen from the fact that the Standing Committee is still located here instead of at Richmond, where the Bishop lives. Several old parishes near Alexandria and its prominent laymen and strong business interests gave it this position.

Among its prominent laymen living when I came there was Edmund I. Lee, father of Cassius F., Edmund I., Charles, Richard H., Hannah, Sally and Harriet Lee, and brother of Charles Lee and of Light Horse Harry, the father of R. E. Lee. He usually attended the Diocesan and sometimes the General Convention, and was a staunch and devoted Churchman, a most upright and conscientious man. Bishop Meade says that "he was a man of great decision and perseverance in what he deemed right. He

was as fearless as Julius Cæsar, and, as Mayor of Alexandria, was a terror to evil-doers." On one occasion a man was making a disturbance in Christ Church. The minister asked him to stop, and Mr. Lee approached him and told him he must leave the church. As he came near the man raised a loaded whip and struck at him. Mr. Lee quietly took him by the arm, led him out and put him in the town jail. When the surplice was first introduced in Christ Church—a startling innovation—he went out.

The right of the Episcopal Church to the glebes, which had been determined against the Church in the Virginia courts, was by Christ Church carried to the Supreme Court of the United States and the decision of the lower court was reversed and the glebe saved for that parish, Judge Story delivering the opinion. This was the only parish that saved its property. This glebe, situated in Fairfax county some eight miles from Alexandria, was about 1820 exchanged by General Walter Jones for a town house on Washington street, with nearly a square of land, which belonged to his wife, inherited from her father, Charles Lee, once the Attorney-General, and it has ever since been the rectory of Christ Church. I lived in this house some months during the Civil War while officiating in Alexandria, and here Robert E. Lee had spent his boyhood.

As to the glebes, Virginia from an independent colony became by the Revolution a sovereign State with an established Church untouched by the Federal Constitution. The Baptists and others jealous of the position of the Church raised such an outcry that politicians were affected against the Church. Thomas Jefferson, whose social relations were with the Church, yet acted against it in this matter, and the Virginia Legislature ordered the sale of the Church property; and in terms not even the graveyards, the communion plate or the church buildings were exempted. The Court of Appeals, however, revolted at that and decreed an exemption which did not exist in the Act of the Legislature. Certainly in many cases the communion silver was carried off and the beautiful fonts brought from England were taken and used as watering troughs by neighbors, who seemed to hate the Church.

The Church property rested on the same title, a grant from the Crown of England, under which every land owner held his property.

After a long struggle in the courts it is said a decree was prepared in favor of the Church, when Judge Pendleton, Chief Judge suddenly died. A new Judge was appointed and a new decision was made. The Church people seemed to lose heart and made no more fight. If they had, the decision might have been as in the case of Fairfax parish.

The loss of the glebes was not an unmixed evil, because the clergy sometimes neglected their parochial duties in their attention to their glebe farms.

I may here speak of the Fairfax family, so well known in Virginia's history, some of whom lived at Vaucluse. This was a beautiful place, a mile above the Seminary, with a rocky glen and a spring issuing from the rocks, named from Petrarch's celebrated fountain, and in the midst of a park of grand old oaks which was destroyed during the war. Here lived Thomas Fairfax, the eldest son of Rev. Bryan Fairfax, who was recognized in May, 1800, as eighth Lord Fairfax. His daughters were noted for their charm and beauty. The place has been lately bought and a fine house is being built on the old site by Professor and Mrs. Andrews, artists of note. Mrs. Andrews most kindly painted my portrait which hangs in the Seminary library.

Dr. Orlando Fairfax, the son of Thomas, was my family physician, and lived in Alexandria. He was a gentleman of the old school, extremely courteous in his manners and of sincere piety.

His son, Randolph Fairfax, was a noble youth who was killed during the war. General Lee, wrote a letter to his father, which would make any father proud, and the *Edinburgh Review* alluded to him as an illustration of hereditary genius, showing the traits of his famous ancestor.

The title descended to Dr. John Contee Fairfax, of Maryland, lately deceased, whom I knew as a boy, and then to his eldest son Albert, who has been recognized in England as the twelfth Lord Fairfax. Next to Vaucluse was Muckcross, where for many years has lived Colonel Arthur Herbert, Treasurer of the Seminary and of the Education Society, doing faithful service, and a devoted friend of mine from his youth. His sister, Miss Elizabeth Herbert, was a beautiful woman, even to the time of her death a year ago. Mr. and Mrs. Upton Herbert were kind friends in the war times specially. The Herberts belonged to an old Irish family

which, according to Stephens' National Biography, dates back to the earliest times of historical record.

Cassius F. Lee, whom I met very soon after coming, was a life-long friend to me, and to the Seminary, which was dear to him to the very last, and for which he worked with all his soul. He was eager and willing to do all that he could for it. I can never forget our friendship of more than fifty years, and his unvarying kindness and consideration for me.

From an early period he was actively engaged in raising funds for the Education Society, and for erecting the various buildings, acting as receiver and disburser of the same, making contracts and superintending the works. His services as treasurer and agent were long continued and faithful. Bishop Meade said of him: "Much trouble and care have devolved upon him in the performance of these duties, and to no individual in the diocese are we indebted for so large a share of labor and anxiety in our behalf as to himself."

His piety was deep and sincere and his devotion to his Church was great and untiring. His beautiful home, near the Seminary, Menokin, is well known to all old students.

I should not omit to mention, among the most remarkable men I have ever known, Dr. Isaac Winston, who was in Alexandria during the war, and whom I visited daily in his last illness. Dr. Winston was born in 1777, and graduated in the Philadelphia Medical School in 1798, when Philadelphia had a population of 60,000. His diploma was signed by Dr. Rush. There was no other medical school in the United States in 1798. There were ninety-six students in the school at that time, and twelve graduated with him. He was there September, 1798, during the yellow fever, when nearly four thousand died and there were not coffins enough, and he saw many buried in a trench, where now is a public square. When he was a boy, staying with his aunt, Mrs. Payne, in Philadelphia, he saw Benjamin Franklin shuffling along the street, supporting himself by a long staff held with both hands. He began to practise in his native county of Hanover and in Green Mountains, Albemarle county, afterwards moved to Culpeper, and in 1842 to Alexandria, where he died in 1865. One of his parents was first cousin to Patrick Henry, whom his grandfather educated. Dr. Winston had spent much time at Monticello, Jefferson's residence. He was a man of decided piety, and I had many conversations with him in his last illness. He said

to me once, "There were in my early days very few religious persons. My minister, Rev. Mr. Woodville, had very obscure views of religion. His preaching was, 'keep the Commandments and Christ will do the rest.'" When eighty-eight years old the Doctor told me he didn't feel any more like dying than when he was young. He, Daniel Minor, Mrs. Wilkinson and Miss Sallie Griffith were four of my communicants in 1864 who had seen General Washington.

Mr. Antoine C. Cazenove, father of William and Louis Cazenove, and of Mrs. William C. Gardner, was a gentleman of the old school who dressed in tights, and wore a queue; he was very polite and kind to me. His family was an old Huguenot one of Nismes, France, and at the Edict of Nantes was forced to take refuge at Geneva. In the French Revolution when Robespierre seized Geneva and imprisoned its best citizens, after sixteen had been shot, forty were brought out of prison, among them Paul Cazenove and his two sons, John A. and Antoine Charles. They passed through Germany to Hamburg and England and arrived in November, 1794, at Philadelphia, where Theophilus de Cazenove, a relative, lived. He was agent of the Holland Land Company, and Cazenovia, New York, was named in honor of him. Paul and John returned to France. I knew also Mr. Charles Taylor, father of Mrs. Fowle, and of Charles A. Taylor, who has been active and honored in State affairs and in the Church at Alexandria. He was full of energy and thought nothing of walking to Washington. Communication with Washington was very slow then. Even in 1852 there was an omnibus running between Alexandria and Washington, and my nephew who was staying with me had his ear frozen going up one winter's day. President Jackson wanted a bridge of iron and stone put across the Potomac about the time I came to Virginia.

In 1844 it took exactly twenty-five hours to travel from New York to Washington; the ticket cost about \$15. That very winter in February the ice was 14 inches on the North River, 10 inches on the Delaware, 8 inches on the Susquehanna, and 6 inches on the Potomac.

Alexandria was a place of social and commercial importance. The names of the families living then are in part forgotten by long removal and by death, but it was the centre of a cultivated and refined society. Turnpike roads connected it with the upper

part of Virginia, and the carriages for pleasure and the wagons for trade found ready access at all times along the hard roads. We have little idea now of how slow was the communication in Virginia a century ago. On one occasion Mr. Charles Lee, my wife's grandfather, left Alexandria on his circuit to the neighboring county courts. After an absence of nearly a month, as he was approaching Alexandria, on Shooter's Hill he met a burial procession near the family burial-ground there, and some one seeing him, came forward and told him that his wife had died during his absence and was now being carried to the grave. He had the body taken back to Alexandria and the burial later. This was in September, 1804. We can imagine the shock and the distress. Truly a journey then without letters or telegrams was as bad as a sea-voyage is now. I have seen the tombstone of this Anne Lee, my wife's grandmother and daughter of Richard Henry Lee; it was destroyed or carried off during the war. The epitaph was written by her brother Francis Lightfoot Lee.

"This stone is not erected in memory of her piety and virtue for they are registered in heaven; nor of the qualities by which she was adorned, distinguished or endeared, for of these, they who knew her have a more lasting memorial in their sorrow for her death. But it is to remind the reader that neither youth nor beauty nor any excellence of heart or mind can rescue from the grave, for the entombed possessed them all."

Before the era of railroads Alexandria was the shipping point for a large part of Virginia—fifty miles to the interior. Heavily loaded wagons with six and eight horses, often with bells, showing as the boys thought that the team had never been "stalled," like the prairie schooners of the West, brought farm products down, and carried back loads of manufactured goods and fish. There were large flouring mills, and King-street flour was known in Liverpool, England. Foreign goods were imported direct; General Washington getting his clothing from England.

The fishing industry of the Potomac—shad, rock, and herring—was very large and valuable and centred at Alexandria, and a part of the town on the river, called Fishtown, was a busy place for a large part of the year with the cleaning, salting and packing of the fish. Thousands of barrels of fish were sold, and shipped all over the State, this being the chief point of distribution, and wagons taking them back as return freight. I have known 20,000 shad to be sent to New York in one day.

Fishtown is now passing away, its area bare, its trade gone. It was once rented at \$5,000 for the three months of the season, but of late its rental for the whole year has not reached \$500. It was a colonial public landing and came into the hands of the corporate authorities of Alexandria, adding for many years much to the city revenue.

About the time I came some one has told me that there were three hundred wagons in town one day, bringing produce and taking away merchandise. Business was lively all along the way, and there were stopping-places of all sorts, wagon stands, wagon factories, and repair shops. After a time, however, there was a strange falling off in the catch of fish, which was a blow to their trade, and then, as misfortunes never come singly, Alexandria, in a corner of the District of Columbia, from no lack of enterprise on its part, suffered a disastrous change. Virginia ignored the place and Congress regarded it not.

The Legislature of Virginia allowed the Baltimore and Ohio railroad to enter the State, and it tapped the resources of Alexandria. If you draw a line from Alexandria to Winchester, and then to Staunton, and another to Alexandria, you can see the area that was affected by the change of market from Alexandria to Baltimore. If Alexandria had been ceded back to Virginia, in time to attract the railroads there at first, we might now see a city like Baltimore, extending even out to this Seminary. The river a mile wide, and deep enough off the wharves for any vessels, might have been a large port. Two "might-have-beens"—first as capital of the United States, and second as a large commercial city—have left Alexandria an ancient city, with its deserted warehouses, decayed and broken wharves, and quiet, sometimes grass-grown streets, on the side, apart from business and politics, "far from the madding crowd." Travellers pass through its poorest streets and say with compassion, "The town is asleep, finished long years ago, and resting in peace." Some one passing up the Potomac had a strong whiff of the guano wafted out and said, "Not only dead, but unburied." I recall a newspaper advertisement of that time to the effect that a certain vessel would "sail all next week" between Alexandria and Philadelphia.

A few years before I came to Virginia the Chesapeake and Ohio canal was extended to Alexandria, which it was hoped would bring it much business. At the inauguration of the scheme on the "Common" near town the mayor of Alexandria with many

citizens were present, and a pickaxe with elaborately carved handle was given him with which to break the ground. In the attempt the handle broke, which an ancient augur would have deemed an inauspicious omen.

Alexandria reminds me of Salem, Mass., and both were at one time scenes of great activity. One had the West Indian trade, the other the East Indian. Fires have done great damage, the last great fire in 1871 destroying the market house and the town hall with its precious relics of Washington, who was one of the first Master Masons. It is at present growing in population, has 20,000 inhabitants and a number of factories.

The monument to the Confederate soldiers who fell in battle is simple, but excellent, and the inscription tells the story: "They died in the consciousness of duty faithfully performed."

The inscription is equally good on the tablet at the Episcopal High School to the old pupils who died in the service of the Confederate States: "*Qui bene pro patria cum patriaque jacent.*"

CHAPTER XVII.
DOCTORS SPARROW AND MAY.

" They are all gone into the world of light ;
And I alone sit lingering here ;
Their very memory is fair and bright,
And my sad thoughts doth clear."

THESE beautiful lines of the poet Henry Vaughan, who died just two centuries ago, come often into my mind as I recall the olden days and my association with the honored and now sainted dead of whom I have been writing in these pages. They specially remind me of the two whose names stand at the head of this article, Dr. Sparrow, my colleague for thirty-three years, and Dr. May, my intimate friend for nearly twenty years.

Two other verses of the same poem are appropriate :

" It glows and glitters in my cloudy breast,
Like stars upon some gloomy grove,
Or those faint beams in which this hill is drest,
After the sun's remove.

" I see them walking in an air of glory,
Whose light doth trample on my days ;
My days which are at best but dull and hoary,
Mere glimmering and decays."

Dr. William Sparrow, the Seminary's greatest professor, came to us when forty years old from Kenyon College with a high reputation for scholarship, ability and administrative powers. He had been for some years connected with Kenyon College, first with Bishop Chase, his brother-in-law, and then with Bishop McIlvaine. There had been some conflict and friction in both cases, which was afterwards entirely settled. Dr. Sparrow was a born ruler, was well fitted to have authority, and exercised it with discretion. Bishops Chase and McIlvaine were lordly men, and in the College their authority clashed with that of Dr. Sparrow, who was Vice-President and Acting President. We should never have secured him for this place but for this circumstance. They tried to get him back afterwards, but he remained here. Dr. May wrote, in 1851, " We feared lest Dr. Sparrow might be taken from us. He was importuned to return to Kenyon. He ought

never to think of leaving us." I shall not attempt to give any memoir of him, but will give some personal recollections. His life was written shortly after his death by Dr. Walker, his pupil and colleague, and doubtless has been read by his old students. In it are many interesting facts and many of his letters. A volume of his sermons also was published, selected by Dr. Dalrymple. He impressed the students powerfully at College. Edwin M. Stanton was about to be expelled from Kenyon College when Dr. Sparrow defended him, and he was kept. In his last days Stanton sent for the Doctor to baptize him, and said, "You saved me from going to the dogs."

Dr. Sparrow was nearly eleven years my senior, and I never knew him so intimately as I did Dr. May, who came shortly after him. At first Dr. Sparrow and his family had to live in Alexandria, as there was no house for him on The Hill. He himself selected the site of his house, St. John's in the Wilderness, and the house was built according to his plan, suggested by Dr. Wing. Of it he says in a letter, "I have but one regret—that I was so modest in my demands." A few months after its completion Dr. Keith died, and, his house being vacant and nearer the Seminary, Dr. Sparrow removed to that and lived there more than thirty years.

He was elected in 1840 and came on that year to visit the Seminary. He was asked to preach in Christ Church, Alexandria, and his text was "The wrath of man shall praise Him." I read service for him. Just as we were leaving the vestry-room he said to me, "I hope there is nothing in the Psalter to-day about a sparrow." I said, "I think not." However, it was the twentieth day, and when we came to it, there was the verse, "I am even as it were a sparrow, that sitteth alone upon the housetop." These coincidences remain long in our memories when more valuable matters have vanished. It was noticed several times that shortly before his daughters were married the Psalter contained the verse, "Yea the sparrow hath found her an house." With the coming of Drs. Sparrow and May the Seminary entered upon its second score of years with renewed strength.

Drs. Sparrow was a teacher by nature, and education and experience had done much for him. His teacher's chair was to him a very throne from which he ruled the hearts and minds of men. So absorbed would he become in his subject that rarely the bell that rang at the close of the hour was heard by him, and I

had to go in and tell him that it had rung, in order to get my class, even fifteen minutes late. In appearance he was the picture of a teacher and scholar. Tall, erect and spare, with a lofty brow and piercing eye, one could see that he was a man of intellectual force. When you met him, the charm of his conversation, his ripe scholarship, his wide and varied learning, rich with the spoils of ancient and modern times, his sympathetic and loving heart, his countenance lighting up with a beautiful smile, all combined to make a deep impression. At the table he was genial and bright and made the time pass pleasantly.

The students who sought his advice or help in his study found him ready to aid them in any way. He exercised a strong authority over them in matters of discipline, which was felt and acknowledged as wise, and his nickname among the students, only discovered by him very late, was "The Captain." His love of the truth, "come whence it may, lead where it will, cost what it may," his sturdy independence of all authority save that of the Word of God, his intolerance of error, his clearness of thought and felicity of expression, are characteristics well known to all his pupils. Sometimes in the class-room he was kindled by his subject, his eye flashed, his face became radiant, his utterance strong, and there would be a burst of eloquence.

His old students have often spoken of the variety and beauty of Dr. Sparrow's prayers in the class-room, of which, of course, I knew nothing. But his prayers at Faculty meeting were very impressive and uplifting, and seemed to be the very language of his heart. He seemed at once in close, child-like and loving communion with God, and lost to all around. I remember that he quoted two lines from Cowper's Task in a prayer,

"Give what Thou canst, without Thee we are poor;
And with Thee rich, take what Thou wilt away."

In the Faculty meetings he would prefer some one else should begin, and would often ask me to begin, telling me that it would suggest thoughts to him, and then he would speak, sometimes for nearly an hour, in the most striking way, and these extemporaneous efforts would surpass his written sermons. I once said to him that, like Falstaff, I was a cause of wit and wisdom in others, when he told me I was suggestive.

His clear and resonant voice was heard in the old chapel for more than thirty years, reasoning upon the deep things of God.

Not a popular preacher in the usual sense, he was thought by the boys and some neighbors as too long and too deep. One of the neighbor's sons surprised his mother by saying he was going to be a preacher when he grew up and make Dr. Sparrow tired by preaching long sermons to him. Miss Harriet Allen, an uneducated woman, said that he "put the fodder too high in the rack" for her.

He was often invited off to preach, and he could not be heard without admiration by any one prepared to follow him in his clear and logical analysis of his theme. While he was deep in thought he was clear in language, and he so presented the truth that it appeared to an attentive hearer as though it needed no explanation. Muddy waters may appear deep, because we cannot see the bottom; clear waters will always seem less deep than they are, because we can do so. He was called to St. Paul's, Richmond, Emmanuel, Baltimore, to Boston and other places. He never wrote a book, but some of his occasional discourses were published, and are all valuable. His address on "The Right Conduct of Theological Seminaries" is most valuable. I think his best sermon, which I heard three different times, was on the text, "Ye are dead and your life is hid with Christ in God." He was remarkably diffident and never spoke in Diocesan or General Conventions. Writing to Dr. Wing, he says: "I have always regretted that there was not more brass in my constitution. No bell ever sounded well, and afar off, without it."

The Rev. A. M. Wylie states that Daniel Webster pronounced Dr. Sparrow one of the foremost thinkers of the American pulpit.

Mrs. Sparrow was a woman of intellectual power and cultivation, and she took all domestic cares from the Doctor, so that he could give himself entirely to his own work.

At the breaking out of the war Dr. Sparrow and myself went South, and the Seminary was continued first at Staunton, then in Halifax county, at Rev. John T. Clark's. Dr. Sparrow's sons were in the Confederate army, but his real sympathies, I think, apart from them, were with the Northern cause, though tenderly sympathetic with Southern distresses. In Staunton every week a prayer-meeting was held for the success of the Southern cause. I noticed that Dr. Sparrow did not attend, and in a letter he says that he never read a secular paper during the war. A friend of mine was staying with a friend who read her a letter from a devoted admirer and old pupil of Dr. Sparrow, but he wrote that

"with a heart full of love he would, if he had the chance, shoot down Dr. Sparrow for his allegiance to the South." How he misunderstood him !

Dr. Sparrow, though born in Massachusetts, was carried back to Ireland when four years old and educated there until sixteen. He loved to speak of the Vale of Avoca, immortalized by the poet Moore, where he had spent such happy years, and he revisited Europe three times. He was sent to General Convention from 1841 till 1871, when he was absent in Europe. He was in Europe when the session of 1871 opened, and he wrote to Dr. Walker and myself, expressing his "regret that I could not be with you at the beginning of the term, and also my hope that you will be strict at the examinations. Few things, in my humble judgment, tend more to sustain the reputation of the Seminary, and to make the students patient for a long term of study and submission to rules of all kinds, than to show them their ignorance and make them feel it."

His death was a beautiful one, a translation sudden and peaceful, taking place in Alexandria, whither he had gone, January 17, 1874, shortly after his return from a trip North to raise money for the Seminary. Being in town that morning, I was about the first to reach him, and I saw him lying as if asleep, calm and peaceful. The feeling to his friends, as in the case of Robert Hall, was of a loss altogether irreparable. An animating influence that pervaded and enlarged our minds was extinct. While ready to give due honor to other able teachers and preachers, and "knowing that the lights of religious instruction will still shine with useful lustre, and new ones continually rise," we thoughtfully and sadly turned to look at the last fading colors in the distance where the greater luminary had set.

I shall close with quoting again Phillips Brooks' letter, written to me after his death, at my request. It is, I think, the best estimate given of him—the words of a great man about a great man :

"It is easy to say of men who have not much accurate knowledge to impart, that they are men of suggestion and inspiration. But with the Doctor clear thought and real learning only made the suggestion and inspiration of his teaching more vivid. I have never looked at Knapp since he taught us out of it ; my impression of it is that it is a very dull and dreary book, but it served as a glass for Dr. Sparrow's spirit to shine through, and perhaps from its own insignificance I remember him in connection with it more

than in connection with Butler. His simplicity and ignorance of the world seemed always to let me get directly at the clearness of his abstract thought, and while I have always felt that he had not comprehended the importance of the speculative questions which were just rising in those days, and which have since then occupied men's minds, he unconsciously did much to prepare his students' minds to meet them. His intellectual and spiritual life seem to me, as I look back upon him, to have been mingled in singular harmony and to have made but one nature as they do in few men. The best result of his work in influence on any student's life and ministry must have been to save him from the hardness on the one hand, or the weakness on the other, which purely intellectual or purely spiritual training would have produced. His very presence on The Hill was rich and salutary. He held his opinions and was not held by them. His personality impressed young men who were just at that point of life when a thinker is more to them than the results of thought, because it is of most importance that they should learn to think, and not that they should merely fortify their adherence to their inherited creed.

"With all his great influence I fancy that he did not make young men his imitators. There has been no crop of little Dr. Sparrows. That shows, I think, the reality and healthiness of his power. The Church since his day has had its host of little dogmatists, who thought that God had given His truth to them to keep, and of little Ritualists, who thought that God had bidden them save the world by drill. Certainly Dr. Sparrow is not responsible for any of them. He did all he could to enlarge and enlighten both. He loved ideas and he did all he could to make his students love them. As to his preaching, I have not very clear impressions. I remember that his sermons sometimes seemed to us remarkable, but I imagine that a theological student is one of the poorest judges of sermons, and that the Doctor had preached too much to students to allow him to be the most successful preacher to men. On the whole, he is one of the three or four men whom I have known whom I look upon with perpetual gratitude for the help and direction which they have given to my life, and whose power I feel in forms of action and kinds of thought very different from those in which I had specifically to do with them. I am sure that very many students would say the same of Dr. Sparrow."

I come now to speak of Rev. James May, D. D., who came to the Seminary in 1842. He was thirty-seven years old when he came here as professor, and from that day till our separation, in 1861, we were as intimate as brothers. Born and educated in Pennsylvania, his first religious impressions were received at the age of seventeen at Jefferson College, where Governor Henry A. Wise graduated, and a year later Christ became to him "the Rock of Ages," "my all in all." Having Episcopal training, though educated among Presbyterians, he saw that his awakening in the Presbyterian Church did not bind him to join that, so he joined the Episcopal Church, which he loved devotedly.

He studied law for some months with his uncle, ex-Governor Stevens, of Maryland, in 1823. His religious feelings deepened, and he decided to become a minister, and entered the middle class of this Seminary in October, 1825. While a student here he taught a Sunday-school class in Christ Church, Alexandria. He returned to Philadelphia and was ordained by Bishop White, December 24, 1826, ten years before me. In his journal he thus speaks of it: "I desire to make the grand subject of my preaching, salvation by grace through faith in Christ Jesus." Bishop White recommended him to Wilkesbarre, in the lovely Valley of Wyoming, commemorated by the poet Campbell, his first parish, and said of May that in the opinion of himself and other examiners they "had seldom found equal sufficiency in the necessary studies for the ministry."

Only twenty-one, with fresh complexion and dark glossy hair, says Dr. Stone, he speedily won and never lost the love and confidence of his people. A divided parish became united and devoted by his deep piety and quiet prudence. His work in Wilkesbarre was arduous enough, with Sunday services and four week-night services, but he did not confine himself to his own parish, where he was instant in season and out of season. He established churches at four points, at each of which he officiated twice a fortnight—once on Sunday and once in the week, making four services on Sunday and one every week-day. All this was too much for his strength, and his health was injured by it. By means of his ministry St. Stephen's, Wilkesbarre, from one of the weak mission stations, became one of the strongest churches in the diocese.

In October, 1836, he was called to St. Paul's, Philadelphia, Dr. Tyng's old church, then vacant by the election of Rev. Samuel

McCoskry to the Bishopric of Michigan. He accepted this parish, but his labors were too great and his health had been enfeebled at Wilkesbarre. A voyage to Europe was ordered, and in 1838 Mrs. May and he set off in a sailing vessel for France, as steam vessels were then just beginning to cross. They arrived at Havre after five weeks on the ocean, spent some weeks in Paris, and the winter in Italy, returning to England the next summer. In England he became acquainted with distinguished ministers of the Church of England. His English physicians advised another year in South Italy, where he went again. In a letter, January 1, 1840, he describes their life in Rome: "We hire furnished lodgings, and then we buy our groceries and have our bread, butter and milk sent in. Our dinners are sent ready cooked or we go out and get them, as we please. We make a selection from a card with names of several hundred dishes, and the price, according to our taste, &c. Our dinners cost from twenty to twenty-five cents each. To-day being New Year's Day, we ordered one of the most extravagant dinners we have had in Rome—roast turkey, lamb cotelettes, vegetables, cauliflower, custard, and the bill was sixty-five cents for both, and we were quite filled with our feast."

Mr. May studied while abroad, and became proficient in Italian and French and general historical study. He could find at that time in all the bookstores of Rome but one copy of the Bible for sale, and that so crowded with comments that the text could hardly be seen. He went to Athens, where he visited our missionary, Rev. Mr. Hill, then to Alexandria and up the Nile. He had intended going into Palestine, but the plague in Syria drove them back to Greece. He visited Austria, Prussia and the Continent generally, and reached home in November, 1840, with his mind stored with interesting memories, but with his health only partly restored. The scenes which had most attraction for him were not only in Greece, the Acropolis, but Mr. Hill's school; in Germany the Memorials of Huss, Melancthon and Luther; in Rome not the Palace of the Vatican, but the Mamertine prison and the Catacombs. He showed me an Indulgence from the Pope, which he procured in Rome, allowing the purchaser to do what he wished, even to commit sins.

In July, 1842, he accepted the chair of Church History in this Seminary. It was the very place for him and he was the very man for the place. His sound scholarship and clear views of the

gospel fitted him peculiarly for instruction, and his earnest piety for Christian influence on the students. His good judgment made him a wise counsellor in matters of discipline, and his foreign travel and study had enriched his mind and fitted him for the social intercourse of his life and the illustration of his subject, Church History.

In December, 1842, Dr. Sparrow writes about him: "Dr. May is exceedingly acceptable. He is very successful on Thursday nights, and is much liked as a preacher." Again, when the Seminary was reorganized, he writes, October 25, 1865: "As long as I am connected with it, the Seminary shall always be what it was when dear Dr. May was of our number. Between him and me, and so far as I know, between him and others who controlled the Seminary and determined its character, there never was the slightest difference of opinion."

Mrs. May did not come with him until 1843, so he boarded with me the first year, as did also my brother, Dr. George Packard, who had given up the practice of medicine for the ministry. Those two were most congenial, and I look back on my association with them as one of the happiest years of my life. In the intimacy of daily life together I learned to know May so well, and to appreciate the humility, beauty and symmetry of his character. I remember his praying once that the students might not be "dumb dogs," a striking allusion to Isaiah lvi. 10.

Dr. and Mrs. May added much to the social and spiritual influences of this neighborhood, and it reached to all classes and to the young as well as the old. In the fall of the year he would have chestnuts from his tree to hand to the children who came by, and a pleasant word with them.

As a preacher Dr. May was not sensational, but always edifying and interesting. He lacked animation of manner, but this was in part atoned for by his sincerity and earnestness, which could be felt.

God gave him an outward form and expression of countenance which won the favor and confidence of all who knew him. His voice was clear and ringing—an excellent voice, as Dr. Tyng said, and he had fluency of speech. As Professor of Pastoral Theology he was a model to his class in the subject-matter of his preaching, which was Christ and His cross. He did not turn aside to the philosophy of religion or to any subjects merely speculative or ethical. There is a tendency of late, I think, to preach moral

sermons, as the best way to root out dishonest, immoral living. Dr. May did not think so. Doubtless, he would say, with the poet Young, Bishop Meade's favorite quotation :

" Talk they of morals ? O Thou bleeding Lamb,
The grand morality is love of Thee."

Dr. Chalmers' experience of twelve years in the parish of Kilmany is very striking and suggestive, and may be given in substance : " For the greater part of the time," he says, " he expatiated on the meanness of dishonesty, the villainy of falsehoods, and all the deformities of character. If I could have gotten the thief to give up his stealing and the liar his falsehoods, I should have felt that I had gained my ultimate object. But all this might have been done, and yet every soul have remained in full alienation from God ; and even if, in the bosom of him who stole I could have established such an abhorrence of dishonesty that he would steal no more, he might still have a heart as completely unturned to God and as lacking in love to Him as before. I might have made him an upright and honorable man, but still a sinner.

" But the interesting fact is that the whole period when I made no attempt against the natural enmity of the heart to God, and the way in which this enmity is dissolved, even by the free offer on the one hand and the believing acceptance on the other, of the gospel salvation ; while Christ was not pressed on them as their only hope, I never once heard of any reformatations having been effected among them. It was not till I got impressed by the utter alienation of the heart in all its desires and affections from God ; it was not till reconciliation to Him became the distinct and prominent object of my ministry ; not till the free offer of forgiveness through the blood of Christ and the Holy Spirit given through Christ's mediatorship to all who ask was set before them as the unceasing object of their dependence and their prayers ; it was not till then that I ever heard of any of those subordinate reformatations which I had before made the earnest and chief object of my ministrations.

" *You have taught me,*" he says to his people, "*that to preach Christ is the only effective way of preaching morality in all its branches.*"

Dr. May was at his best at Faculty meetings. There his "tongue dropped manna." He drew largely from his own experiences as a pastor, which were very varied and fruitful. Many of the old students look back to these meetings as one of the greatest privileges of their lives, and in the doctrinal, experimental, spiritual addresses there delivered found the most useful preparation for their ministry. Dr. Walker said: "With Dr. May it seemed to involve as little of effort to extemporize as it did to converse; and he could upon very brief notice, and without appearance of anxiety, be exceedingly profitable. It had indeed been with great effort, as his pupils afterwards ascertained from him, that he had attained this freedom."

As a teacher he was very successful. He was a careful and faithful student and most conscientious in preparing himself for his classes by the study of the best books. He would have preferred the chair of Systematic Divinity, which was, however, Dr. Sparrow's. Dr. Tyng, who knew of his untiring ministry in Wilkesbarre and Philadelphia, expressed surprise at the idea of his being a professor or a deep theologian, but the same diligence that made him the faithful pastor enabled him to be ready for his work of instruction.

As a Churchman he was decidedly Protestant Episcopal and Evangelical. When he became editor, in 1856, of the "Protestant Episcopal Quarterly," in his introduction he says: "As to Episcopacy or the constitution of the Christian ministry in the three orders of Bishops, Priests and Deacons, as set forth in our standards, we are all of one mind. The Ordinal contains the formal language of the Church as to this matter: 'From the Apostles' time there have been these orders in Christ's Church—Bishops, Priests and Deacons.'"

His Christian character was the most perfect one I have ever known. He was a living example of all that a minister of Christ ought to be. When we enter a Roman Catholic Church we see a picture or statue of some saint with a halo around his head; when a student entered this Seminary he saw before him in Dr. May not a dead but a living saint who needed no halo. He showed how much good can be done by being good. He was free from any of those little follies which detract from the usefulness of some of those had in reputation in the Church. Baxter, in his old age, said that he found, as the result of his lifelong experience, that good men were not as good as their admirers thought them. But

it was not so with Dr. May ; his character would bear the closest examination. What Bishop Burnet said of Archbishop Leighton might well be applied to him : " I never knew him to say an idle word that had not a direct tendency to edification ; and I never once saw him in any other temper but that I wish to be in at the hour of death." I can add for myself his further remark : " That, after long and intimate intercourse with him, I count my knowledge of him among the greatest blessings of my life, and of which I must give account to God." I never saw him say or do a foolish thing, nor ever ruffled with passion. Dr. May, when weary or troubled at any time, would take up his Bible for refreshment, as most men take up the newspaper or novel. This showed his character. He was like Dr. Keith in his lovely humility. He was, as St. Peter says, " clothed with humility." Like Archbishop Leighton, " he looked upon himself as so ordinary a preacher and so unlikely to do good, that he was always for giving up his place to other ministers."

There was an atmosphere of holiness about him, so that no one could be long in his company without seeing his calm and heavenly spirit. Rev. Dr. Philip Slaughter has spoken of him in his usual happy style, which I quote :

" He was an example of the believer in word, in conversation, in charity, in spirit, in faith, in purity. Dr. May's intellectual and moral constitution was so symmetrical that there were but few salient points for criticism to seize upon and emphasize. It was not so much his power in the pulpit and the lecture room as the constant shining of the light and the savor of the salt that was in him. His heart was in sympathy with every form of human suffering, his hand open, his feet swift to their relief. He was indeed a Barnabas, a ' son of consolation.' The brotherly kindness which beamed from his eye, flowed from his lips and emanated from his whole demeanor, invited confidence, attracted to him all those who were weary and heavy laden and needed some upholding hand beneath their sinking hearts ; while his even temper and sound judgment made him the trusted counsellor of the student, and indeed of all who were racked with doubt or troubled with care. The child-like simplicity of his correspondence with our foreign missionaries, weeping with those who wept and rejoicing with those who rejoice, is perfectly beautiful."

He had been from his youth a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief. In his eighth year his father was suddenly killed by

an unbroken horse. When fourteen his brother, Rev. T. P. May, the pillar on which he leaned, was taken in the morn of a promising ministry. The next year his mother died, after a protracted and torturing illness. All his affections then centered on a beloved sister who died in his seventeenth year. His own health began early to fail, and then his lovely wife began to fade before his eyes, and she died in 1861. "Oh, what a storm of suffering passed over me in her last days! I was carried away in a sort of delirium," he says. In a letter to me he says: "I am lonely and have many tears. Is there not a happy land, far, far away?"

His letters of sympathy to me were very touching. He wrote, November 14, 1863, after the death of my son William: "I do remember him as he was, when, with his smiling face he passed me on his way to or from school at Howard, or when he came to my door on an errand. I do tenderly feel for you and his mother. I read your letter with tears. * * * I have shed more tears within the last three years than ever before. Now they seem to be natural and flow unbidden. * * * But there is power in faith. There are in Christ exceeding riches of grace. * * * Your son seems to have found a present help in his need. This should be a balm to your wounded heart. You may say, it is well with the child."

It was a terrible trial to him in May, 1861, to leave the Seminary, in the midst of war's alarms. He writes: "Shall we ever reassemble? You can imagine nothing so sweet and lovely as everything looks. The new buildings are all just completed, the yard all beautifully green, trees in young leaf, with numberless flowers and blossoms. The woods have been raked over and trimmed; the birds seem wild with delight and fill the air with song. Who knows how soon everything may be destroyed? If the tears shed on this hill this week were gathered, what an amount would appear! And yet is not this but the *beginning* of sorrows?" He bore a heavy heart away with him, leaving a home beautiful without and within, and hallowed by many sacred memories, of students, missionaries and friends.

Thus he labored on, working and praying until he was taken sick in December, 1863, and after seven days' illness God took him. He was hardly conscious during his severe illness; fragments of prayers, portions of Scripture, directions as to duty, formed the staple of his broken thoughts. His sick-bed gave

forth no sign, either of loving farewell, as he took his last look of earth, or of joyful assurance as he gazed up into heaven.

John Newton used to say, "Tell me not how one died, but how he lived." Dr. May had set his mind on the things that are above, he had died to the world and his life was hid with Christ in God, and his friends well knew that he was "forever with the Lord."

Dr. Sparrow wrote me on hearing of Dr. May's death : "Few such Christians have gone to heaven of late years." Keith, Sparrow, May ; I knew and loved them all. There are three stars in the belt of Orion which shine side by side with equal lustre ; so these three men, that have gone into that world of light, shine down upon us in their bright example and sweet influences as the brightness of the firmament and as the stars, for ever and ever. Much of the tender love which the older Alumni cherish for this Seminary, as for a place in which they spent the happiest and most profitable hours of life, is owing to these men.

It has been my sad privilege last of all, though here six years before Drs. Sparrow and May, to recall their blessed memories and holy examples. It is a blessing thus to associate with them again, and it is thus, as Robert Hall says, that the friendship of high and sanctified spirits loses nothing by death but its alloy ; failings disappear and the virtues of those whose " faces we shall behold no more " appear greater and more sacred when beheld through the shades of the sepulchre. Their spirits are now united before the throne, and if any event in this sublunary sphere may be supposed to engage their attention in their present mysterious elevation, it is doubtless the desire that this Seminary, the child of their prayers and the object of their love, may go on in greater usefulness and in closer communion with Christ than when they were its Professors, and that it may be the honored instrument of ever sending forth ministers of the New Testament, spiritually minded, Christ-like men, to turn sinners to righteousness and to conduct sons to glory until Christ come.

CHAPTER XVIII.

EPISCOPAL HIGH SCHOOL AND ALUMNI.

THE Episcopal High School was started long after the Seminary, and though so nearly connected, it has always been separate from our institution. Still, as it began three years after my coming here, and has had so many of our Alumni as its teachers and scholars, I will tell what I know of its origin and course.

I cannot say exactly when Howard was built, nor by whom, but about 1800, I think. It was surrounded by trees, and a Mr. William Robertson lived there many years. He married a daughter of Dr. David Stuart, father of C. Calvert Stuart, who married Miss Cornelia Turberville. After he left, Mrs. Wilmer, the third wife of Rev. Dr. William H. Wilmer, so prominent in founding our Seminary, and step-mother of Bishop Richard H. Wilmer and Rev. Dr. George T. Wilmer, came to live there and opened the Howard School in 1831, on the site of the present Episcopal High School. The teachers were Rev. Jonathan Loring Woart (pronounced Wirt) and the Rev. John Woart, once chaplain in U. S. Army, lately deceased, both Alumni of our Seminary in the classes of 1831 and 1834.

While Rev. J. L. Woart was at Howard, Miss Elizabeth West, daughter of Richard West, of the "Woodyard," Prince George's county, Maryland, a famous and beautiful residence, visited Mrs. Wilmer (*née* Ann Brice Fitzhugh, of the Marmion Fitzhughs of Virginia), her intimate friend. Thus becoming acquainted, Mr. Woart and she were married at the "Woodyard" a year or two before the school closed. In 1834 Mr. Woart had charge of a parish at Tallahassee, Florida, where he served with great acceptance, and the people became warmly attached to him and his wife. She was an elegant specimen of that refined class to which her relatives of the Key, Taney, West and Lloyd families belonged.

In the summer of 1838, Mr. and Mrs. Woart went northward from Savannah to New York, on the Steamer *Pulaski*. The vessel foundered off the coast of North Carolina; they with the

other passengers were put on a raft, but were all drowned. Mrs. Rebecca J. McLeod and her brother Mr. Gazaway B. Lamar, of Georgia, were on board and when the ship went to pieces he swam to her to a piece of wreck on which she also floated, and later on they took a small boat which came within their reach and landed near Wilmington, North Carolina. She and her nephew, Charles Lamar, who was the only child saved from that wreck and who showed great nobility, fortitude and unselfishness, were picked up by a sailing vessel. Mr. Woart showed great consideration and courage, and his piety and prayers cheered his lovely wife and others in their sufferings and death on the raft. When she died he sunk down in grief and weakness and their bodies were swept off together by a heavy sea. Mr. Lamar afterwards married Miss Harriet Cazenove, of Alexandria. He gave Doctor Sparrow a trip to Europe on his sailing-vessel, and the Doctor went to Savannah to take the vessel.

The school continued three years. It was limited in number to eighteen pupils, and the prices were such as to insure the most valuable patronage. The boys were devoted to Mr. Woart, a successful teacher. It may be of interest to record the names of some who were members of Howard School. Richard H. Wilmer was there for one year, going in 1832 to Yale College, where he graduated in 1836. Charles Lee Jones, my brother-in-law, son of General Walter Jones; John, Littleton and Williams Carter Wickham, of Hanover county, were here at that time; the last named was a general in the Confederate army, and Vice-President of the C. & O. R. R. Other boys were Mansfield (afterwards General C. S. A.) and his brother Joseph Lovell, sons of Surgeon-General Lovell, U. S. A.; William Jones, son of Adjutant-General Roger Jones, who was with me at Bristol College, but was killed near Fort McHenry, shortly after graduating at West Point, by a fall from his horse caused by jumping him over a cow that was lying down. Charles and Turberville Stuart, brothers of Mrs. Harriet E. Cazenove; S. Wilmer Cannell, Philip Barton Key, son of Francis S. Key; J. Augustine Washington, and Henry Winter Davis of national reputation, and others attended one or more sessions. Henry Davis Dr. Wilmer remembers well during his school-days, before I knew him. His aunt, Miss Winter, lived in Alexandria and was pinching herself to educate him. He walked out to school, and some can now remember him, with elastic step striding along, a tin bucket on his arm, wearing a green baize jacket, his

clear-cut features, his auburn hair and bright expression making a favorable impression on all. He went to Kenyon College and there led a self-denying, humble life, refraining from all but the most necessary expenses. None knew of his aunt's self-sacrifice in sending him, and there was no explanation to any one, and Davis left all to draw their own conclusions as to why an elegant looking young man would neither give nor receive any social favor. He got into politics, and I saw him later at the marriage of C. L. C. Minor, M. A., in Alexandria. His father was Rev. Henry L. Davis, rector of St. Anne's, Annapolis.

At this time there used to be some friction between the boys of Howard School and the Seminary students, and the boys used to invent ways of teasing them. They would put ropes on the stile to trip them up on their way to see the Misses Fairfax, and played many other tricks.

After the Howard School closed, Dr. William Alexander owned what is now the Episcopal High School tract.

When Bishop Meade wished to establish a Church school the Howard tract was bought in 1838, and five thousand dollars was paid for the sixty acres and the buildings. I walked over with Bishop Meade to look at the place and to choose a site for the school. I remember we stopped at a tree with four trunks issuing from a single root. The idea in establishing the school was to give a more religious training than was possible in an ordinary college. Bishop Meade's own experience at Princeton, where there was disorder among the students, influenced him. He thought, too, that it would be a feeder to the Seminary, and that the religious training of a Church school would be beneficial. The teaching was advanced enough to fit immediately for professional study, with very close discipline. The prejudice against colleges and the University specially was increased by the killing, in some disturbance of the students, in 1840, of Prof. J. A. G. Davis, father of one of our Alumni. The student was bailed, but forfeited it and escaped. The first thought of this High School was embodied in the resolution proposed at the Virginia Convention of 1837, by Rev. J. P. B. Wilmer, afterwards Bishop of Louisiana, the father of Skipwith Wilmer and Joseph Wilmer. His father, Rev. Simon Wilmer, I saw at our commencements, and I thought him a very earnest, brave man, and his ministry was a long and useful one. He found once that the men did not come in until after the service, in time for the sermon, so he changed his order and had the

sermon first, and when they came he told them he had kept the best for the last, and thus he broke up the custom. Bishop Joseph was a man of strong and noble character, and one of the kindest, truest-hearted gentlemen I have ever known, and his wife was one of the loveliest of women, a most devoted Christian, whose memory is precious. She was a Miss Helen Skipwith, daughter of Humberstone Skipwith, of Mecklenburg county.

The trustees in 1839 appointed a committee, consisting of Bishop Meade, Revs. E. C. McGuire, George Adie and C. B. Dana, with Cassius F. Lee, Esq. They secured the services as rector of Rev. Wm. N. Pendleton, my colleague at Bristol College, then a professor in Newark College, Delaware.

On Tuesday, October 15, 1839, the Episcopal High School opened, with four teachers and thirty-five boys in attendance during the session. The charge was \$200 for ten months' session, bedding and towels extra, and sons of clergymen were received at half price. Bishop Meade in August, 1839, speaks with satisfaction of having engaged as an assistant for the rector, "Mr. Milo Mahan, from near Suffolk, Virginia," for three years a pupil, and later three years a teacher, under Dr. Muhlenberg. He was afterwards well known to the Church as preacher, professor and author, and was at one time rector of St. Paul's, Baltimore. He was considered a very High-Churchman in those days, lent the students John Henry Newman's books, and when a revival began at the school discouraged it. They tried him in a quiet way for Puseyism. He was one of the cleverest men I have known, a devoted Greek scholar and a successful teacher.

Twenty out of thirty-five boys were confirmed the first session, showing the strong religious influence. The number was limited to thirty-five only for lack of room, which was remedied the second session, when the present main building was completed and the number rose to 101 pupils, and the next year to 110. Francis M. Whittle was at the school its first session. Dr. Pendleton, who had been my friend at Bristol, and was, I believe, instrumental in getting me called to the Seminary, wished me to teach at the school, but my duties were too engrossing at the Seminary. Dr. Sparrow, and later Dr. May, taught Mental and Moral Philosophy. The teachers at this time were my old friend of Bristol days, John Page, of Hanover county, and Robert Nelson, afterwards missionary to China. Rev. Dr. C. Walker was at the school in 1840, and has known it from its beginning. Other

teachers who were alumni of our Seminary were Revs. Charles Gillette, D. D., Henry B. Bartow and William Passmore, and Myron Galusha.

Major Page recalled a boyish altercation between Frank Whittle and Bob Burwell Nelson, afterwards a distinguished physician in Charlottesville. Nelson seeing Whittle standing on the steps of the playhouse called out, "there stands Frank Whittle as firm as a mule," and Page said (in his address at the E. H. S. some years ago) "he has stood so ever since when protecting the Church from false doctrine and heresy and long may he continue to stand as one of the main bulwarks of Episcopacy in the United States."

In the fourth session the school declined in numbers, only sixty being recorded. Mr. E. T. Perkins, late rector *emeritus* of St. Paul's, Louisville, Ky., was a teacher, and nine students, preparing for the Seminary, were there, sleeping in the dormitory, but having separate rooms for study. There is in the report of this year a long defence of the dormitory system, now happily replaced by separate rooms for each boy. In 1844 the numbers fell to 47, and in July the school was suspended, owing to a deficit of about \$7,000. Dr. Pendleton was most beloved by his pupils, and was one of the noblest men I have ever known, and the financial failure of the school was due to his generosity in receiving too many pupils at reduced rates, and often for nothing at all.

I must take this opportunity to speak further of Rev. Dr. Pendleton, my earliest southern friend, for whom I have always felt the sincerest affection and esteem. He was exactly three years older than I, and entered West Point in June, 1826, a year before I entered Bowdoin College. He graduated fifth in his class in 1830, and was ordered South. Though Charles P. McIlvaine was chaplain at West Point while he was there, and there was a great religious awakening at the time, young Pendleton was rather an unbeliever. In 1831 Mr. Pendleton was made an Assistant Professor of Mathematics at West Point, and his mind turned strongly to religion, and, as if to prepare for a minister's life, he began the study of Hebrew and kept up his Latin and Greek. Confirmed by Bishop Meade in 1832, he gave up the army in 1833, and became professor at Bristol College, near Philadelphia, where he stayed till its close in 1836, being ordained in 1837 by Bishop Meade. He at once became professor in Newark College, Delaware, until 1839, when he took charge of the High School.

He was naturally gifted as a teacher, was a very fine engineer, and could have made a fortune in that work, and it was a real consecration of himself entirely to God that led him into the ministry. He was a very fine-looking man, of athletic build and military bearing, and firmness and decision of character were apparent in his countenance. I remember that a bully in our neighborhood, who disliked the Seminarians, as he called us, came one day to the school with some trifling grievance, and thought that he would find a pale, timid parson, whom he could easily crush. When Mr. Pendleton came in, looking every inch a soldier, and such as I have described him, the bully became very meek and was glad to get away as soon as possible.

Dr. Pendleton always showed great ability in debate, combined with a candor and openness to conviction that was unusual. He was truly "an Israelite in whom was no guile;" a man of the greatest generosity, one of the most noble-hearted men I have ever known; a man who shone in social intercourse, a strong, manly Christian character, and gentle and courteous to all. His influence over boys was very great and most salutary. He was a pure, good and great man in every respect. His life has been well written by his daughter, Mrs. Susan P. Lee, and should be read by our young men as a good example of a Christian minister. He served, like Bishop Polk, in the army during the civil war, being Brigadier-General, C. S. A., and Chief of Artillery, Army of Northern Virginia. For thirty years he was rector of Grace church, Lexington, where he fell asleep suddenly January 15, 1883. The beautiful church built by his untiring efforts is a noble monument to his life. He was one of the few ministers who was not secularized by the worldly business in which at times he engaged.

The Episcopal High School reopened October, 1845, with Rev. Edwin A. Dalrymple, of the class of 1843, as rector. He had two assistants, both candidates for orders, and he himself taught seven hours a day. These were Henry C. Lay (1846) and Francis M. Whittle (1847), both afterwards eminent bishops in the Church. Bishop Lay was a man of great charm of manner and address, most earnest and acceptable as a preacher and writer, and one whose works do follow him. I enjoyed greatly knowing him. He wrote me that Dr. Dalrymple had the Latin classes, Mr. Whittle the Mathematical and he the Greek classes, and he doubted "whether any of the three has ever done better work than the

school work of that year." A personal word was grateful. "I beg leave to assure Dr. Packard that I have ever held him in kindest regard for his patient teaching, his personal kindness and his devout example in the Seminary days." He was born in Richmond, December 6, 1823, and consecrated Bishop in Richmond October 23, 1859, when not thirty-six years old. His son, George, is a master in St. Paul's School, Concord.

Dr. Dalrymple was a very exact scholar and a most thorough and successful teacher, and under his control the school reached the number of eighty-five pupils, many being refused for want of room. His health broke down under his untiring work, and after seven years' rectorship he resigned in July, 1852. His discipline was very severe, and was modeled after the precepts of Solomon, but that was in a day when correction with the rod was the correct thing, and was generally followed. He certainly made boys study, and many have doubtless thanked him for his training. It may have been unduly severe, as viewed in our modern light, but he was generous and kind, returning from town with oranges and apples that were freely distributed among the boys. Some of his old scholars can remember the slow, unwilling footsteps of those who, having missed a lesson, descended to the Rector's study for a private interview later on. One of his students, angered at what he thought was undue severity, said when he became a man and met Dr. Dalrymple he would thrash him. Some years after the Doctor went to West River to preach, where this gentleman, Mr. Augustus Hall, lived, and expressed some anxiety as to how he would be received.

Captain Gronow in his *Reminiscences* speaks of Dr. Keate, a famous headmaster. Some of his old pupils who had suffered at his hands determined to give him a dinner at the best restaurant in Paris soon after Waterloo. A most excellent dinner was ordered and a jovial time was enjoyed. Towards the end the Doctor expressed his delight at finding his old pupils had not forgotten him. They then chaffed him somewhat, reminding him of his heavy hand and arbitrary manner of proceeding. The Doctor took their jokes in good part, and in his turn told them if he had a regret it was that he had not flogged them a great deal more, but he felt certain that the discipline had done them much good. He like Dr. Dalrymple, was a short, thickset man, with a red face and a stentorian voice, and the very sight of the cocked hat

which he always wore, like the Emperor Napoleon, struck terror to the hearts of offenders.

Dr. Dalrymple told me he looked back on one incident with regret. A very pious boy, whom the boys laughed at, was asked one day if he thought God heard his prayers, as he prayed so much. He said, "Certainly, I do." "Then," said the other, "I wish you would pray that 'old Dal' would give us fish every day." The Doctor overheard the talk, but he never thought till too late that he might have fulfilled that prayer.

Dr. Dalrymple went to Maryland, where he lived nearly thirty years longer, dying at the age of sixty-three, October 30, 1881, the same year as Rev. Dr. J. F. Hoff, his friend and our friend—a noble man, a popular preacher, a model pastor, a man of large gifts and attainments. Dr. Dalrymple was one of the most learned of our clergy, and had a large and valuable library of 8,000 volumes. He was a man of great social gifts, with unfailing interest in all subjects, and able to entertain any party. He had a "bushel of anecdotes," always fresh and flowing. I never knew his equal in this respect, and I think some of them must be floating around in space now. He was for a few years in charge of a country parish in Virginia—in New Kent, I think—and being asked what were his vestments (at a time when surplices were first being used), he replied, thinking of his long rides on muddy roads, "Generally, overcoat and leggings." For many years he was an examining chaplain of the diocese of Maryland, a trusted friend of Bishops Whittingham and Pinkney, and until his death was secretary of the Convention, which position he filled admirably, his good humor, genial spirits and exact knowledge of men and things making him invaluable. He was a warm-hearted, large-minded man, and his constant presence at our Seminary commencements, where he acted as secretary of the Alumni, did much to make them pleasant. He has been greatly missed. A truer man and friend, a more genial companion, a more patient and laborious scholar and thinker, it would be hard to find. He never married. He spent a day or two with me in 1875, and at breakfast, when the buckwheat cakes were handed, he said, "Mrs. Packard, I am now regretting the sins of my youth," meaning that his housekeeper made no such cakes. I said, "It is not too late to repent." He said, "Esau found it so."

He had a very tender heart, and touched by my allusions in the address at the Consecration of the New Chapel, he followed me

into the vestry room and taking me by the hand burst into tears. When my two children died in 1850, he paid more than half of my doctor's bill. He was always very generous; he gave me an illustrated edition of Horace, the most beautiful I ever saw.

Rev. Wm. N. Irish, of the class of 1849, was one of Dr. Dalrymple's assistants, and had not been here for many years till Easter, 1896; the last time before was when Dr. Dalrymple sent for him to help him out in a slander case brought by one of the boys. Mr. Irish went to Henry Winter Davis to consult him about it, and he said, as soon as he began to speak of it, "Oh, I'll fix that all right for you; that is a perfectly nonsensical suit." It came to nothing. Mr. Irish was the Rector's right-hand man, and the Doctor depended on him a great deal. He wrote a beautiful hand and taught writing. My son one day bending over his writing was heard to say, "Oh, I wish I could write like Mr. Irish," his highest standard. He was a school sheriff, as it were, for if a boy had to be sent off, and a good many were expelled then, as was shown in the catalogue by asterisks, it was Mr. Irish who took him to town, bought his ticket and saw him off safely. Mr. Irish was a warm-hearted, affectionate man, and a most useful minister, and I have valued his friendship. He said to me when last here, "Doctor, I read Hebrew every day in honor of you." When here he was very good at it, was long an examining chaplain, and has published a book on the Hebrew language.

Rev. John P. McGuire, of the class of 1825, succeeded Dr. Dalrymple in October, 1853, and under his rectorship the school was most successful, the school being closed May 1, 1861, by the war. He was a fatherly man, and his discipline while strict was gentle. The boys loved him and Mrs. McGuire, and the family life was most refining and elevating. All his old boys have delightful recollections of him and of the school, and rise up and bless his name. His daughter married Rev. Kinloch Nelson, D. D., our professor, and his son, John P. McGuire, M. A., has a large school in Richmond; another daughter married John Johns, Esq.

John P. McGuire was a man of singular prudence, with a quiet and undemonstrative energy, which bore abundant fruits in that field of labor, in which he spent almost his entire ministerial life. The churches which he revived, or planted, notwithstanding the heavy reverses which their worshippers have undergone, are still vigorous with the life which many years ago he was enabled to

infuse. When the school was closed, at the opening of the war, after a short sojourn among his friends, and in the city of Richmond, he returned to his old home on the Rappahanock, where, tended by loving hands, and with abundant sympathy, he fell asleep. The McGuires have done noble work for the Church in Virginia; none better than the rector of the Episcopal High School. He died in 1867.

Just after the Convention, on May 27, 1856, Maria McGuire, daughter of Rev. John P. McGuire, died after a short illness of membranous croup, aged seventeen. She and my eldest daughter Nannie were of the same age and like sisters. The whole neighborhood loved and admired her. She was lovely in life and lovely in death. As Dr. May said, she died in the "triumphs of faith."

Her step-mother, Mrs. McGuire, who died recently, writes thus: "Her father informed her that danger was apprehended; talked to her of the valley of the shadow of death. She did not change countenance, but looking at him assented to it, as that for which she was ready and waiting. When he asked if her Saviour was near, she answered with a calm voice 'Yes,' and whispered 'All is peace, perfect peace'; turned her head upon her pillow and thus fell asleep in Jesus. * * * The yard was filled with schoolboys, but solemn silence prevailed. Her young friends among the boys sent to beg that they might be allowed to come and take one last look of her whom they loved so well. Her father said 'Yes, let them come up; it will do them good; the impression will last forever.' They came in perfect silence, two or three at a time; their tears flowed. Her countenance was radiant. She looked to me not like one of earthly mould but angelic, heavenly. The undertaker stepped into the passage to wipe away his tears. * * * We carried her to the Seminary chapel, followed by the students of the Theological Seminary, the students of the High School, and the families of the neighborhood. The pall-bearers, six of the students, walked on either side of the hearse; they were Messrs. Bancroft, Dalrymple, Potter, Haines, Mason, ———. After the burial service had been read, Bishop Johns arose and spoke as man can rarely speak. The congregation was melted; no man so hardened as not to weep then. They say that our boys of the High School had no self-control, yet all was quiet. She was buried in Essex county, her father's old parish, where she was born. On the first

page of her diary was written 'They that seek me early shall find me'; and 'My father, thou art the guide of my youth.'"

"Speak, dead Maria! breathe a strain divine;
Ev'n from the grave thou shalt have power to charm.
Bid them be chaste, be innocent like thee;
Bid them in duty's sphere, as meekly move,
And if so fair from vanity as free;
As firm in friendship, and as fond in love.
Heaven lifts its everlasting portals high
And bids the pure in heart behold their God."

Her death had a blessed influence on the boys; twenty-five of them were deeply impressed, and many were confirmed in July.

In October, 1866, after extensive repairs, whose cost was advanced by the new rector, the Rev. William F. Gardner, the school was reopened. Mr. Gardner was an alumnus of the school and of the University of Virginia, a man of lovely character and of wholesome influence on the boys. He had the school for four years, and his assistants were James M. Garnett, M. A., W. P. Mason, U. S. N., George W. Peterkin, Edward H. Ingle, now the Archdeacon of Baltimore; Charles Walker, son of our Professor, whose early death in the ministry was deeply lamented; and Mr. Christian. Mr. Gardner married Miss Harriet Rowland, of Norfolk, and in 1870 resigned the school and became a parish priest. He has spent thirty years in Howard county, Maryland, in one parish, with deepening influence and ever-widening work for Christ. Such instances of long and growing usefulness in one charge deserve our praise.

These long pastorates are characteristic of the Virginia Seminary alumni, as the reader of these recollections must have observed. Rev. James A. Mitchell, a classmate of Mr. Gardner, has been thirty years in one parish at Centreville. Maryland.

In 1870, L. M. Blackford, M. A., who had for some years been Associate Principal of Norwood School, took charge, and has conducted the school for thirty-two years with most remarkable success. His pupils, coming from very many States and from different callings, have gone forth to college and business life, and now occupy very prominent positions throughout the country in every profession.

Mr. Blackford's scholarship and learning and his high Christian character have made his management of the High School unique in its long and useful career. Colonel Llewelyn Hoxton

came with Mr. Blackford in 1870 from successful work in Maryland. A distinguished graduate of West Point, a gallant and able officer in the Confederate army, an unexcelled teacher of mathematics, all was crowned by the character of a stainless Christian gentleman, which was an inspiration to all who came within the sphere of his influence.

The Diocese and State may well be proud of the record of the Episcopal High School for nearly sixty years, and for the Christian character and sound learning that have been fostered there. We trust it may long continue under its present efficient management to send forth noble sons into the world. It is for the South what St. Paul's School, at Concord, is for the North. From the very beginning to the present it has been what Bishop Meade hoped it would be, a feeder to the Seminary, many of its pupils coming to the Seminary later ; and it would be of interest to have a complete list of the Alumni common to both institutions.

Many improvements have been added from time to time for the comfort and pleasure of the boys. The most notable ones are the addition of one story to the main building, providing thereby separate rooms for every boy; the fine bathrooms and steam heat, and the erection of Liggett Hall, in memory of the late Hiram S. Liggett ; and a well-equipped Infirmary.

CHAPTER XIX.

BISHOP JOHNS.

I AM sure that my readers will wish to hear something of Bishop John Johns, whom I knew well for nearly forty years, and who died just twenty-six years ago this Easter-day. I became acquainted with him first on a visit to Baltimore at some gathering or convention shortly after my coming, early in 1837. I remember hearing him preach and being deeply impressed with his powers as a preacher and orator. His text was "They gave themselves first unto the Lord." I saw him come out after service with Miss Julia on his arm. He had just lost his first wife.

Bishop Johns did not wish any of his manuscripts published, and no life of him has been written; so that much interesting material is lost to the Church. His life and recollections would have been of great value and interest on account of his gifts, his important work, and his wide influence and long life in the ministry. He was born in New Castle, Delaware, July 10, 1796, his father (Kensley Johns) being the first Chancellor of that diocese and a distinguished lawyer. The Chancellor's father was Captain Kensley Johns, of West River, Maryland, where he was a most prominent and useful man, being sheriff of Anne Arundel county, a large merchant, shipping tobacco direct to London and importing goods in return, and had a fine estate called Sudley, on which the house is still standing in good condition.

Bishop Johns inherited this estate through his father from an uncle, Captain John Johns, and he often spent part of his summers there, delighting in its magnificent oaks, which are among the finest I have ever seen—now, alas, all gone for ships. The place is now owned by his son, Dr. Kensley Johns, of Norfolk, of the fifth generation, and the third of that name, as far as I know. The house is said to be two hundred and fifty years old, and the parlor is wainscoted in large panels from floor to ceiling, and was in good preservation a few years ago when I visited it.

Chancellor Johns, with whom I travelled once from Philadelphia to New Castle, was ninety years old at the time of his death. I have heard the Bishop say that from the time of his

parents' death there was never *one* day but he had thought of them, never a day he had not brought them up before his mind as they looked when he saw them last. There were seven children in the family, of whom Bishop Johns was the last survivor. His brother, Henry Van Dyke, succeeded him as rector of Christ Church, Baltimore, and died in 1859 while rector of Emmanuel Church. His name is a precious memory to those who knew him, and his piety and ability were eminent.

The Bishop's brother, Kensey Johns, Jr., was the second Chancellor of Delaware. One of his sisters married Mr. Stockton, and another married Dr. Stewart, and was the mother of Rev. Dr. Kensey J. Stewart, who entered our Seminary the year I came, and who died this year in Richmond.

The character of a man depends so much upon the circumstances of his birth and education that John Locke said "the difference to be found in the manners and abilities of men is owing more to their education than to anything else. I think I may say that of all the men we meet with, nine out of ten are what they are—good or evil, useful or not—by their education." It is now generally held that environment is a stronger force than heredity. John Johns was undoubtedly, by his natural gifts, "fashioned to much honor," and was placed in the most favorable circumstances for his development, being brought up in the bosom of a refined and highly cultivated family.

Rev. Dr. Charles Hodge, of Princeton Seminary, his lifelong friend, wrote me a long letter at the time of the Bishop's death, from which I quote. "He was only eighteen months my senior, but yet his feeling towards me was always somewhat paternal. He used to say, 'that he brought me up, and if I did not behave he would bring me down.' If he approved of anything I had written, his usual way of expressing it was 'Charles, I think I wrote that.'"

"There were two churches in New Castle, the one Episcopal, of which the Rev. Mr. Clay was the rector; the other Presbyterian, of which the Rev. John Latta was pastor. Each of these gentlemen had a country parish, and they so arranged it that they never officiated in the town on the same part of the day on Sunday. Hence the same congregation went in the morning to the one church and in the afternoon to the other; and the children were baptized in the one or the other, as happened to be convenient. In Chief-Justice Johns' family some of the children were

Presbyterians and others Episcopalians. Under these circumstances, it is not surprising that the Bishop, in the early part of his preparatory course, was undecided as to the Church he should serve. The late Rev. Dr. James P. Wilson, of Philadelphia, before he entered the ministry was a distinguished lawyer in Delaware, and an intimate friend of Judge Johns. It was under his advice that the Bishop decided to enter the service of the Episcopal Church. This decision, although neither of us at the time knew anything about it, determined my whole course in life. When Dr. Archibald Alexander was appointed Professor in Princeton Seminary, he had under his care the departments of Didactic, Polemic and Pastoral Theology, together with instruction in Hebrew. He soon found this was too burdensome, and therefore determined to select some young man on whom he might devolve the Hebrew Department. He selected Johns, and when he decided to enter the Episcopal Church he took up with me."

"Johns was always first—first everywhere and first in everything. His success was largely due to his conscientious determination always to do his best. He was thoroughly prepared for every exercise in college and in the Seminary. Our class had to study Turretin's System of Theology in Latin. Sometimes a large number of pages would be given out for examination, and Johns was the only one of the class who could master them fully. He was always the best in the class. We entered Princeton College together in the fall of 1812, and graduated in 1815. Two of my college vacations of six weeks each I spent with him in his home in New Castle, Delaware. We slept together, prayed together, and in social religious meetings told the people the little we knew of Christ, helping each other out. We entered the Theological Seminary together in 1816. He remained only two years, having decided to enter the ministry in the Episcopal Church." Rev. Horace E. Hayden, a relative of the Bishop, asked Bishop Johns if he had entered the Church through Dr. Wilson's advice. He said "No, it is not true. You know that my father was an Episcopalian, a communicant and warden of the Episcopal Church, and that I was raised in that Church, and I entered her ministry because of my training and my preference, because I was convinced that it had the only form of Church Government revealed in the New Testament." At that time there was no Seminary of our Church to which Johns could go. He studied at Princeton under Drs. Alexander and Miller, to whom he said he owed much. Both

Bishops Meade and Johns were graduates of Princeton College, which has a long roll of eminent men from the South as well as from the North.

Dr. Hodge goes on to say : " In the great day of sorrow predicted by the prophet, it is said ' every family shall mourn apart.' So, when such a man as Bishop Johns is taken away, the whole ' land mourneth '—his own household, his Church, the community, each apart. So I mourn alone. For nearly sixty-four years we were as intimate and confidential as though we had been born at one birth. In all this time, to the best of my recollection, there was never an angry word passed between us. I have my precious wife and my children as saplings around me. Nevertheless, now he is gone, I feel like the last tree of a forest. Alas, alas! he is gone. You see, I cannot think or speak of him except as to what he was to me. What he was as a man, as a Christian, as a minister, as a bishop, others know as well or better than I do ; but I only know what he was to me—so good, so kind, so loving, without a shadow of change for sixty-four years ! Our last interview, in May last, was the most loving of our whole lives. I ' mourn apart.' " Their friendship was wonderful—like that of David and Jonathan.

John Johns was ordained deacon by Bishop White in St. Peter's Church, Philadelphia, May 6, 1819, and priest the same year probably, as he is so entered in the Maryland Convention Journal of 1820. He was on a visit to Garrison Forest, near Baltimore, a few weeks after his ordination, and preached in old St. Thomas', intending to remain and preach there another Sunday, but Mr. Henshaw (afterwards Bishop) gave notice that he would preach the next Sunday in Frederick, Md. He did so and was called while deacon to that parish, where he stayed until 1829. There he brought into the Church and into its ministry Rev. J. T. Brooke, who was afterwards a distinguished minister in Cincinnati and elsewhere. He told me that when he took charge of his first parish, in Frederick, Md., he always began to write his sermon on Monday morning, got it done by Wednesday evening, and began to commit it to memory Thursday morning. This habit of memorizing his sermons he discontinued after a time, and instead wrote his sermon on his mind. To assist him in pursuing the same train of thought and language, he wrote down on a scrap of paper a catch-word in each sentence, which he carried with him into the pulpit but never appeared to use. I

found once in St. Paul's Church, Alexandria, after he had preached, a small slip of paper in his handwriting containing such disconnected catch-words of sentences.

While his mode of preparation could not be judiciously recommended to every one, no doubt it was best for him and contributed to his extraordinary readiness in thought and utterance on all occasions, in which I never knew any one in Congress or at the bar or in the pulpit to excel him. He never seemed to find any difficulty in expressing himself, and that, too, in the most apt and felicitous words, of which you would not like to change a single one. No difference in his style could be detected when called upon unexpectedly or when given time for preparation, so well trained was his mind and so great and available were his resources.

Bishop Johns told me that he would be as embarrassed with a manuscript as a person used to reading sermons would be without a manuscript. He told a student that preparing a sermon was uphill work and never got any easier. Of course, the art of composition gets more perfect and easy by practice, but the presentation of truth in the best way is always difficult.

God gives to his servants varying talents—five, two or one—according to the ability of each. To Bishop Johns, we may truly say, he gave five—a bright intellect, an emotional nature, natural earnestness, a melodious voice, and facility and felicity of speech. He was not like Moses, slow of speech and of a slow tongue. He possessed a combination of gifts rarely found in the same person. He avoided the usual faults of what is called extemporaneous preaching—its shallowness, dicursiveness and repetition—by a most thorough study and preparation of his subject and material. He had that most valuable gift, the methodic arrangement of his thoughts and words, grounded on the habit of foreseeing in every sentence the whole thought which he intended to communicate.

The foundation of his success as a preacher was laid in his thorough knowledge of theology. He had been, as we have seen, well trained at Princeton. While the learning of others might have been more extensive, it was not so accurate. What he knew he knew perfectly, and it was always at command. No one of our bishops, in my opinion, was so familiar with the writings of the old divines, not only of the Church of England, but of the Continent. I have sometimes thought that because his preaching was so simple that the common people heard him gladly, he was not esteemed a great theologian, as he truly was,

It may be truly said of him that "he preached Christ." As St. Paul, before he visited Corinth, determined to know nothing but Jesus Christ and Him crucified, so Bishop Johns, before he entered the ministry, determined to preach Christ, and this at all times. Before the General Convention in Baltimore he preached on his favorite theme, "The love of Christ constraineth us," a sermon which Dean Howson, in his published account of the General Convention, described as "very eloquent." Upon his deathbed he said, "If I should get well again I would preach the love of Christ more impressively than ever."

He led his hearers to the foot of the cross, and besought them to turn aside and see the great sight of a crucified Saviour. He testified repentance towards God and faith towards our Lord Jesus Christ. He never digressed to preach on the philosophy of religion, or on subjects not accompanying salvation, but his sermons were variations of one theme, which to him never lost its freshness and interest and power, but seemed to grow upon him, as though he was telling the good news of salvation as *news* and not as an old story, as though he had just received it fresh from heaven, as though he had himself just believed it for the first time.

On the fifty-fifth anniversary of his ordination he preached in the chapel, and after expressing his fervent thanks to God that He had called him by His grace to the ministry of reconciliation, and granted him so long a continuance in it, he earnestly and affectionately exhorted his young brethren never to be weary in the service of their Lord and Master. He was a laborious preacher and labored to the last. Within two years of his death he preached twice a day with great energy and animation for a fortnight together. He preached the gospel fifty-seven years, and was in charge of only two parishes in his ministry of twenty-three years. From the very first he took high rank as a preacher.

When he went to Baltimore he had charge of *old* Christ Church, corner of Baltimore and Front Streets. A new church was built for him in 1857, on Gay Street, which, large as it was, was filled every Sunday, and which, now under the rectorship of Rev. Peregrine Wroth, for twenty-five years, has done noble work for Christ in old Baltimore. In Baltimore he was thought the best preacher, though Dr. Nevin, of the Presbyterian Church, was a very popular preacher. All denominations went to hear him at night.

He was twice elected Bishop of Maryland by a good majority of votes, but the rule requiring two-thirds of the members to elect defeated him, as the Church parties were strictly marked. The first election was when he was only thirty-two years old, in 1829.

At the Virginia Convention in Staunton, May 21, 1842, he was elected Assistant to Bishop Meade by a vote of 43 out of 49 of the clergy, and on motion of Mr. John Nelson the election was considered *unanimous*. He was consecrated in St. Paul's Church, Richmond, October 13, 1842, by Bishops Griswold, Meade, Ives and Whittingham.

After living a few years in Richmond he was elected, in 1849, President of William and Mary College, where he remained five years. Feeling that Alexandria was the most convenient centre of the Diocese, as far as travelling was concerned, he built a house on Seminary Hill, where he removed with his family in 1854, and named it Malvern. His second wife, who was a Miss Shaaff, died after he came there. We all attended the burial in Georgetown, going in hacks. I think it was on Friday and Bishop Johns was in his usual place in the chancel. I preached Sunday on the text "Here we have no continuing city," and I was told it was very appropriate.

It was a great blessing to us when he came to live near the Seminary. He, with his household, to use his own words, "reposed under the refreshing shade and partook of the pleasant fruit of this tree of the Lord's planting." "I love," he goes on to say, "to stand and look upon this Seminary in the size, strength and symmetry which it has attained, and think what a blessing it has proved far and near. The Church of Virginia owes it a debt of gratitude which should, and I am sure will, ensure its steady and generous support."

His love for rural sights and sounds, for trees and shrubs and flowers, first developed itself here, as he told me. It was the solace of his cares to improve his grounds, which, year by year, grew in beauty under his fostering care, and his own hands planted nearly every tree and shrub.

His Episcopate of nearly thirty-four years was passed during a perilous time, and he always bore himself with great wisdom, moderation and ability. He was a Low-Churchman, holding moderate views in matters of Church polity and strongly Protestant views of the sacraments. He was devoted to the Episcopal Church and himself strictly rubrical, when many were careless of such things.

He held fast, to use his own language, "to the ecclesiastical polity set forth in the preface to the Ordination Service—so much—no more—no less—conservative, but not exaggerated or exclusive to the three orders existing from the Apostles' time, and no other ministry to be recognized" in *this* Church; he loved *as brethren*, in the like precious faith and hope of the gospel, those without his own Church. After showing to Rev. Mr. Latané, who withdrew from the Church, that his reasons for so doing were invalid, he spoke thus lovingly: "Paul and Barnabas departed asunder—that *was all*; neither of them *withdrew from the Church*. If, however, you think you must make the experiment, I trust you will only depart for a season, * * * and you will find me ready, or rather hastening as fast as my tottering steps will permit, to welcome you to your early home."

I cannot do justice to my sense of his value to this Seminary. He was the President of its Faculty, and gave instruction to the Senior Class in Pastoral Theology and Homiletics. The students derived great benefit from his long experience, his example of what a minister of Christ ought to be, and from his kind and discriminating criticism. He sat in the chancel of this chapel, where his presence added interest to our services, and we not unfrequently heard his voice from this pulpit and hung delighted upon his lips. The last sermon he preached in this chapel was on February 12, 1876, from I. Peter i: 4, 5, on the incorruptible inheritance, whose glory he unfolded before us, and on the security of the believer in attaining it, so that, though tossed with tempest upon the waves of this troublesome world, he will at last reach the shore,

"Where tempests never beat nor billows roar."

On Sunday, March 5th, he received, for the last time, with the utmost fervor, the Communion of the Body and Blood of Christ.

I would only add on this point that his heart was bound up in the Seminary, and that he watched over its interests in the most paternal manner. Among his last earthly cares was the completion of its endowment by the Diocese, and among his last audible prayers to the "great Head of the Church," as he addressed Him, were those for the beloved Seminary and Diocese.

His old students well remember his kindly-made criticisms when he was Professor of Homiletics for several years at the Seminary. He was well fitted for this duty, as he was a master of the

subject himself. His criticisms were sometimes caustic. He said to one student that his fancy was a jade that needed to be held in with a strong bridle, else it would run away with him. To another, who had endeavored to be very profound and philosophical in his treatment of the subject, he said "You are too deep for me." To a student who thought he had made a point very clear, "I cannot see it." To one who used the phrase "The curtain rises here," the Bishop, thinking the expression not suitable to a sermon, said "We'll let it drop, sir." He said to another that he had used the word men forty times in his sermon; the student counted over that number, and then stopped, in disgust. He cautioned students against carrying too far an illustration, as did Christmas Evans, the great Welsh preacher, in the miracle of the swine in Gadara. He paints it so minutely that it really becomes ludicrous by reason of the words put in the mouth of the swineherds, who told their master of the loss he had sustained. "Oh, sir," says one, "the pigs have all gone!" "But," says the master, "where have they gone?" "They have run down into the sea." "But who drove them down?" "Oh! sir, that wonderful man." "Well, what sort of a man was he? What did he do?" "Why, sir, he came and talked such strange things, and the whole herd suddenly ran down the steep place into the sea." "What, the old black boar and all?" "Yes, the old black boar has gone too; for as we looked around we just saw the end of his tail going over the cliff."

He warned against fictitious methods of keeping up interest, and preaching on moral subjects. Keep the heart warm with love to God.

Bishop Johns was remarkable for his pleasantry. He never indulged it to excess or out of season. Speaking of Miss Marsh's life of her father, in which she describes him as without fault, he said she made him out an "old angel."

He related an incident of old Dr. Armstrong, of Wheeling, I think, who had an officious warden, who told him of everything that was said to his discredit in the parish. The warden said to him one day, "They are talking about you, Doctor!" "Well," he said, "what are they saying now?" "They say you are playing checkers." Dr. Armstrong replied, "Keep them at that; keep them at that!"

I have heard him tell of a minister to whose parish he was making a visitation, and who said to him, "Bishop, I had a class for

confirmation for you, but they have all slipped through my fingers, except my wife."

As an illustration of his playfulness, I might give this: When General Samuel Cooper's daughter, who lived near him, and of whom he was very fond, went to ask him to marry her, Mrs. Johns said to her, "The Bishop is in his study now. I'll take you in and then leave you." When alone with the Bishop she said, "Bishop, I have come to ask you to marry me." He replied, "Jennie, I wouldn't marry you if you were the last woman in the world."

Traveling once with Dr. Hodge, they saw that a Roman Catholic priest had a pass, and Dr. Hodge said, "You ought to travel at half-fare (it was before half-rate days), if he goes free." Another time, when they were together after a service, Dr. Hodge put on the Bishop's robes and said, "This makes a bishop!" "Not now," said Bishop Johns.

Wherever he preached as bishop he made a great impression upon the audience. I have heard a member of Congress, Jeremiah Morton, mention a sermon of his on the text, "In my father's house are many mansions," as very comforting. While residing at the Seminary he preached at West End, a suburb of Alexandria. Several of the students, among whom was Lucius W. Bancroft, went down to hear him. His subject was, "The believer scarcely saved," and in mentioning the difficulty of salvation, he said he reserved to the last the greatest difficulty of all. "What was that?" "It is here!" he said, striking his breast. I once heard him speak in Christ Church, Alexandria, when he quoted the familiar lines—

"All the fitness he requireth
Is to feel your need of Him."

I never heard him tell an anecdote in his sermons, nor indulge in any clap-trap. He never degraded the pulpit to the level of the stage, nor walked up and down the platform like a lion in his cage. I heard him preach on "There is no beauty in him that we should desire him;" and "Hinder me not," which converted young Entwistle.

He was once preaching on a subject which led him to speak of the perseverance of the saints. He said he did not believe in the perseverance of the saints, but in God's perseverance in keeping them. It might be inferred from this that he was inclined to

Calvinism. His Calvinism was of a mild type, like that of Archbishop Leighton. It gave color to all his sermons and addresses.

He had a wonderful skill in adapting himself to his congregation. I went once with him on his visitation to Falls Church, and he told me that he had not decided what sermon to preach until he should see the congregation. His text was "Many shall seek to enter in and shall not be able." I wish I could remember the four divisions. I recall the four divisions on text, Luke xiii. 23 : (1) If unsaved it will not be because God has made no provision for us or because he desires the death of any ; (2) Nor because of our great sins. His blood cleanses from all sin ; (3) Nor for the want of information or opportunity. Now, if never before, it is given ; (4) Nor because of any obstacles or difficulties. My grace is sufficient for thee. He had the rare faculty of being able to preach a large number of sermons without any preparation. I often coveted his facility of expressing himself. If you asked him his views of inspiration he would state the subject of inspiration in the clearest possible manner, so that his statement could be committed at once to print.

At the General Convention of our Church in Baltimore, in 1871, he preached the opening sermon on the text, "The love of Christ constraineth us." At that time there was a delegation from the Church of England present—among them Bishop Selwyn and Dean Howson, who pronounced it very eloquent and alluded to it publicly. A passage in it was long remembered by some who heard, in which he touchingly commented upon death as the great separator, which yet was incapable of separating the believer from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord. He used no manuscript, even on this occasion.

Many of his favorite texts and sermons are remembered now by those who heard him. Some of them I have given ; others were "Compel them to come in ;" "Who of God is made unto us wisdom, righteousness, sanctification and redemption ;" "The Master is come and calleth for thee ;" "My heart is fixed, serving the Lord," etc. He was a very fine elocutionist, and his voice was so finely trained that it was said his whisper could be heard in a large building. His gestures were most graceful and expressive, and while very abundant were perfectly natural to him. He was an authority in the matter of pronunciation, and I can only recall one mistake of that kind, when he read of Barabbas as a notable instead of nōtable prisoner, the two pronunciations being

used with a different meaning. A Methodist class-leader, hearing him at Salem, Fauquier county, was delighted and remarked, "I did not know that you had such an available Episcopate." In preaching he leaned towards one side.

When Rev. Douglas Forrest was ordained in St. Paul's, Alexandria, I presented him, and Bishop Johns was preaching the sermon, when suddenly he made a pause. Dr. Norton rose from his seat to go to him, when, after a minute, he began to preach again, but I could see that there was no connection between the first part of his sermon and that which came after. He told me that when he came to himself after that pause he saw that it was an ordination, and that he must say something appropriate, but he had not the slightest recollection of anything that had gone before.

In the General Convention of 1871, he had an important influence in the all but unanimous adoption by the Bishops of this as to the service for Infant Baptism: "We declare, that in our opinion, the word 'regenerate' is not there so used as to determine that a moral change in the subject of Baptism is wrought by that sacrament." He said that there had been long and unsatisfactory discussion on this point in the House of Bishops, that he passed a sleepless night, and that this word "*determine*" had then occurred to him as the best word, and when suggested the next day it was adopted. He was firm and decided in his opposition to Ritualism and was one of the twenty-eight bishops who signed the declaration against it, drafted by Bishop Coxe, which contains the following: "We therefore consider that in this particular National Church, any attempt to introduce into the public worship of Almighty God usages that have never been known, such as the use of incense, and the burning of lights in the Order of the Holy Communion, *reverences to the Holy Table, or to the elements thereon*, the adoption of clerical habits hitherto unknown, or material alterations of those in use, is an innovation which violates the discipline of the Church."

His death was a loss to the whole Church as well as to his diocese, and it was spoken of in all the Church papers and in those of other churches. As the years went on, increased respect and affection was felt for him. Bishop Pinkney wrote a beautiful and touching letter about him to our Standing Committee, and the churches of the diocese passed resolutions on his death. His decease was an ideal one. He had filled his days and attained the age of which the Psalmist says that it is but labor and sorrow.

Time, however, had dealt gently with him and impaired but little apparently of the vigor of his frame or of the activity of his mind.

Bishop Johns' character was remarkable for its smoothness and roundness ; as the Latins say, he was *teres atque rotundus*. What Tacitus said of his father-in-law was true of him : *Nihil metus in vultu ; gratia oris supererat ; bonum virum facile crederes, magnum libenter*. His personal character, his animation in society, his warm and cordial greeting, the indescribable charm of his manner, the bright twinkle of his eye, his playful humor, the culture and bearing of a perfect gentleman, drew all hearts to him. His presence shed sunshine on all around.

" His eye was meek and gentle, and a smile
Play'd on his lips ; and in his speech was heard
Paternal sweetness, dignity and love."

On Ash-Wednesday, 1876, he attended services in the chapel, which was insufficiently warmed. On reaching my gate he said to one of my family, " Were you not very cold in church to-day ? " and said he had been. That very day he had taken out of the library two volumes of Bishop Bull's works, and was reading with much interest Rogers' *Superhuman Origin of the Bible* and Ker's *Sermons*. He preached for the last time February 12, 1876, and soon after he had a slight attack of paralysis and felt and said that his work was done. He bore with gentle patience the wearisome nights appointed him till " the voice at midnight came ; " and he gave worthy testimony of his faith in Christ.

Some of his last words were treasured up by those who were with him, and we give them for the comfort of those who have yet to meet the last enemy and to walk through the valley which separates the land of the living from the untried hereafter. Among much that he said in solemn, earnest tones, were these words : " I would not raise a finger to dictate ; it is all well. If the Lord had ordered it I would willingly have labored on in this service. *I loved my work*. If the Lord raises me up, I would strive to preach Christ with more zeal, and his love more earnestly. I have preached it all my life, and if I were to get up to-morrow, I could preach nothing better than that." Often would he repeat,

" I'm a poor sinner and nothing at all,
And Jesus Christ is my all in all,"

saying " That's enough ; that is the gospel." Again he said, " The sting of death is taken away. Victory ! Victory ! "

When told how his people were praying for him in all the churches, he said, "May the great High Priest take them all and present them before God. What a comfort to have the prayers of God's people! May God answer them all, unworthy as I am."

The Sunday morning before he died, as he was raised up in bed he exclaimed "Oh, beautiful dawn of day! What will it be when the day dawns that has no end! Glory be to God on high, on earth peace, good will towards men! A glorious day! He rose this day. O God, send down Thy Holy Spirit upon thy Church and Thy ministers! May they proclaim Thy gospel with power this day to the salvation of souls! God bless my Church, my ministers, my people (opening his arms), and fold them in the arms of the everlasting covenant."

He often prayed aloud for "humility" for "grace to bear and be benefited by this trial." When too weak to speak aloud, his whispers were heard, "Guide me—wash me—clothe me—help me under the shadow of Thy wings."

In his last conscious moments, with all his dear family around him, his youngest son, the Rev. Arthur S. Johns, read the prayer commending the soul of this servant of Christ "into the hands of a faithful Creator and most merciful Saviour."

Truly I said of him, as I have said of many since, last of all of Dr. Suter, "These Evangelicals die well."

His burial took place on Friday, April 7, 1876, and after his death a cemetery was made on the slope of the Seminary Hill facing Malvern, and there he was buried; and thither were removed later on, the remains of Bishops Meade and Payne, of Dr. Sparrow, and last of all was buried there Dr. Kinloch Nelson. It is a sweet and sacred spot. Bishop Payne, on his deathbed, had requested that he might be buried at the Seminary, so as to remind the students of Africa and its claims.

CHAPTER XX.

VIRGINIA CONVENTIONS.

THE very name *Virginia Convention* calls up most pleasing and sacred memories. The word *Convention* was changed to *Council* by the Church in Virginia at its meeting in Richmond in May, 1862, and this term was adopted for the general meeting of the Southern dioceses during the war. It is far more suitable than *Convention*, which is used of political assemblies, and is apt to cause confusion, since their spring meetings usually occur near together. I have wondered that other dioceses have not chosen this more primitive and churchly term. Virginia is conservative, but in it may be found the true Churchmanship which loves the Bible and the Prayer-Book, and is not given to "the novelties that disturb our peace," in doctrine, discipline or worship. I shall use the old word *Convention*, as it was first known to me, and shall give some scattering recollections of these meetings, so dear to ministers, laymen and lay women of Virginia. The great event in the religious life of Church people in Virginia was this annual gathering, and many could sing, with pious Israel of old, A Song of the goings up, as in Psalm 122,

"I was glad when they said unto me,
Let us go to the house of the Lord,
Whither the tribes go up, the tribes of the Lord,
To give thanks unto the name of the Lord."

It was not indeed always so, for there had been a time, and a long time after the Revolutionary War, when the Church in Virginia, sharing in the odium that was felt towards England and all things connected with her, and just beginning her existence as a part of the National Church, suffered persecution and robbery of her possessions. But better times began for Virginia in 1812, the year of my birth, when William Meade, William H. Wilmer, D. D., of the clergy, and Edward C. McGuire and Edmund I. Lee, of the laity, with many others, began to labor earnestly for the growth and welfare of the Church. When I came, in 1836, things were advancing most prosperously for our Church, and the

Conventions were very well attended, considering the difficulty of travelling. There was no railroad then, nor for many years after, through Virginia, so that all journeys were made by private conveyance or by stage. I did not go to the Convention of 1837 in Petersburg, nor to Winchester in 1838, because of the long and expensive journey.

Rev. Dr. Henshaw, afterwards Bishop of Rhode Island, wrote : "A Virginia Convention! There is something to warm the heart in the very title. Other Conventions are business assemblies. But in this, business is a secondary matter. Persons of all ranks and ages—young men and maidens, old men and children—gather for spiritual edification. It is like the solemn festival of God's people of old—for thither the tribes go up, the tribes of the Lord, to testify unto Israel, to give thanks to the name of the Lord. In the hallowed season of this festival the Bishop is the presiding genius, a leader in the numerous devotional services, morning, noon and night. His heart glows with love, his eyes sparkle with hope and joy, and his tongue flows with melting eloquence. As he saw the Word taking effect and witnessed answers to prayers, he rose to higher and higher degrees of enjoyment, till as the end drew near he seemed in a rapture, ready, like Elijah, to go up to Heaven in a chariot of fire. Never have I witnessed a scene which so answered to our idea of the love and joy of the primitive Church, as the closing services of a Virginia Convention. The body of weeping clergymen gathered around the chancel, while, in the presence of a crowded but praying assembly, the Bishop, with white locks and shaking hands, streaming eyes, and voice trembling with emotion, gave them his parting counsels and tender farewell—a scene was represented upon which angels might gaze with rapture." These scenes inspired the muse of Mrs. Sigourney, who was present, which expressed itself in these lines :

"They clustered round, that listening throng,
The parting hour drew nigh,
And heightened feeling, deep and strong,
Spoke forth from eye to eye.

For reverend in his hoary years
A white-robed Prelate bent,
And trembling pathos winged his words
As to the heart they went.

With saintly love he urged the crowd
 Salvation's hope to gain,
 While gathering on his furrowed cheeks
 The tears fell down like rain.

He waved his hand, and music woke
 A warm and solemn strain,
 His favorite hymn swelled high, and filled
 The consecrated fane.

Then from the hallowed chancel forth
 With faltering step he sped,
 And fervent, laid a Father's hand
 On every priestly head.

And breathed the blessing of his God
 And full of meekness said,
 'Be faithful in your Master's work
 When your old Bishop's dead.

For more than fifty years, my sons,
 A Saviour's love supreme
 Unto a sinful world, has been
 My unexhausted theme.

Now see the blossoms of the grave
 O'er all my temples spread,
 Oh, lead the seeking soul to Him
 When your old Bishop's dead.' "

Like the captive children of Judah, our people had wept over the desolations of Zion; and so, "when the Lord turned again the captivity of Zion, they were like them that dream, their mouths were filled with the laughter and their tongues with singing, 'The Lord hath done great things for us, whereof we are glad.'"

The Rev. John Martin, of the class of 1834, grandfather of Rev. Douglass Hooff, now of Baltimore, told me that his preaching-places were 150 miles apart. He was then in Kanawha county. How he accomplished such journeys I cannot tell, but such distances kept men away from Convention.

In 1839 the meeting was in the borough of Norfolk, as it was styled, and this was very accessible. I remember it well, as it was my first Convention. All of us went down together with many from the upper counties, a boat full from Alexandria, and it was a most delightful trip. This Convention was very well attended by clergy and laity, and the abounding hospitality of Norfolk, the beautiful Potomac river and the Bay, the strawberries

and vegetables, so early, it seemed to me, made a deep impression. There were only two churches then in Norfolk, and we met at Christ's Church, of which the rector was Rev. Martin P. Parks, a most eloquent and effective preacher. St. James Church, Richmond, Rev. Dr. Empie rector, had just been built, and was that year admitted into union with the Convention. So also was Roanoke parish, Halifax county, of which Rev. John T. Clark was the founder and for nearly forty years the rector. Bishop Randolph was for a time rector, and my son also from 1880 to 1887. Dr. Patrick H. Foster, its first lay delegate in 1839, died during my son's charge in 1881.

A number of visiting clergy were present in Norfolk, among them Rev. Richard Newton, of Philadelphia, the great preacher to children. At the close of the sermon Sunday night, Bishop Moore arose and delivered one of the most moving addresses I ever heard, closing with these words: "My dear children, for fifty-two years I have been preaching the gospel of Christ. I have sometimes been weary of my labors, but I never wearied of my theme. My children, preach Christ when your old Bishop is dead." To this, Parks in audible tones said *Amen*, which electrified the whole congregation. "The Voice of free grace" was then sung and the clergy came forward to receive the Bishop's blessing and farewell. It was a most touching scene. Of all the delegates then present, clerical and lay, I alone remain. Mr. Dana and I stayed at Commodore Stribling's and Mrs. Foote and the two Misses Frobels were there, too. At another Convention in Norfolk I stayed at Mrs. Walke's, relative of Rev. Lewis Walke, whose relative is now studying for the ministry at our Seminary. A few years ago Miss Walke, her daughter, sent me word that she remembered my visit and that I said, "Don't let her have her own way," and she said, "I have never had it."

Commodore Stribling told me that figs grew as well in his yard in Norfolk as at Smyrna. The fish and the variety and abundance of the viands were a wonder to me. A minister in his grace at table used to specify in scriptural terms the food before him. When he saw for the first time some clams he was at a loss for a moment, and then gave thanks for "the treasures hid in the sands." I do not know what he would have said at a Norfolk dinner.

Bishop Meade visited for the first time, in 1839, the town of Danville, accompanied by Rev. Messrs. Clark and Kinckle, and

for two days they held frequent services and administered both sacraments. "A few zealous friends of the Church assured us," he writes, "that a church would soon be built there, and Rev. Mr. Clark offered to visit there once a month." Rev. Dr. George W. Dame came there to live August 1, 1840, the church was built in 1843, and under his faithful, untiring, devoted ministry it grew until in 1880 a large and beautiful new church was built. His work of fifty-five years there has borne precious fruit, some of which we can see, while much of it is unknown; and his three sons, graduates of our Seminary, are handing on his influence in widening spheres.

George W. Dame came to Virginia as a boy and became an Episcopalian through his study of the Scriptures and Church history. Similar was the experience of Dr. Alfred Edersheim, the famous scholar and writer. Converted from Judaism by Presbyterian missionaries in Vienna, he became after some years a member of the Church of England through the study of the New Testament and ancient authors.

When Mr. Dame went to Danville about 1840 he found three members of the Episcopal Church. He was made principal of the town school and began his course, most remarkable for its steady, untiring, successful labors. The Church was little known and greatly hated, and in spite of threats and oppositions of every sort, he planted the Church in four counties, and sent forth from his own school scores of young women to be centers of Christian and Church influence. He became the parson of the whole town, now grown to be a city, beloved by poor and rich, honored by all who knew him, and as he went about doing good he preached the most powerful sermons of holiness and love. Where once there was no other rector there are now ten, two Church schools, and in his own town a beautiful church and two mission chapels.

In 1840 the Convention met in Charlottesville, and among the visitors was Rev. Dr. Stephen H. Tyng, very well known to all, who delighted to attend the Virginia Conventions. He and Dr. Keith, as they journeyed on to the meeting, held services at various places, and on Sunday afternoon they made addresses to the students at the University.

Rev. Martin P. Parks, who had been a Methodist, I think, preached the great sermon of the Convention, and I have heard many, long years after, speak of its eloquence and power. Dr. Edward C. McGuire was so moved by part of it that he uncon-

sciously rose from his seat, and Dr. Tyng complimented the sermon most highly. He said something like this in the sermon, that "if a minister fell from the pulpit he would not stop short of the lowest hell." The vestry of the church gave notice that provision had been made for the horses of the delegates. Nearly all drove there in sulkies or buggies.

At this Convention Hugh W. Sheffey, of Staunton, first appeared as a delegate, but was seldom missing thereafter until his death, a few years ago. He was a very effective speaker, and both in our Diocesan and General Conventions had great influence. Dr. Dyer writes of him as, in 1851, one of the notable men of Virginia, and heard him speak in the Constitutional Convention in Richmond.

The social life and the religious meetings at the Virginia Conventions made them different from such meetings elsewhere. The sessions lasted from Wednesday morning to Saturday afternoon, whether there was little or much business to be done. Every day a recess was taken for service and sermon, and at night services were held in behalf of various objects, when laymen also would speak. All the clergy, I think, stayed over Sunday, and every church building in the town was occupied by some clergyman of our Church.

But chief of these services were the early morning prayer-meetings. They began at six o'clock or later on at seven in the morning. One of the bishops or one of the older ministers conducted the service. Several clergymen offered prayers, often extempore, or read the portions of Scripture, then two addresses were made on personal religion, and hymns were sung, in all lasting an hour. The church would be filled and a deep spiritual interest prevailed. Bishops Moore and Meade took the greatest interest in these spiritual exercises of the Convention, and thought a quickening influence was thus given through the clergy and laymen to the whole Diocese. In the evening social religious meetings were often held at the houses of laymen, and I remember attending one at Mr. Tazewell Taylor's in Norfolk.

There was the most astonishing hospitality shown at these times; every heart and home was open to all who came. Not only church-members entertained clergy and laity, but Presbyterians and Methodists and Baptists would entertain visitors—not merely delegates, but others who from interest attended. This was necessary, as the Convention did not meet only in the few

large towns, but had nine, later on eleven, places of meeting in rotation, some of them very small. It might be said literally that all kept open house, for they hardly knew how many would be present at each meal. Each one was free to go where he pleased to breakfast or to dinner, or to bring a friend or two back with him to a meal, and notice of this was not required by the generous entertainers.

The Sunday-morning services were most inspiring, and the churches could not hold all who wished to attend. The brethren seemed loth to part with each other after the five days of religious and social intercourse, and the country clergy especially went back to their work invigorated and encouraged.

The Conventions then were not mere business meetings, at which ministers sometimes seem to forget their mission, but a "time of refreshing from the Lord." The bishops, and clergy, like Messrs. Cobbs, Keith, Parks, Atkinson, Andrews, the Jacks-sons, McGuires, Jones, and many others, had melted their subjects by passing them through their own hearts, and they came forth in burning words from lips touched with "a coal from off the altar." In all the preaching Jesus Christ was "lifted up" for the worship and love of sinful men. Nor did these services end with the occasion; the support of the Seminary, and Prayer-Book, Tract, Education and Missionary Societies in every parish; the enactment of canons of purer discipline and the purging of Convention of non-communicants and of the communion of unworthy members; vacant parishes filled and old churches restored, were all fruits of these meetings.

Bishop Moore wrote to Bishop Ravenscroft, of North Carolina, of the Convention of 1827: "Our last Convention was one of the most interesting I ever witnessed. It was thought there were at least 1,200 visitors—people of the first distinction. It would give me great pleasure to see you at our next in Petersburg. You once delighted to be with us. I am an old man, not far from that country where we will be happy, and I don't see why the Church below should not taste a little of the joy we hope to have in a better world. I love order and our Liturgy with all my heart; but think that our services, instead of producing formality, are calculated to make us rejoice and give thanks."

Our minds revert to those days and to those men who lived near to God, and we warm our hearts by recalling them when "distance lends enchantment to the view."

In the Convention of 1841, which met at Alexandria, there was a very large attendance of laymen, and among them were several who soon after were ordained—Charles E. Ambler, C. J. Gibson, Milo Mahan. This was often the case. One strong point about the Virginia clergymen was that they not only came as all the clergy do, from laymen, but from Virginia laymen, and so were "to the manner born." They were much more useful to the diocese on this account. In some dioceses all the clergy are importations, and often from very different customs and ways. The lay-delegates to our Conventions were from the old families—three Nelsons, three Lees and three Williams were there in 1841, with two Fairfaxes, and other well-known names. An important report was submitted by Bishop Meade from the Committee on Religious Instruction of Servants. This was an object very dear to his heart, and he preached to them and labored for their welfare continuously.

At the Convention of 1842, which met in Staunton, though I was not present, certain important things took place, which deserve mention. Bishop Moore had died, and it was evident that from the difficulties of travel and large extent of territory one bishop could not do the work. Rev. Mr. Christian moved that it "is the sense of this Convention that the division of the diocese would greatly promote the interests of the Church therein, and that a committee of five clergymen and three laymen be appointed to bring in a bill which shall divide the diocese." After some informal talk Mr. Cassius F. Lee moved to lay the whole subject on the table; which was done.

Thus ended the first attempt at dividing the Diocese of Virginia. Various attempts were made afterwards at intervals, and not till fifty years after was old Virginia divided. Bishop Meade then made a communication to the Convention asking for an Assistant Bishop. A committee reported that *it was inexpedient to divide the diocese*, and it was moved that the Convention proceed to the election of an Assistant at 9 A. M. Saturday. As I have said before, Dr. John Johns was elected on the *first* ballot. Staunton was a good place for electing assistant bishops, for twenty-five years later, in 1867, Rev. F. M. Whittle was elected Assistant Bishop. Dr. Lippitt was to nominate Rev. Mr. Whittle, but he afterwards voted for Dr. Andrews. Dr. Sparrow and I were for Bishop Whittle, and some one said that the Seminary elected him. Dr. Andrews was the unanimous choice of the

Valley Convocation, a very strong body, and got 40 votes on the seventh ballot. The laity did not confirm him. This was due, it is said, to the fact that the West Virginia delegates, who were strong Union men, voted against him. There was much excitement and interest felt in the election, and on the ninth ballot, when Rev. F. M. Whittle was nominated by the clergy to the laity, they ratified the choice. At the Convention of 1877, in Staunton, West Virginia being another State, was set apart as a diocese, and then Mr. Charles M. Blackford moved that the Diocese of Virginia be divided by the James river. This motion was lost, but at last the division was about on the same lines.

I have spoken of the difficulty of getting to Convention, so I might tell how we sometimes managed it. I think the country clergy generally came in their own conveyances even one hundred miles. I drove in my own carriage to Winchester, taking Cassius F. Lee along with me. In 1858 I preached the Convention sermon at Winchester, and, strange to say, that very sermon was picked up by some one during the war, among my books and papers that were left behind. My text was I. Chron. xii, 32. Bishop Meade followed with a seasonable address. I stayed at Dr. Baldwin's and was given a room by myself—quite an honor then, as the abounding hospitality could not find rooms enough for all; sometimes four were in a room. My daughter stayed there too, in a room with four other girls, and she said it was hard to get any sleep, as some went to bed late and some got up at dawn to attend the early services.

There were two Misses Rogers there, one of whom afterwards became the wife of Rev. Ovid A. Kinsolving, and the mother of Revs. Arthur B. and Lucien Lee Kinsolving. She died during the war in Middleburg, Virginia, and I made an address on the occasion of her death, which Rev. Lucien Kinsolving told me he had often read, as it was about his mother. Middleburg was at the time in the hands of the Federal soldiers, and I remember how they watched us at the burial.

I went to the Convention in Lynchburg with Rev. Thomas T. Castleman, rector at Staunton, who was my warm friend. It was over sixty miles drive from Charlottesville to Lynchburg. It was the middle of May, when Nature had thrown off her veil and shown her beautiful face. Castleman drove me in his buggy with a very fine iron-gray horse. We went down one side of the mountains and came back on the other side. I remember where

the James river goes through the mountains, how beautiful the scenery was—equal, I think, to Harper's Ferry. Castleman was a cousin of Rev. R. A. Castleman, class of 1852 (father of our minister of the same name), who married Miss Mary M. Lee, daughter of Rev. William F. Lee, founder and first editor of the *Southern Churchman*, and his sad and untimely death shortly after the war closed a useful ministry. Rev. Thomas Castleman was a good preacher, very intimate with the lawyers of Staunton, with whom he used to joke, I remember, and who enjoyed his preaching.

My first visit to Richmond was in 1843, when I attended the Convention. I think we went down the Potomac to Aquia creek and from there by stage to Richmond. Among the clergy were four who were to be bishops, Thomas Atkinson, W. H. Cobbs and the two Wilmers. Four of the McGuires were present among the clergy and were for a number of years, some years five being present, and in 1838 four Jacksons, all nearly related.

At the Convention of 1845, Mr. William M. Blackford, once our Minister to Bogota, was elected Secretary of the Convention, which position he held until 1851, when, on resigning, the thanks of the Convention were tendered for his laborious and useful services, and Cassius F. Lee was elected Secretary. Mr. Blackford, who was a very cultivated gentleman, married Miss Minor, of Fredericksburg, sister of Launcelot M. Minor, our devoted missionary. Mr. Blackford died in August, 1864, in Lynchburg, and Mrs. Blackford in September, 1896, over ninety years old. His six sons have been well known in Virginia and Maryland, three of them—L. M., C. M., and Eugene—being earnest workers in the Church.

At a Convention in Staunton I stayed at Dr. Stribling's, a hospitable home which sheltered many during the war, and a lovely, pious family, who now have their reward, I trust. I remember walking on the street there with Rev. Charles H. Page, a cousin of my wife, and I felt like a pigmy beside him—he was so tall and large. He was a pious man, and never sat by any one in traveling without talking to the person about religion. He used to question the young ladies where he was visiting as to whether they had read their Bibles and prayed that morning, and if the answer was at all unsatisfactory he would propose and insist on going through some religious exercises with them then and there. His sister, Mary Anne, married Gen. Roger Jones, another cousin of my wife, and had twelve children, some of whom visit me now.

His brother, Richard L., Captain U. S. N. and Brigadier-General C. S. A., was a noble man well known in Virginia, and an old resident of Norfolk, dying in 1901.

A bright incident marked the year 1862, darkened with the clouds of war and desolation. Bishop Johns visited Mr. Charles Bruce at his beautiful home, "Staunton Hill," on the Staunton river, Charlotte county, and Mr. Bruce asked him to receive and use for destitute churches of the diocese the munificent legacy of his mother, Mrs. Elvira Cabell Bruce. The daughter of Col. William Cabell, Jr., of Nelson county, she married *first* Patrick Henry, Jr., eldest son of the great orator, and *second*, James Bruce, Esq. She was a most liberal supporter of the Episcopal Church in her lifetime, and left at her death a conditional bequest; so it was also an honorable boon, as Bishop Johns says, "from the heirs at law, who though under no legal obligation to comply with this provision of the will, promptly, and of their own accord, executed it as really valid." To Mr. Charles Bruce, as executor, it was chiefly owing that this bequest was realized, and not being himself attached to the Episcopal Church, it was more praiseworthy that it should have been so done. He owned a large plantation; and the house, the stables and all the appointments were very handsome; situated on the hills overlooking the rich bottom lands of the Staunton, than which there are no better in any land, with its many miles of beautiful drives, its generous hospitality and cultivated home circle, it is worthy of mention. Mr. Charles Bruce died at his home in the fall of 1896; a man of influence and character, his loss was sorely felt in his county.

Rev. T. Grayson Dashiell, of the class of 1854, was elected Secretary of the Convention in 1863, and was for about thirty years a most popular and efficient one. His clear, ringing voice, so necessary for such a position, was easily heard by all, and his long and accurate acquaintance with persons and affairs made him most useful. Few have held such an office so long. He was of a lovely character and disposition, an able and earnest preacher, and a man greatly beloved by all who knew him. He built up St. Mark's Church in Richmond, and took an active part in all diocesan work, being a valuable helper to the Bishop, and by his pure and holy life and fervent zeal he has won a good degree. He died in Panama, while off on a visit for his health, about 1893. His two wives were both daughters of Doctor Sparrow.

Many interesting and valuable memories hang about the Virginia Conventions, and would form a valuable part of the unwritten history of those days. Bishop Meade's addresses were often pastoral charges on the errors of the time or the truths needing to be enforced, or historical memorials, and Bishop Johns' sermons were helpful and inspiring. Dr. Sparrow and Dr. Norton had great weight in the Convention, though I never heard a long speech from either one. Small points of order were not made, and the discussion, though sometimes very spirited, as, for example, on the subject of disciplinary canons on amusements, was never heated or bitter. One of the greatest discussions was on that subject, and later, in 1879, at Fredericksburg, on the introduction of flowers and altar-cloths for the different seasons, which had been prohibited by Bishop Whittle. The Bishop was strongly sustained in his position, and the growing practice was discontinued.

In connection with the Virginia Conventions I might speak of some General Conventions that I attended. I was at the General Convention of 1838 in Philadelphia, and stayed at the same house with Rev. Aldert Smedes, of Schenectady, who was on his way to North Carolina to see about starting a Church School for Girls in Raleigh, North Carolina. This he soon afterwards did, and as St. Mary's, and carried on by the son of its founder, it has been known to the Church most favorably for more than fifty years. It has done much for the Church in the South by training and sending forth Christian women into her homes. His brother, very much younger than himself, Rev. Dr. J. E. C. Smedes, is an honored clergyman of Washington.

Bishop Griswold, who ordained me, presided, and Bishop Meade preached the opening sermon: I had many acquaintances among the Clerical Deputies. Revs. Edward C. McGuire, N. H. Cobbs, M. P. Parks and Alexander Jones represented Virginia, and Drs. Wyatt and Johns were leaders from Maryland, Dr. Wyatt being President of the House of Deputies for many years, and for fifty years Rector of St. Paul's, Baltimore. Of the Clerical Deputies to that Convention, only one, I believe, is now living, Rev. J. L. McKim, of Delaware.

The Rev. Henry Anthon was Secretary of the House, and I knew him quite well. His son afterwards attended this Seminary. It was, compared with the Convention now, a small body—sixteen bishops, seventy-five clerical and sixty lay delegates; but this was an enormous increase over that early meeting, when the

House of Bishops met in a room in St. Paul's Rectory, Baltimore ; or the one that met in New Haven a year before my birth with only two bishops present. That same year the Protestant Episcopal Church in America was declared to be the Church formerly known as the Church of England in America. The Constitution was then being amended and occupied much time. This sentence has a familiar sound now. The surplice was recommended for use, and ministers were requested to wear one, and the vestries to supply them with surplices. The resolution was laid on the table. At the Convention of 1838 I saw Mrs. Alexander Hamilton shown to the front seat, which had been reserved for her. She was then over ninety years of age.

The General Convention of 1844, in Philadelphia, was a remarkable one and the great interest centered in the case of Rev. Dr. Francis L. Hawks, who had been elected Bishop of Mississippi, and whose testimonials were to be signed by the Deputies. I knew Dr. Hawks by reputation well, and heard him preach some great sermons. There have been many greater in particular branches, and who have attained greater prominence, but in force of character and influence over others in his Church few have stood higher. He was just the age of my eldest brother, who, however, outlived him twenty years. A native of North Carolina, in a family of six or eight sons, three of whom became clergymen, he received his training and education in that State to which his name has added lustre. His grandfather had come from England with Governor Tryon, so well known in North Carolina colonial history, and his ancestry was English-Irish ; his mother was a woman of strong character. Graduating at the University, and becoming a communicant when only seventeen, he showed his piety by becoming a lay reader. He was admitted to the bar, and, young as he was, had a great reputation, being elected to the Legislature and much admired as an orator, the court-house being crowded when he was to speak. He gave up a growing practice to study for the ministry, to which he was first inclined, and was ordained by Bishop Ravenscroft in 1827, the same year as Bishops Whittingham and Horatio Potter. He went to New Haven, Connecticut, as Assistant to Dr. Henry Crosdale, and his reputation as a preacher there was very great with the students of Yale College. In 1829 he became Bishop White's Assistant at St. James', Philadelphia ; a year later Professor of Divinity at Washington (now Trinity) College. In

1831 he went to New York city and was rector for a short time of St. Stephen's, Bishop Moore's old church, then of St. Thomas' until 1843. Crowds flocked to hear him and the church had to be enlarged, and he occupied other important positions also. In 1835 he was chosen Bishop of the Southwestern Diocese, but declined for want of a certain support for his family, and Bishop Polk was selected instead. He was appointed Conservator of Books and Documents of the Church, and in 1836 went to England, where he spent two thousand dollars, mostly given by Trinity church, New York, in having documents about the early Church in America copied, making eighteen folio volumes. These he did not live to publish, but they were finally issued in fine large quarto volumes by his co-laborer, Bishop William S. Perry. He published the Ecclesiastical History of Virginia, which contains a reprint of the Convention Journals to 1835, a like volume (Journals omitted) on Maryland, two volumes on North Carolina, and a pamphlet on South Carolina. The sale was small or more might have been published.

In 1839 he began a school, called after his church, St. Thomas' Hall, at Flushing, Long Island, the house being like a bee-hive, with only one entrance. Large sums were contributed, many scholars came, immense sums were spent, and for a time all went well. In the crash of 1843 all came tumbling down, and the debts of himself and the school amounted to one hundred and eighty thousand dollars, it was said. His reputation was injured, though none doubted his honesty of purpose. His family was thought to be an extravagant one. He resigned St. Thomas and removed to Holly Springs, Mississippi. In 1844 he was elected Bishop of that Diocese by their Convention, and so he came before the General Convention for confirmation. Thereupon Dr. Muhlenberg and others opposed his confirmation on the ground that he was so heavily in debt, and therefore not of good report. This caused at first a great deal of feeling against Dr. Muhlenberg. The matter was brought up in several ways, and at last Dr. Hawks desired to make his defence, and I suppose it was the ablest and most powerful personal defence ever made before any body. It reminds me of Sheridan's famous speech in the trial of Warren Hastings. The church with its galleries was crowded to overflowing. The interest in the speech increased as he advanced. There was the profoundest silence and the most intense interest on the part of every one present. He took up all the specifica-

tions of his bankruptcy one by one, and without denying the facts most ingeniously and satisfactorily explained them. Every aspect of the subject was presented in the most luminous order, in the clearest statement; and strong argument, great pathos, beautiful diction and perfect elocution combined to give effect to every sentence. Such a scene was never witnessed by any Church Convention, before or since, as I saw that day in St. Andrew's, Philadelphia, and when he closed with his appeal to the Convention, saying "It rests with you, whether, when I go home this day and my boy climbs upon my knee, I shall have to say to him, 'Your father is a dishonored man,' " the whole audience seemed to be weeping, and in the galleries crowded with ladies were seen many handkerchiefs fluttering, and sobs were heard. To quote Macaulay, "The ladies in the galleries, unaccustomed to such displays of eloquence, excited by the solemnity of the occasion and perhaps not unwilling to display their taste and sensibility, were in a state of uncontrollable emotion."

Judge Berrien, member of Congress from Georgia, wept like a child, and said that the Convention must be satisfied with the clear explanation which Dr. Hawks had given, and offered such a resolution, and Rev. Dr. Strong, of Massachusetts, moved that they should at once proceed to sign his testimonials that night. Judge Ezekiel Chambers, of Maryland, a man of great weight in the Convention, and eminent for his ability, then arose and moved that the Convention adjourn, as they were not in a condition to act calmly upon the case after such a brilliant speech, and the motion was carried. The next morning the whole question was unanimously referred back to the Diocese of Mississippi, which expressed its entire confidence in Dr. Hawks by re-electing him; but he declined. A resolution also was passed by the General Convention exonerating him from the charges brought against him by the memorials presented to the House, the vote being reached shortly before twelve o'clock one night, and none voting in the negative.

It is certain that he was not wilfully dishonest, but he was careless and extravagant, perhaps, and these caused him bitter trouble. Some brother minister tried to comfort him when in his troubles by saying that God cared even for the sparrows, and not one of them could fall without his knowledge. "Ah," said he, "but nothing is said about Hawks."

Several dramatic incidents occurred in the speeches. Rev. Dr.

Mead, of Connecticut, who had been a friend of Dr. Hawks and a guest at his house, felt constrained to repeat what Dr. Hawks had said to him, showing his high temper, and said, "Sooner than put my hand to sign the testimonials, I would lay it on the block and have it cut off, and holding up the bloody stump I would implore all to pause and not sign the documents." Dr. Hawks, in his reply to this, said: "If the path to the House of Bishops was to be through such a fiery ordeal, few, very few, would dare to attempt its passage. Ten thousand mitres were no recompense for such agony as he had endured. 'The Episcopate of Mississippi stood with him but as the dust in the balance; he wanted the verdict as to his being a dishonest man.'" Dr. Mead referred to the surpliced choristers at St. Thomas' Hall, the only instance of this use of the surplice he had known. Dr. Hawks replied that he did not favor the recent innovations, but was for adhering to old things, even to the cut of a pair of bands and the shape of a surplice.

For five years he was rector of Christ Church, New Orleans, and first President of the University of Louisiana; then he moved to New York where he had the Church of the Mediator, afterwards merged into Calvary Church. There being a debt on it, his friends raised \$30,000 to clear it. In 1852 he was elected Bishop of Rhode Island but declined. At the time of the war his ardent Southern sympathies brought about a little friction, and in 1862 he resigned and came to Christ Church, Baltimore, where he stayed three years. Rev. Dr. Fuller, the great Baptist preacher in Baltimore, punning on his name once asked him what was the difference between owls and hawks. He replied: "Well, Fuller, I can give you a simple answer. Owls are *fuller* about the head, *fuller* about the body, and *fuller* all over." Whenever he preached in New York, Baltimore, Washington or New Orleans, he drew immense congregations. His reading of the service, especially the Bible, was regarded as unequalled, and the tones of his voice as he read Isaiah, "They shall hunger *no more*," &c., still linger in my ears as most beautiful and moving. The full, rich tones, the distinct articulation, the perfect modulation, the melody and power of his voice, was beyond that of any preacher I ever heard. I heard him at General Convention on the text "Come unto Me," a great sermon; and I drove Dr. Sparrow in my carriage to Washington to hear him preach at Trinity Church on "Render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's and unto

God the things that are God's." It was a grand sermon, and President Pierce, many Senators and Congressmen and eminent persons were there. He taught Senators wisdom, and they certainly had set before them that day their duty, both to God and to man.

Dr. Hawks was a man of untiring industry and wrote many books. He was one of the best of talkers and a man of great versatility. Dr. Milo Mahan, when a teacher in Dr. Muhlenberg's school in Flushing, having heard a very eloquent address from Dr. Hawks on Homer, showed him a difficult passage and asked for his explanation, but he was unable to give it, not being as exact a scholar as Mahan. Dr. Hawks was a High-Churchman of the school of Ravenscroft and Hobart. No life of him has ever been written, and I wonder at it in these days of biographies. Rev. C. S. Hawks, his brother, was confirmed as Bishop of Missouri at this session of 1844.

There was a remarkably able set of Deputies—clerical and lay—at this Convention. Rev. Drs. Em pie, McGuire, Sparrow and Grammer, Messrs. S. H. Lewis, Philip Williams, R. H. Cunningham and Wm. H. McFarland, were from Virginia. Dr. Em pie made several long speeches against Tractarianism, and he had fifty-five heads under which that teaching was condemned. Dr. Tyng and many other eminent men, clerical and lay, spoke on the subject and it occupied a great deal of time, but no positive action was taken.

Judge Chambers' resolution was passed that the Prayer Book contains the sense of the Church as to essential doctrines, and that the General Convention is not a suitable tribunal for the trial and censure of doctrinal error, and that the Church is not responsible for the errors of individuals. Much consideration was given to the subject of Foreign Missions at this meeting, and Rev. William J. Boone was chosen as Missionary Bishop of China. Action was postponed in the case of bishops for the west coast of Africa and Turkey, though Rev. Horatio Southgate was nominated for Turkey.

One of the most prominent clergymen and speakers was Rev. Thomas Atkinson, of Maryland, then regarded as one of the ablest ministers and preachers, and later the beloved Bishop of North Carolina. Ten of the clergymen present soon afterwards were chosen bishops. Of all the Clerical Deputies at that Convention only two are now living, both of whom I happened to know.

CHAPTER XX.

SOME OLD FRIENDS.

AMONG my older friends were three of the class of 1832, all living beyond threescore years, and having each held in his ministry but one cure, the Rev. George Adie, William Friend, and Hugh J. Harrison, an example of devotion to one people and contentment with their lot very rare.

The Rev. William Friend was most highly cultured, not only in theology, but in the classics and other learning, and doubtless to his intellectual as well as to his moral and personal worth was his lasting influence due. His sermons were models of force and elegance, for he had "the pen of a ready writer." A native of Massachusetts, he made Virginia the home of his affection and life-work. He married late in life, and during his bachelor days a ladies' society sent him a dozen shirts. He thanked them, and wrote that "the stream of their liberality could not have flowed into a more thirsty channel."

The Rev. George Adie was a model pastor, with strong influence on all, and dying where he had long lived, in Leesburg.

Rev. Hugh T. Harrison was a very learned man, especially in theology and exegesis. He was an expert linguist. His son, Rev. Dr. Hall Harrison, was like him in these respects, and for years had the same parish, though having in the General Church a reputation and influence far wider, and his sudden death removed from the Church one of her most useful and gifted sons. Rev. Charles W. Andrews, D. D., was ordained at the same time, though not an alumnus of our Seminary, and spent his whole life in Virginia, honored by the Church and wielding a powerful influence. He received a large vote for Assistant Bishop of Virginia. His life has been written by Dr. Walker. He and Charles E. Ambler were good friends, and this story is told: Dr. Andrews had a way of saying to the sick or old, "Well, soon you'll be walking the golden streets and will leave this world of toil and trouble." It did not always comfort or brighten them. When he was taken sick once Mr. Ambler went to see him, and with very serious face said to him, "Brother, soon you will be leaving the troubles and

pains of this world and be walking the golden streets above." Dr. A. became quite excited, and said, "Not at all; I'll be well soon. Why do you talk to me in this way! This is a pretty way to cheer a sick man." "Well," said Mr. Ambler, "that is some of your own medicine. You talk in that way to others."

Rev. Richard K. Meade, son of Bishop Meade, born the same year as I, passed away November 17, 1892. He was Rector of Christ Church, Charlottesville, from 1836 to 1868, his only charge, when ill health caused him to resign. For many years he was principal of the Piedmont Female Seminary. A man of fine intellect, a good scholar and preacher, he was a worthy son of the great Bishop. His two sons, Rev. W. H. Meade, D. D., and Rev. Frank A. Meade, have labored in their native State successfully.

In the class of 1837 were many good friends of mine. Rev. Upton Beall was a very earnest and pious man, and an excellent preacher. I remember hearing him preach at St. John's, Washington, "The fathers where are they and the prophets, do they live forever," a funeral discourse. Bishop Johns preached a funeral sermon on his death. Rev. William Bryant, father of Mr. Herbert Bryant, of Alexandria, was a graduate of West Point, a soldierly man, as erect as if he had swallowed a sword, upright in every sense of the word.

Rev. William A. Harris was sent to us by Bishop Otey for whom he had unbounded admiration. He was a successful minister and was long in Washington. Rev. Charles Goodrich was very prominent in New Orleans during the war. General B. F. Butler was very civil to him, and told him his family were Episcopalians, and he contributed largely to the Church. It was the custom for one of the senior class to make an address, which was replied to by one of the middle class. Goodrich made the parting address that year. The Rev. William Hodges, though of Baptist training, became an Episcopalian and wrote the best book on Infant Baptism that we have. He was most useful and earnest. Rev. John Towles was a most worthy man, whose ministry was spent chiefly at Accokeek, Maryland. Rev. William J. Clark taught at the Carters on Shooter's Hill. He was at Snow Hill, Maryland, and had some great church controversy, dying not many years ago.

Rev. Joshua Peterkin, D. D., was nearly two years younger than myself, but we were friends from my coming to the Seminary in 1836, where he was a student, till the close of his life,

March 7, 1892. In all that time I can recall nothing but what was lovely and of good report in thought, word and deed in his life. Joshua Peterkin was born in Baltimore, Maryland, in August, 1814, and was educated at a classical school, which, however, he left when fifteen years old, and for four years he was in business. While thus engaged he attended Dr. John Johns' church, and often visited him for counsel. Bishop Johns used often to describe the winter night when, after hearing him preach, young Peterkin came to him about his soul. After that sermon he felt "If what Dr. Johns says is so, I am in a very bad way, and must turn, and my whole life and aims must be changed;" so he went directly and opened his heart to him. His appearance as he entered the library was most attractive, his face flushed with excitement, his eyes clear and shining, and his hair sprinkled with snow which had fallen on it without his notice, and that night's talk was like that of Christ and Nicodemus—one never to be forgotten, since eternal interests depended on it. The friendship thus early begun lasted through their life and has doubtless now been renewed never again to be broken.

Dr. Peterkin entered the Seminary September, 1834, and graduated in 1837, was ordained Deacon that July and Priest in July, 1839, by Bishop Moore in St. Paul's Church, Alexandria. As a Deacon he labored in Baltimore for the colored people and for a white congregation at St. Andrew's, which had no means to pay a salary. He was rector of All Saints' parish, Frederick, Md., for six years, and of Zion parish, near by, for two years. Then he took charge of Wickliffe parish, Clarke county, Va., the first, as he says, that he accepted voluntarily, where he felt as if his ministry really began. There he stayed for three years and for a like period at Princeton, New Jersey. Dr. Hodge told me that while at Princeton the students said he had sat up all night to nurse a sick chicken. I told this to Dr. Peterkin and he said that the foundation for it was that one cold night he had put a sick chicken in his room near the stove, and the heat made it so lively that it broke his sleep. Dr. Hodge said that the students liked his preaching very much, that it was quite different from the others, interesting in matter and manner. He was sent for to bury a Presbyterian minister instead of one of their own ministers. In 1855 he became rector of St. James', Richmond, where he exercised a most useful and beautiful ministry for

thirty-seven years. To know him was to love him, and his presence brought peace and blessing with it. His name was honored throughout the whole city, and Christians of every denomination admired and loved him.

He had a fine gift of extemporaneous speech, so that he was most acceptable both as a preacher and a pastor. His first sermon at Falls Church showed his remarkable fluency. Some, it is said, *heel* it, and some *head* it in a parish; he did both well, and hundreds have risen up to bless his ministry. He improved every opportunity of doing good. Once when my parlor was full of young people at Commencement, he read in a most impressive way a little poem on judging others, beginning "Judge not." He had cut it from a paper. His tact and sympathy made all his approaches welcome, and the young loved him. Goldsmith's beautiful words seem written for him :

" But in his duty prompt at every call
 He watch'd and wept, he pray'd and felt for all ;
 And as a bird each fond endearment tries,
 To tempt its new-fledged offspring to the skies,
 He tried each art, reprov'd each dull delay,
 Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way.
 Beside the bed where parting life was laid,
 And sorrow, guilt and pain by turns dismay'd,
 * * * * *
 Comfort came down the trembling wretch to raise,
 And his last faltering accents whispered praise."

During the war his house was a home for any Confederate soldier who needed it, and my son Walter found a welcome there and was tenderly cared for. He would visit the hospitals and would take tobacco with him, for, though he did not use it himself, he knew how much a soldier liked it.

My relations with him were always most cordial, and I do not think I had a truer friend. As a trustee of the Seminary he was faithful and devoted, and in the General Convention, of which he was a member for some sessions, his influence was felt.

His wife was Miss Elizabeth Hanson, daughter of Thomas Hanson, of Frederick, Maryland, and his lovely daughter, Rebecca, has left behind her a memory fragrant with noble deeds, which

" Small sweet and blossom in the dust."

His son, George W. Peterkin, Bishop of West Virginia, I have known since his boyhood days at the Episcopal High School, and the promise of his boyhood has been fulfilled in a noble, consecrated manhood. His worth is known to all the Church, and distant Brazil, the youngest mission of our Church, has received the benefit of his wise oversight and labors.

One of our purest bishops, a contemporary and life-long friend of Dr. Peterkin, said : " I am good sometimes, but Joshua is good all the time. I don't see how he keeps it up." Surely nothing more need be said. These lines, the authorship of which I do not know, seem to sum his life-story.

"A name above reproach, a life as clean
 As untrod snow ; a great heart undefiled
 By so much as a thought not reconciled
 Unto the law of Christ. No cloud between
 Him and his God ; no halting soul to wean
 From things of earth. Calm as a little child
 To whom fear is unknown, he walks serene.
 A soldier of the cross, he wears the sign
 Of outward grace upon a steadfast brow.
 Within his breast pure love of the Divine
 Seals his allegiance to a soldier's vow.
 Armed with the shield of Faith, no fiery dart
 Can pierce the stronghold of his loyal heart."

John G. Maxwell, of the class of 1838, was a very worthy, excellent man, and the only one I know who read his own obituary. He was very sick, and was reported dead, and Dr. Coleman (father, I think, of Bishop Coleman,) editor of the *Banner of the Cross*, published his obituary with complimentary remarks. He got well.

In our Catalogue we have published the names of men with a star to indicate that they shine in another firmament, who came to Commencement afterwards and reported themselves alive. Such was the case with Thompson L. Smith.

When I sent blanks out about 1880 to alumni to be filled in, one question was *If deceased, time and place of death*. Phillips Brooks wrote in that place "Still alive."

One of our students, on returning from a visit home, said he had been "visiting his nativity." Another, a very pious fellow,

who had never read a novel, was lay-reading one summer. Returning from church one day, he sat in the parlor and picking up Adam Bede began to read. His hostess came in after awhile and found him absorbed in it. She was shocked at a minister reading novels on Sunday, but only said, "Mr. ———, that is an interesting novel." "Novel, ma'am!" he replied, "I thought it was the life of the venerable Bede," and he dropped it as if it were a coal of fire.

The students always had mission stations at different points about the neighborhood, as far as ten miles. S. B. Dalrymple and others went to Lebanon. I was called there to see a sick man, dying of consumption. I found him perfectly peaceful, and he said it was owing to the services and the words of the young men.

I used to visit an old woman near Falls Church, where Francis Scott Key used to exhort, named Mrs. Hopkins. She was over ninety when she died, and remembered the kiln where the bricks for Falls Church were made, and had played in it as a child. It has been said of that and many other churches that the bricks were brought from England. It was not so in that case, and I think not in most others, as brick-makers came over with the early colonists. They made bricks different from those now made, and used a different soil, it appears. Mrs. Hopkins had been a Methodist, and she told me that she was brought into the Episcopal Church by the text "Yet show I unto you a more excellent way," which she thought was Episcopacy.

The examining chaplains used to have many stories about the answers they would sometimes get. Trying to get a man's idea about baptism, they put the question in a concrete way. "Suppose you were to meet with a Baptist who asked you about immersion; how would you answer him?" "Doctor, I hope there won't be a Baptist within twenty miles of me," was the reply.

Ministers, I fear, make mistakes sometimes from every good motives. One of our clergy, himself a most pious man, son of a minister and brought up very strictly, found that his predecessor had been very severe on dancing and card-playing. He took occasion, therefore, to say in his sermon that dancing and card-playing were too much condemned, and spoke a good word for them. His people at once began to get up card clubs and dancing parties, much to his disgust, and went to extremes in them. There was no need for him to have said anything.

One of our students started to raise the tune when there was a small congregation. The hymn was,

" O let triumphant faith dispel
The fears of guilt and woe ;
If God be for us, God the Lord,
Who, who shall be our foe ? "

The last line is, " Omnipotent to save." By some mistake, the hymn, which is C. M., was marked long metre in his book, and he started it long metre. Of course, in the last lines there were two feet too little, and he repeated them over but the effect was very trying, as, being somewhat deaf, he was singing all alone without knowing it. When he repeated, *Who, who, who, who shall be our foe*, it sounded like the hooting of an owl, and when he came to the last line *Omnip-nip-nip-potent to save*, it was difficult to keep still.

R. B. Claxton and Gregory T. Bedell (afterwards Bishop) were classmates, (1840), and rivals in class standing. Claxton I knew like a book ; he had superior gifts and did well in his studies ; he had been well trained and was ambitious. He was professor in the Philadelphia Divinity School.

Bishop Bedell always appreciated this Seminary. He wrote me " I look back with enjoyment to the days when you were my young professor and I was a young scholar. Those days have never lost their beauty in my eyes, nor have I ever ceased to be grateful for the sound and patient instruction given me." Again, in 1886, he wrote, " Can it be that fifty years have passed since you took part in the noble work of our dear old Seminary, and first attempted to make of me a Hebrew scholar ? Alas ! It has been ' Bereshith ' with me ever since. I have never got much further than ' in the beginning. ' I remember that you used to tempt us and excite our enthusiasm by assuring us that Hebrew was the language spoken in heaven. It may be so, but Claxton and I—you remember him, don't you ! good fellow, he has been there for years—when we got out of the class-room used to say, how does he know ? and then the old Hebrew resumed its mundane aspect. But these efforts were the least of that continual example of patience and lovingkindness, that constant exhibition of Christian virtue and those wonderful exhibitions of truths in your department for which I have been ever grateful. "

Bishop Bedell was very diligent in his studies—methodical and

earnest—lovely in character ; he took infinite pains in all he did. He made himself a most acceptable preacher, and I have often quoted him as an example of one who doubled and multiplied his talents. He always did his best. Once in preaching on Jonah and acting the scene out, he exclaimed " Ho, there, any ship bound for Tarshish ? " Another alumnus, whose name was Peter, quoting St. Peter and St. Paul, exclaimed, " Hurrah for Peter ! " " Hurrah for Paul ! "

I remember perfectly Joseph Earnest (1841), a middle-aged man when he came, having been a lawyer. It is curious how the countenances of some students will rise up before me and I cannot recall the faces of others. His face was furrowed, but the expression was very earnest and strong. He was at Laurel, Maryland. Rev. Malcolm McFarland, of the same class, was bred to the law ; he entered the Seminary in mature life and exercised his ministry in Maryland. He left the professors \$50 each, the only student that ever did so. He fell dead whilst officiating at the Holy Communion, and was buried beneath the chancel.

Rev. William Y. Rooker (1841) had wonderful power in the pulpit, and his ministry in Virginia was of the nature of a strange phenomenon, like a comet. Many of the most careless were aroused by his almost appalling preaching, and his ministry was blessed of God to many souls. I never knew exactly what to make of him, or in what his extraordinary power consisted. He had the fiercest look of any man I ever saw, and, like the Ancient Mariner, he held men with his glittering eye. It was the eye of the lynx and the hawk combined, and people who came into church never took their eyes off him. He was a great disciple of Dr. Stephen H. Tyng and preached the terrors of the law ; retribution was his theme most often. Rev. William F. Lockwood, my dear and valued friend for many years, had a parish in Fauquier county and wished Rooker to help him in a rousing Association. This he would only consent to do on condition that Lockwood would come for him in his buggy all the way to Winchester and back. This he did, and I was at the Association with them. When at the Seminary, Rooker was very fond of going over to Rev. Lemuel Wilmer's, who was rector of Port Tobacco parish for forty-seven years, and of exhorting in his prayer-meetings. He once borrowed Dr. Keith's horse, a fine traveller, but raw-boned, with a " lean and hungry

look," and rode him over. He stopped at many places, and everywhere, looking at the horse, they felt that he needed a feed, Mr. Rooker not saying anything about it. The horse died on that trip from too much feeding, and it was found that he had eaten one hundred and twenty-five ears of new corn in one day. So it was told me. I stayed with Rooker at Winchester at Convention, and he was afterwards in Kentucky. I have a sermon of his, preached in Louisville and published by the Vestry. He went to England afterwards, where he was in charge of a proprietary chapel, as curate to his brother, a clergyman of the Church of England, and died about 1870.

These religious meetings, which were often held in Virginia, did much good. They were held in a parish, generally in the summer, and sometimes half a dozen ministers would be present and take their turns in preaching and visiting. Great good was done, and the social religious intercourse was helpful. There were often genuine revivals of religion in a parish, and sometimes the whole neighborhood would be aroused, the church would be thronged and many were converted. The new life of a parish began with some of these meetings, and old men are living now who owe their change of heart to those services. I often went on such visits—sometimes with Bishop Meade and another minister. Bishop Richard Wilmer has given a striking account of one that was held in Fluvanna county when he was a young minister, when the Holy Spirit was manifestly working in the whole community.

William F. Lockwood, (1842), was a very earnest, sincere, devoted man, very practical and useful. While here he was manager and provider at the Seminary. He had the church at Fairfax Court House and Falls Church, and was for many years rector of St. Thomas', Garrison Forest, Maryland, where I often visited him. There at one time he had a small school.

Speaking of him reminds me of others of his class. Samuel Hazlehurst, of a good old Pennsylvania family, I remember as a very sympathetic man, who interested himself in the poor and afflicted in the neighborhood, visiting and helping them. A negro man was to be hanged at Fairfax Court House, very unjustly, it was thought. He took Dr. Lippitt and myself and others up at various times to visit him. I was pleased when he

told me he thought I spoke so that the man could understand. He went as a missionary to Africa, and on his return brought back a very bad-smelling ram's horn, which the Greboes had worshipped.

Edward B. McGuire was very much like his father in person and character as in name. He had charge of small country parishes, but was a man of piety and ability.

Joshua Morsell was a very pleasant, genial man, of the old Maryland family ; of his uncle James I have spoken. He was in charge of St. James' parish, Anne Arundel county, for many years, and married old Mr. Chesley's daughter, Jane. Once Dr. Sparrow was visiting there and preached on the text "How old art thou?" So earnest and impressive was he that young Nat Chesley said, after coming out, "When Dr. Sparrow said that and looked at me I came near getting up and saying, 'Just twenty-one.'" Mr. Morsell was later at Navy-Yard, Washington, and then in New Jersey, and he was made a D. D. and sent to General Convention. He would say whatever came in his mind, and sometimes did himself injustice.

One of our alumni hearing of a vacancy at Elk Ridge said to one of his vestrymen, "Doctor you have influence at Elk Ridge. I wish you would get me called there." The Doctor replied, "Mr. —, I don't think it would suit you ; they are higher Church than we are here." "Oh, that doesn't matter ; I can suit myself to them." The Doctor rejoined, "But they don't pay as much salary as here." "Well, that's a horse of a different color ; I don't care to go."

Nicholas P. Tillinghast was a very superior, accomplished man ; very courteous, and of a distinguished family. He lost his leg while he was in Georgetown in a strange way. Some ladies he knew were in the cars and he was outside talking to them. Somehow he was caught and dragged under and his leg had to be cut off high up. His nerves were very much affected. His sister married a Willing.

Edward T. Walker, of Charleston, son of Rev. Joseph Walker, so well known in the Church, and brother of Bruce Walker, was a very fine man.

In the class of 1843 I knew well the Rev. Dr. George A. Leakin, who has been nearly sixty years in the ministry, and has comforted many with the hopes of the Gospel of Christ. The

only other survivor is the Rev. John B. Richmond, who has been "a brother beloved" by me.

One member of this class, preaching at Fairfax Court House, stayed at Mr. Rumsey's and on Monday morning when leaving handed Mrs. R. a half dollar for his board, which gave offense. He sent his sweetheart a bag of sweet potatoes while he was courting her.

The Rev. William H. Pendleton was also a member of this class. Though deprived of many advantages of a thorough collegiate training, Mr. Pendleton, by conscientious study, and the faithful cultivation of the excellent talents which God had given him, became one of the most accurate thinkers and best preachers in the diocese in which he was born and labored and died. For clearness of thought and distinctness of expression, amongst the men of his standing, he had no superior. Ambitious to do his Master's work, of singularly confiding character, he was only anxious to discharge his duty, and do it at his best. When his health, long impaired, but never inclining him to take repose until he could work no more, compelled him to relinquish his parish work, with strange calmness and deliberation he provided for his family a residence, and for himself a home, in which to die. It was in the parish in which he had first opened his mouth as a minister of Christ. Thence, in abundant measure enjoying that peace which passeth knowledge, he went home calmly, without distraction, full of hope and joy when his changing came. He said death was just like passing from one room to another. William H. Pendleton, the simple, honest, earnest child of God, in manhood fulfilled amply the promise of his youth.

In the class of 1844 were many whom I loved for their virtues. Rev. Andrew Fisher, uncle of Mrs. Dr. Walker, spent his life in his native State of Virginia, a true and godly man. Rev. Lewis Walke was a close friend of Bishop Whittle and son of my friend; Dr. George D. Wildes was long the able secretary of the Church Congress. Edward W. Syle, an Englishman, came from Gambier, through Bishop McIlvaine's influence; he married Miss Hannah Washington, went to China, as did Rev. Henry W. Woods (1844), and then was a missionary to the Chinese in California.

Henry M. Dennison was a lovely man and an able, strong preacher. I remember his first sermon in Christ Church,

Alexandria, and how he said that the lowest depth of hell was reserved for Judas Iscariot. He married a daughter of President Tyler, and his daughter married Rev. James H. Williams, class of 1868. Dennison went to South Carolina and died there of break-bone fever, after ministering nobly to the sick and dying. Dennison's saying above reminds of what Dr. E. A. Parks once said, "It is difficult to stand in the pulpit, and it is damnation to fall from it."

I recall the members of the class of 1845 distinctly. Rev. Francis M. Baker had Grace Church, Richmond, where I once preached for him. Rev. G. S. Carraway was a very worthy man, who lived long ; he sent money to the Seminary.

• Rev. William Duval has had his life written by Dr. Walker. He records in his diary, "Took tea at Dr. Packard's with some ladies ; spent an unprofitable evening." He started the ringing of the ten o'clock bell at night, I think, as a sort of "taps," in soldiers' vocabulary.

Rev. Albert W. Duy was a man of wonderful genius whose early death was a great loss to the world.

Rev. Dr. Daniel Henshaw, now living, son of Bishop Henshaw, who took such interest in our Seminary and always befriended it, wrote me the very kind letter below. He has served the Church most faithfully and successfully.

"I remember my connection with the Seminary with a great deal of interest. Among those recollections is the great pleasure it always gave me to see Professor Packard go into the chapel pulpit. There was no preacher from whose sermons I derived so much benefit as from yours. If I honored the Seminary for no other reason the Thursday evening Faculty meetings would make me hold it in the highest regard. More than thirty years which have passed since I was a student under your tuition have served to confirm the high opinion I formed of some of the peculiar advantages of my theological alma mater."

Rev. Dr. W. C. Meredith was an able and interesting man. His brother lived in California and was out riding with the brother of his sweetheart when they were surrounded by Indians. He put the boy on his horse and sent him off, and though captured he afterwards got free. He had a valuable mine out there which was sold for \$90,000 and his brothers got \$25,000 apiece ; its next sale was for \$250,000. Rev. Dr. Edmund C. Murdaugh,

whose brother was a prominent layman in Norfolk, was related to Mrs. Lear, and was a courteous gentleman whose ministry was much blessed. Rev. Dr. Robert Nelson, when missionary to China, told me his long beard gained him great respect. He had the sterling virtues of his noble family.

Dr. Samuel Ridout was four years younger than myself to a day, and I have a distinct and tender memory of him. He was of French Huguenot descent, and his family had always held honorable place in Maryland. Educated at St. John's College, he graduated in medicine and began its practice. A severe sickness turned his thoughts to the ministry as a sphere where he could better serve his Lord. He entered our Seminary in 1842, and during his three years' stay he practiced without charge among the students, professors and the poor of the neighborhood. He was, I think, the handsomest man ever here. I remember well how he looked sixty years ago; his countenance ruddy like David's, his features bright with the love and purity that marked his character; to see him was to feel that he was one whom you must love and trust. He had a genius for making and keeping friends, and there was no one within my recollection for whom I entertained a warmer affection. He loved everybody and everybody loved him. His ministry of forty years, closing September 8, 1885, was marked every day by deeds of love and helpful ministry. After ordination Bishop Whittingham allowed and advised his practising medicine, for he was an able physician. For ten years, 1859 to 1869, he labored in Albemarle county, and the rest of his ministry was in his native State and county. He married, in 1853, Hester Ann, eldest daughter of Thomas Chase, Esq., of Annapolis, a happy union, in which his widow survived him. She left the handsome old Chase house in Annapolis, with its rare old china and furniture, to the Diocese of Maryland as a home for aged and indigent ladies, and it has been lately opened for inmates.

Dr. Ridout's whole life was a powerful sermon, convincing men of the power of religion, as they saw it elevate and beautify his life, and attracting them by its charming characteristics. He and his friend, Bishop H. C. Lay, a strong preacher and a lovely Christian character, passed from earth only a few days apart.

One of our students had a sweetheart in Leesburg, and he walked up there to see her, thirty-five miles. Another went to Chantilly, visiting some ladies, and Cleveland hired him an old

broken-down mare with her colt running along, so that he did not cut a very romantic figure. The same man once drove my horse and carriage into Alexandria to meet me at the train. I saw no one when I got off; after a little I found him, looking very downcast, and found that my horse had been scared by the train and had run away and broken my carriage.

Miss Dobson, our first matron, was once congratulated by a friend on having such a pleasant life and associating with such holy men. She said very calmly, "There is a great deal of mortality even among theological students."

George H. Norton, D. D., of the class of 1846, son of Rev. G. H. Norton, is a name very dear to me and the many friends who knew him. In his class were many well-known men; six out of the fifteen are now living after fifty-six years in the ministry—Rev. Drs. J. M. Banister, George H. Clark, A. A. Marple, T. L. Smith, and my good friend D. Francis Sprigg, editor for so many years of the *Southern Churchman*. Dr. Norton studied law before he entered the ministry, and from nature and training had a strong mind and a sound judgment. He had a parish in Columbus, Ohio, and in Warrenton, Virginia, and for many years was rector of St. Paul's, Alexandria.

In Warrenton he did a noble work, building a new church there and firmly establishing its influence. Previously there had been only one service a month, in the afternoon, but he concentrated his labor on Warrenton with the most happy results. He married Miss Claudia Marshall, of Fauquier county, who survived him only three years.

As a preacher he stood high, for his matter was always weighty and interesting, his style terse and clear, and he preached without manuscript; and his people never wished to hear any one else. In all conventions he had great weight, though he did not speak often. He declined a professorship at the Seminary, after Dr. Sparrow's death, and would not allow his name to be used for Assistant Bishop of Virginia in 1883.

I will add here what I wrote at the time of his death. I remember him as he entered our Seminary, a young man of quiet, modest bearing, but of marked ability and devoted character. His thirst for knowledge was remarkable, and what is true of those "who hunger and thirst after righteousness" is true also of those who thirst after knowledge, "they shall be filled," as

was shown in his case. He was always a student, and while most ministers are content with the simple truths of Christianity, he went down to the foundations of the faith. Hence when the modern attacks upon Christianity were made he read them all, but his faith was never shaken, like that of some others, for he knew it to be founded upon an impregnable rock. He was like a man who, when told that the foundation of his house was in danger, should call for the key of the vault, light a candle, walk down and deliberately pass through the arches. Having satisfied himself that the foundation was perfectly safe, he would come up again, lock the door, hang up the key and quietly go about his work, saying, "*They may raise an alarm, but I find ALL IS SAFE.*"

He represented our Diocese in the General Convention for thirty years with great ability. Rev. Dr. Washburn told me that his reply to Dr. DeKoven was "admirable."

As a preacher, he was always faithful to the gospel, and strong, clear and ever fresh in his presentation of it for the practical needs of men. His lips, like those of the ideal priest in Scripture, kept knowledge, and as he so clearly communicated it to his people, "they were very attentive to hear him." His loss, in this respect, was reflected on with a feeling peculiar to the event, never experienced before, nor to be generally expected. Taken away while in the full possession and activity of all his faculties, his people had a sense of privation partaking of desolateness. An animating influence that pervaded and enlarged and raised their minds was extinct in one sense, but in reality whatever we have admired and loved in him remains and will remain forever and forever.

As a pastor, he was tender, sympathetic and true; he loved his people and was beloved by them, and his words were helpful and comforting beyond measure. For one-third of a century he went in and out among them, as a wise counsellor and true friend, and his death was mourned by all of every creed who ever knew him. For the same long period he was a trustee of this Seminary, and his wisdom, breadth and clear judgment in all matters gave him a powerful influence in its administration.

As a man, in all the relations of life we can find no words but in praise; so true, so pure, so simple and sincere, that we hardly dare say what we feel about his virtues, because we know his

aversion to all that seemed like eulogy or flattery. His life and example have been and are still an inspiration to his brethren.

He has gone to join that communion of high and sanctified spirits who are now before the throne—Bishops Meade and Johns, Doctors Sparrow and May, and others whom time would fail us to name. May our souls at the last be with him, as he is with Christ! I have missed him sorely since his death.

Dudley A. Tyng, his classmate, was a splendid fellow, of beautiful countenance and great gifts; his early death was a terrible loss to the Church. He went out where they were threshing wheat with a loose gown on, which caught in the machinery and his arm was pulled out, but not amputated for ten days, when he died from the shock. He was an eloquent preacher and great extempore speaker. At a temperance rally near Shepherdstown there was a discussion arranged between the lawyers in favor of license and Revs. Messrs. Andrews and Tyng against it. The lawyers thought they would have an easy victory, but they were routed and it made much talk,

Another classmate, Rev. A. A. Marple, was a strong man in every way, a useful minister, and did able editorial work on the Church papers of Philadelphia. He wrote me he was "an old pupil who has not forgotten his Hebrew professor or his Hebrew." I have often recalled him with pleasure.

I have known Francis M. Whittle ever since as a youth he entered the Episcopal High School in its first session, and he has been ever the same, noble, strong and true. He was born in Mecklenburg county July 7, 1823, next to the youngest of nine sons of Mr. Fortescue Whittle. Brought up in the country, with its training for every sense of the body, in the old Virginia refinement and culture, of a family of high character and ability, we see the inheritance and the surroundings that influenced him. After teaching a while, he entered the Seminary; graduated in 1847, and was duly ordained deacon and priest by Bishop Meade. He labored first in West Virginia, in Kanawha parish, then in Goochland county, and in Berryville. He removed to Kentucky in 1857, where he labored most acceptably for ten years, a conspicuous leader in Church affairs and a deputy to General Convention. Known as an ardent Southerner in the trying times of the war and incapable of temporizing or concealing an opinion, so high was his character and so pure his conduct that

he lost no influence or power because of his views. The same in the opposite way was true of Rev. Dr. Osgood E. Herrick, when in Florida as a Northern man during the war. Mr. Whittle was elected Assistant Bishop of Virginia in May, 1867, and consecrated April 30, 1868. He married Emily Cary Fairfax, daughter of Llewellyn Fairfax. When he was made Bishop the Diocese, including West Virginia, had about seven thousand communicants scattered over sixty-seven thousand square miles; the towns were few and far apart; the ways of travelling very meagre and much by private conveyance. The State was ruined by war, business prostrate, and the people poor. The Bishop, with zeal, energy, and self-denial, began his labors, and the Church revived and grew apace. In 1877, the Diocese of West Virginia was set off from Virginia, and now has two Bishops and nearly as many communicants as the old Diocese when he was elected. In 1892 the Diocese of Southern Virginia was set off and now has nearly twice as many communicants as the entire old Diocese in 1867. Where there were about 7,000 communicants, there are now nearly 30,000 communicants of the Church, and some of the finest churches in the South have been built in his Diocese.

[J. L. W., in the *Southern Churchman*, has well described his character.—EDITOR.]

"In the history of Virginia and in the souls of Virginia people Bishop Francis M. Whittle will long abide as a most honorable type of Virginia manhood.

"To the general world he seemed to fulfil the words of the Prophet: I have set my face as a flint. That was against all manifestations of duplicity, scribes, Pharisees, hypocrites in any shape. Devoted to the service of the true and living God, manifested in the Saviour, his soul hungered and thirsted for Him, in His purity and holiness, and abhorred all shows, compromises and counterfeits.

"Ostentation, ambition, greed, selfishness and insincerity offended his clear and high manhood, and found no favor in his eyes. His noble nature despised them. His soul's delight was to be a man among men, a servant and worshipper of God.

"His friends knew him as carrying his life in his hand, ready at any moment to be offered up for his Lord and Master.

"Such was he, as a man of God, a champion of the faith, as a

defender of the household of the Heavenly Father. And yet to those who knew him well and intimately his soul was open, warm, affectionate and clear ; meek, lowly, confiding and comforting. His presence was enlightening, stirring, wholesome, inspiring.

" To dignitaries and those in high place, he was courteous, just, kindly and faithful. He gave full honor to all to whom it was due. But his liberality and bounty was not in that direction ; nor was his manhood ever compromised or under suspicion for overtributes to pomp and power or for withholding what might be its due.

" The tenderness of his soul and the jealousy of his heart's warmest affections was for the little ones of the flock—the suffering, the struggling, the helpless, the neglected. In that direction the whole Diocese of Virginia, ministers and people, join in one chorus : Well done, noble and honorable soul. "

Brought up in a large slave-holding community, his interest in making the negroes good Christians was earnest and intelligent, and he worked and pleaded for them and won the love and affection of every negro priest upon whose head he laid his hands in Holy Orders.

[Bishop Whittle died June 18, 1902, and was buried in Hollywood. The minute of the Richmond Clericus is added as beautifully expressing his character :]

" When the Richmond Clericus carried the body of our beloved and revered Bishop Whittle to the grave last Friday, we realized that we were performing the last offices for one of the greatest Bishops the American Church has produced ; one of the strongest preachers of the Gospel in his generation ; one of the humblest, truest, most faithful and devoted Christians in the Church Militant ; one of the purest, noblest, most manly and sincere gentlemen in Virginia.

" Bishop Whittle was an extraordinary man. His towering, erect, sinewy form gave the impression of strength ; his calm, set, determined face confirmed the impression ; his firm mouth and the direct, unflinching glance of his eye left no doubt that he was in earnest ; that he had convictions, and was prepared to maintain them.

" His mind was of the same robust character. He thought clearly and directly ; neither imagination nor feeling could turn

him from the point to which his reasoning conducted him. Convinced that a thing was right, he gave no place to the consideration of the consequences to himself of doing that thing. He felt most deeply for others, and often his tenderly affectionate heart was grieved because he must needs give pain in the discharge of his duty. He was not stern, but firm. He was not cold, but true. He was unbending, because he believed to bend would be to be false.

"His heart was ever kind, tender and affectionate, but in the discharge of his duty his feelings did not sway his judgment.

"His Christian character was of the same order. He loved peace, but with him the terms of peace were fixed and unalterable. 'First pure, then peaceable.' His faith in the Scriptures, as the Word of God, was simple and childlike. 'Thy Word is truth,' and, as he often said, he had no commission to preach anything else. He preached the Gospel with all the powers of his spirit, of his mind, and of his body, and coming from the whole man it was simple, clear, earnest, direct and uncompromising.

"His humanity of spirit, ever seeking to serve and not to be served; his beautiful submission in his many and great afflictions and infirmities; his untiring labors when the effects and the presence of pain and suffering were plainly visible; his efforts to labor on when disease and weakness prompted to rest, were all in keeping with the greatness and simplicity of his character. He never spared himself, but he was constantly warning his clergy against overwork. He looked upon his great office of Bishop as a reason for greater humility and greater exertion, as making him 'a servant of servants,' not as justifying him in seeking ease or distinction or honors.

"He was ever retiring, seeking the lowest place where duty permitted, often doing the work of a deacon.

"Yes, a great man, a great Bishop, a great preacher, and a true follower of Christ has gone from us. We cannot think of him as dead. We seem to hear that earnest, ringing voice sounding now from Paradise, 'My brethren, preach the Word,' and the exhortation, 'Therefore, my beloved brethren, be ye steadfast, unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord.' And from the sacred page the spirit speaks, 'Remember them that had the rule over you, which spake unto you the Word of

God'; and considering the issue of their life, imitate their faith.' "

Death has not yet dimmed the name of Charles Minnigerode, who died October 13, 1894, at the age of eighty years and two months. Born at Arenberg, Westphalia, Germany, August 6, 1814, his long life was an unusually interesting and eventful one. His family was ancient and noble and his father held a high position in Darmstadt. When fifteen years old he was, according to the custom of the Lutheran Church, confirmed after a year's moral and religious instruction. The tender interest of parents and friends, the solemn and impressive services, when five hundred boys were confirmed on Whit-Sunday, and afterwards their first communion, in which two or three thousand friends and relatives joined, left a deep impression on his mind, never effaced, and strengthened him amidst the temptations of his university life.

The thoroughness of his training and the strength and breadth of his mind may be seen when we remember that, imprisoned in his seventeenth year, for three years, and cut off from all books, he was able at the close of that time to take up his work and to become a most able teacher of languages. He married, May 13, 1843, Miss Mary Carter, of Williamsburg, Virginia, and it was a long and happy union, of which they celebrated the golden wedding in 1893.

It was my privilege to see much of Dr. Minnigerode during his residence in Alexandria in his last years, when his old age was serene and Christian, and did honor to the Master whom he so long had served.

During the first part of his residence there he was able to preach occasionally at the Seminary. On one occasion, speaking of habits of irreligion, he said with the greatest energy, "Cut it off! Cut it off! or it will cut you off!" and suited the action to the word, and it made the greatest impression on some who spoke of it next day. His sermon on "Let me die the death of the righteous and let my last end be like his," made a great impression on his audience. I never visited him without deriving some spiritual benefit from his conversation. He would speak of verses upon which his meditation had been sweet, such as, "I am thine, save me." He said if he could preach again he would try to preach better; so said Bishop Johns.

On one occasion he said he feared he was too desirous to depart

and be with Christ. His time was much occupied in writing letters to his old parishioners and friends. If any were sick or bereaved, his heart at once went out to them in loving sympathy, expressed in heartfelt language. I never knew any one so sympathetic.

I often urged him to write his life, which was so eventful, but he said he had not energy. He was three years in prison in Germany, from sixteen to nineteen. This prison was so dark that he could not read after three o'clock in the afternoon. The German Government was then very despotic and looked with suspicion on the meetings of the students, and he was arrested on unjust suspicions. The only book allowed him was the Bible, and he learned portions of it by heart, on which to think in the sixteen hours of darkness. He thus learned nearly the whole Bible, read it through eight times, and the result was his conversion, which, he said, had been ascribed to other causes (such as the preaching of Dr. Slaughter at an Association in Williamsburg), but that this was the true cause. He took it up as any other book, he laid it down and put it in his heart as "God's Book."

He was allowed after three years to leave the prison, as the physicians said it would cause his death to be longer imprisoned. He stayed with a relative in the town two years more, guarded day and night, after which his escape to this country was not opposed. He sailed in 1839 for America, reaching it after seventy days' voyage.

When he reached America he was received with great cordiality by the Professors of Yale and Harvard, and settled in Philadelphia. He saw an advertisement of the need of a Professor of Ancient Languages in William and Mary College, and he wrote a letter in Latin to the Trustees and thus distanced all other thirty-six competitors.

He was ordained Deacon by Bishop Johns, April 18, 1846, and his first parish was on the James river, Prince George county, where he spent five years in a four-roomed house, in a sandy, unenclosed lot of five acres. Though his family was large—three children and relatives—for so small a house, these were the happiest years of his life. He was for some years rector of Christ Church, Norfolk, and had flattering calls elsewhere. He went from Norfolk to St. Paul's, Richmond, where he was the beloved rector for thirty-three years.

He was there during the trying times of the Civil War, and was the pastor of General Lee and many others. President Davis and many soldiers and generals became communicants. The whole South knew his name and work.

He was for many years one of the examining chaplains of the Diocese, and was most efficient and interested in the work, and he held this place until 1892. In 1871 he was sent to the General Convention in place of Dr. Sparrow, and was sent again and again until he declined from failing health.

His clear-cut features, his beautiful countenance attracted all who saw him, and his devoted, earnest life has been a blessing to his adopted State of Virginia. As a man, a scholar, a pastor, a preacher, a patriot, he nobly fulfilled every duty that was within his reach, and the world is poorer for his death.

Rev. J. Stuart Hanckel, D. D., of South Carolina, succeeded Rev. R. K. Meade, and was many years rector of Christ Church, Charlottesville, and had a high and honored position in Virginia. He, like Dr. Minnigerode, was one of the first examining chaplains of the Diocese, and was most thorough in all of its duties. He was very prominent in Diocesan and General Conventions, and had great power as a debater. He was a scholarly, agreeable man, and was always a welcome visitor to this Seminary. He died August 22, 1892.

The name of Rev. John J. McElhinney, Professor in this Seminary from 1872 to 1887, when he was retired as Librarian, brings before the minds of all who knew him the picture of the ideal scholar.

Born in Pittsburgh, March, 1815, he was till his seventeenth year at school and helping his father in business. In his eighteenth year he entered the College of Washington and Jefferson, Cannonsburg, Pennsylvania. Ordained Deacon in 1839 and Priest in 1842, he labored in Pennsylvania, teaching and studying at the same time. In 1846 he was married, and in 1856 he became Professor at Gambier, where he remained, filling various chairs, until 1872, when he came to this Seminary. After his retirement he removed to Falls Church, where he had purchased a home, and with feeble health studied and read, occasionally visiting the Seminary. He had collected a very valuable library of about seven thousand volumes, and few men in any Church were such accurate scholars in many departments. He was

studying and buying books to the last, and I remember his telling me that once passing through Pittsburg he found in a shop a rare folio, and carried the heavy package in his hands across the city, unwilling to be separated from it. He hated to part with his books, but sold many before his death. He marked his books with notes. His sermons were beautifully written, keen and original in thought, and though his voice was weak he was a fine elocutionist. They were practical, not theoretical, and he told me that he had once observed some weeping while he was preaching. One of the young clergy preached one of his sermons for him when he was sick, and it made a deep impression. His work, *The Doctrine of the Church*, published while he was at Gambier, is a very valuable book for its research and vast stores of learning. He published short articles in the papers, and pamphlets on Baptism and Eternal Punishment, which are very strong.

Many old students can recall him now, as they used to see him walking across the lawn with a book always under his arm. He had the accuracy and the diligence of a German scholar, with clearer insight and judgment. He read everything—science, history, classics, as well as theology. I often went to see him in his little home, a frame house, and you would enter his room and see books all around you—on chairs, tables and floor, and even on the couch where he had to rest his frail body in order to resume his studies. He died August 4, 1895, and was buried in Pittsburg.

Rev. Dr. Henderson Suter, born in Georgetown in 1827, who passed away about the same time as Dr. McElhinney, was for seventeen years rector of Christ Church, Alexandria, and for many years a Trustee of the Seminary. He was well known to all of us here, and often drove out to look after the buildings and business affairs of the Seminary, in which he showed deep interest.

Dr. Suter was a great reader, a very intelligent man, and was considered one of the most popular preachers in the Diocese. He was noted for administrative power and fearless devotion to duty. For twenty years he suffered from a complication of diseases, whose extent was not known till after his death, and at times endured excruciating pain, which in some degree always affected him. He bore it bravely and patiently, and died in peace and

triumph. He was a brave Christian and most useful minister of Christ.

His death was mourned not only by his own people but by all who knew him. He had so lived that he was not afraid to die, and when told that he had but a few hours to live, he received the inexorable summons with the resignation and the fortitude of the faith that he had professed and taught ; and his manner of death was his last and most effective sermon.

I recall him when he was a clerk in the Washington Post-office, where he showed me the book that Benjamin Franklin used as Postmaster-General. It was a very small common looking book ; so great is the difference between those times and these. He used to come over to Georgetown during the eight years of his Government service, and heard me preach there, and he told me he was struck with my raven black hair.

Speaking of the Postoffice Department now reminds me of what it was in my father's time and in my early days. In 1793, when my father was ordained, there were seventy-five offices ; now there are seventy-five thousand. From that time to my coming to the Seminary, in 1836, was the stage-coach era of the postal system. Postage was rated by pennyweights and grains of silver, with an increased charge for every hundred miles, and you never knew exactly what your letter was going to cost. Yet the entire revenues of the Postoffice Department in Jefferson's first year would only have paid the letter carriers in the city of Washington now. Some of my letters cost twenty-five and fifty cents apiece, and young men at college or in business were sometimes unable to get their letters out for want of money to pay the bill, as they were not then prepaid. Only letters were sent by mail, and pamphlets and magazines were admitted first in 1845, when letter postage was reduced to five and ten cents a half ounce. Stamps were adopted in 1847, stamped envelopes in 1853, free delivery in 1863, and most important of all the railway mail service in 1865. Merchandise was admitted to the mails in 1872. The Universal Postal Union now carries a half ounce letter to nearly all parts of the world.

Rowland Hill succeeded in getting "penny postage" for England in 1840, and is rightly hailed as a great benefactor of all mankind. This was the thought of a nature nobly trained in a family where simple living, unselfish concern for others, and a

high ideal of laboring for the comfort of his fellowmen held the chief place. It is said that he once saw a young woman on a doorstep near the post-office sobbing bitterly. In answer to questions, she said, "A letter from my mother is in there, and I can't get it; they ask seven pence and I have but a penny." Mr. Hill released it and went home thinking. Often we know letters had to go to the "dead-letter office" unopened for want of the postage. Sometimes tricky evasions were resorted to, such as pretending to be unable to read, in order to get the contents of the letter without paying, or there would be a set of signs on the outside, so that a mere look would convey the letter's meaning.

Time would fail me if I were to tell of many other noble ministers of this Seminary, in Virginia and other Dioceses, whose record is on high. This Seminary may well be proud of her sons, who in every land, in both hemispheres, have by their godly life and true doctrine adorned the gospel of Christ and labored for His kingdom.

I might speak of Dr. O. A. Kinsolving, of the class of 1845, whose broad culture, ability and devotion to the Church are well known, and who gave to the ministry three noble sons, two of whom are bishops. (Cotton Mather commemorates an old Puritan as one excelled only by his distinguished sons.) I never knew a father that objected to his sons being thought better preachers than himself. He was a very genial man, and delightful in social intercourse, a beautiful reader of the service, an able sermonizer and preacher. He was of very noble presence and on one occasion when the Bishop was absent presided in Convention with great dignity. He had calls to larger positions but preferred the country parish.

Dr. William Norwood, the founder of St. Paul's Church, Richmond, Bishop Johns used to say, was the best preacher in the Diocese, and his son, Rev. J. J. Norwood, was for many years the efficient evangelist of Virginia; and I might speak of many others, living and dead, whose names and faces rise up before me. I shall give some random jottings, sometimes giving names and sometimes not.

Rev. Mr. Jones, who from his height was called High Priest Jones, had considerable reputation in Virginia as a public speaker. I remember his preaching on the text "Call upon Me and I will show thee great and mighty things which thou has not known"

(Jer. xxxiii. 3). Once when he was preaching at Markham, I think, a small, wiry man got up and said, "Gentlemen, a storm is coming; look to your saddles." A stampede of the men ensued, and when they returned Mr. Jones was in confusion, and said, "Brethren, I have lost the thread of my discourse." He struggled on for a while without finding it and had to stop. No storm came.

A like incident happened when Dr. Norwood was preaching in Richmond. A cry of fire caused many men to leave the church, and Mr. Norwood thought to turn it to good account. He said in substance: "How interested you are in temporal things, if your business or your houses are in danger, and how careless you are about eternal things. There is a fire that will try men, more severe than this," &c., &c. Just then Tom Nelson, who was well known in Richmond, came in and said, *sotto voce*, but heard by many, "It is a false alarm," somewhat spoiling the moral.

CHAPTER XXI.

WASHINGTON CITY.

WASHINGTON City is of great interest to us, because I may truly say that it was the kind foster-parent of our infant institution. Washington and Maryland clergymen, like Rev. Walter D. Addison, Mr. Hawley, the Wilmers and others, wanted a seminary in Washington or Maryland, but when their efforts failed they generously aided our Seminary and made it their own. Washington and Maryland laymen, like Francis S. Key, Judge James S. Morsell and others, worked and prayed for our Seminary. We look to Washington and Maryland still to send its candidates to us to be trained in harmony with the feelings and surroundings of these nearly related dioceses.

I can never forget Judge Morsell, who was born in 1774, and was, I thought, an old man when I first met him in 1836. He was never married until fifty-six years old, but was married twice before he was sixty, each wife leaving him one little girl. I knew him through Rev. Philip Slaughter, then rector of Christ Church, Georgetown, and so cordial was his invitation to me that I looked upon it as a home on my visits to Georgetown and often spent several days together with him. I have never known a more pious, devoted layman. It was a beautiful sight to see his two little daughters kneel down before going to bed and at his knee repeat the Lord's Prayer and Creed, when the youngest could hardly pronounce distinctly the words. He always shaved on Saturday evening instead of Sunday morning, and was a most devout and constant attendant at church. He had a prayer-meeting of laymen of the Church to meet regularly at his house, a sight I never saw elsewhere, and I well remember attending it. He told me that he was converted when a thoughtless, irreligious man, by a dream of the last Judgment. So vivid was it that he rose from his bed and began to pray. For some days he prayed without ceasing, until he found peace in believing. He delighted in talking on religious subjects, and his intelligent interest in Church affairs was very helpful. His brother, William Morsell, was the father of Rev. Joshua Morsell, a friend of mine for years,

and James S. Morsell. One of Judge Morsell's daughters married Gen. William P. Craighill. The Judge himself lived to be ninety-six years old, dying in 1870, and at ninety-four walked with a cane anywhere, and, with his long snow-white hair falling on his shoulders, he made a beautiful picture of old age found in the way of righteousness. Judge Morsell's memory has been precious to me, and I hope through Divine grace to meet him again in heaven. He was a firm friend and supporter of the Seminary, of Bishops Meade, Johns and McIlvaine, and of Doctors Sparrow, May and Keith.

General Craighill is of the large and honored family of that name in Virginia, one being a trustee of the Seminary and Rev. James B. Craighill (1868), a faithful clergyman in Maryland. General Craighill, chief of engineers, was lately retired at his own desire under the forty-year service law, with a most brilliant military and scientific record.

Francis Scott Key, an intimate friend of Judge Morsell, and so well known by his national song, was a lovely Christian character. As early as 1816 Rev. Mr. Addison and the vestry of St. John's, Georgetown, wishing a lay-reader, requested the Bishop "to appoint Francis S. Key, whose talents and piety and soundness in the faith render him apt and meet to exercise the office." His name is inscribed on a brass tablet in our chapel as one of the founders of this Seminary, and he was earnest in his prayers and counsels and liberal in his gifts to it, and to all good works. He used to exhort the people at Falls Church, and taught in Trinity Church Sunday School, where he was senior warden and lay delegate. He often attended our commencements, where I met him. Once, shortly after the death of his son Daniel in a duel, I recall his sweet face with its sad expression and his silvery voice. He was a very refined, delicate looking man, an intimate friend of my wife's family.

As for churches, St. John's, Washington; St. John's and Christ, Georgetown; Old Rock Creek; Christ, Navy-Yard; with Broad Creek and Addison's Chapel, both near the city, were about the only ones of any note. Think *now* of nearly fifty Episcopal churches and chapels in the District. Trinity Church had then just been built on Fifth street, but was afterwards sold, and is now the site of lawyers' offices. Rev. Henry V. D. Johns had

been its first rector, and had just left. The Rev. Mr. Bean was then at Christ Church, Washington.

In those days church room in Washington was scarce, very many more people coming to the city in the winter months than could find places in the churches. I think, too, that church-going was more general then than now; so that the Hall of Representatives used to be occupied on Sundays for public services. These I used to like to attend. There was at once a novelty and freedom at them. A good choir was usually made up, and some of the best preachers, the chaplains and others whose services could be secured, preached. In Miss Murray's book, "One Hundred Years Ago," a very interesting account is given by a stranger in Washington of a powerful sermon by Rev. W. D. Addison, preached in the House on Sunday, February 5, 1804. As church accommodations increased the custom of using the House fell into disuse, though it continued at intervals till the war.

I might say something of the ministers of our Church then in Washington. The Rev. James F. French, my intimate friend and colleague at Bristol, had begun about 1840 what is now Epiphany Church. They met in Apollo Hall and I often used to preach for him. When Webster was preparing for the Girard will case he would frequently go to see Mr. French and discuss with him the evidences of religion, and thus he got primed on that part of his argument, and made some of the most admired points in his argument. One of our ministers in the city, who had a vehement, denunciatory style, and preached the law more than the gospel, was called by Senator William Preston, himself a most polished, eloquent speaker, "God Almighty's prosecuting attorney." One of the chaplains, a Methodist, who made a great attempt at oratory, Webster said reminded him of a syllabub made of bad eggs.

The Rev. Mr. Cookman, who was there about this time, was drowned in the steamer *President*, which was lost at sea in 1841.

Rev. Mr. Hawley, rector of St. John's, had been a captain in the War of 1812, and after that studied for the ministry. He used to live on F street near Thirteenth, and would put on his gown and walk up the street to church, very erect and like a soldier. When Epiphany was started about 1840, the vestry of St. John's objected to giving up the best part of the city and refused to

attend the laying of the cornerstone. Mr. Hawley died about 1846 and one of his daughters still survives.

Rev. Horace Stringfellow was at Trinity and preached very long sermons. Dr. Washington, one of his members, told him so. He said, "I get so interested I do not know how time goes." Dr. Washington said, "I will give you a clock." So a big faced clock was put up. He lived to a great age, and once in Richmond took part in the service with his son and grandson. When he left Trinity the congregation gave him a silver pitcher with this inscription, "Whosoever drinketh of this water shall thirst again," etc. Rev. C. M. Butler was first in Georgetown and my sisters-in-law used to walk over from Third street to Georgetown to hear him preach, and they were rejoiced when he came to Trinity. There he had large congregations, the great men in Congress—Webster, Clay and Calhoun—enjoyed his eloquent sermons. Rev. C. M. Butler went to see Calhoun when he was sick, but he declined to see him. Calhoun said that he had not examined the subject of religion. Dr. Butler preached a funeral sermon on Calhoun and his text was: "Ye are gods, but ye shall die like men."

Mr. Calhoun was great in conversation as in all else, being a most gifted man; his language was appropriate and beautiful. He was very intimate with General Jones.

Rev. C. M. Butler with his wife and child spent a fortnight with me once. He was a useful man and an ingenious preacher. I heard him preach a sermon on the text, "It is I, be not afraid," applying it in different ways, to death, for instance. In writing to my brother, a minister at Lawrence, Massachusetts, I told him of the sermon. He preached a sermon on the text and a lady in his congregation came to him and said, "That sermon reminds me of one I heard Dr. Butler preach." He was several years in Grace Church, Boston. Dr Butler administered the Holy Communion to Henry Clay not long before his death. Clay was very devout and attentive at church, using his prayer book faithfully. Once when a selection was to be read the minister went on to the Psalms for the day and Clay said, *sotto voce*, "The parson is out of order."

I heard John Joseph Gurney, the Friend, a brother of Elizabeth Fry, speak in Washington.

The Rev. Mr. Gilliss, once rector at Rockville, had a pleasant

experience when building Ascension Church, where Bishop Pinkney was afterwards rector. He was very friendly with a Roman Catholic priest, who said to him, "You are building a new church. We do not help others build churches, but you will need a pavement, which will cost you something. I will have it laid." His daughter, Mrs. Kennedy, was well known in Washington, and was active in Church work.

The meetings of the old Colonization Society were frequently held in the House, generally at night. At these the tall, willowy form of Henry Clay was nearly always to be seen. I sometimes sat near enough to have touched him. At one of these meetings he compared the bringing over of the negroes to America to the bringing of the Israelites into the land of Canaan.

Henry Clay was over six feet tall, of very spare frame; his face was homely, but full of intelligence and very attractive. He had a suavity and grace of manner that was captivating. Clay had the finest voice I have ever heard, and I think far superior to that of Spurgeon or Beecher or any other. It was sweeter even than music, sonorous, melodious, silvery, with the depth and clearness of a bell—full of the finest and most delicate intonations. He was heard, as few others were, throughout the House of Representatives, which was a hard room in which to speak. There was, I believe, never such another Speaker of the House. None dared to dispute his decisions, for they were given with such authority that it seemed no other view could be taken. I remember once how he said "Mr. President, this is a *direct* tax, a DIRECT tax," and it seemed as if it were the most awful thing that could be said. I heard him and Webster speak on the same day, on the Missouri Compromise bill. His gestures were few but graceful and his command of an audience complete and perfect. He was one of the greatest orators of any land or age.

Clay boarded at this time at Miss Polk's boarding-house, and very often visited at General Jones'. His manners and conversation in private were charming. When introduced to Miss Mary Lyons, a beautiful and accomplished lady, who married Governor Henry A. Wise, he said: "Madam, I would not be afraid to meet a den of such lions."

Mr. Clay was making a speech once and quoted "Breathes there a man with soul so dead" and made a rhetorical pause. Some one in the audience thinking he had forgotten the rest

prompted him. Henry Clay was baptised by the Rev. E. F. Berkeley, his rector, on June 22, 1847, when seventy years old, together with his daughter-in-law and her children, in the parlor at Ashland, Kentucky. He came to the Holy Communion on Sunday, July 4, and was confirmed by Bishop Smith a week or two later.

I often heard Webster speak, especially before the Supreme Court. There he was rather slow and labored, not fluent. He kept his New England pronunciation, saying *nateral*, &c. In Congress everything was natural and informal—often talk. A bill would be read, and Webster or some one else would say "Let it pass." The only man who declaimed in schoolboy fashion was Walker, afterwards in the Treasury and very prominent. I sat very near Webster when he spoke at the laying of the cornerstone of the southern wing of the new Capital. The clergy sat together in the best places. General Scott, President Fillmore and others of eminence were there, and with the procession and music and speech was one of the finest things I ever saw in Washington—a grand occasion. Webster came in late, and I remember well how he swung himself round like a mighty ship of war coming to anchor. He showed great dignity and seemed to feel himself above the common mass. He had a manuscript in his hand and spoke one and a half hours. I called on Mr. and Mrs. Webster with my nephew, Prof. William Packard, of Princeton, on January 1, 1852, the New Year's Day before he died. It was the custom then to have receptions on that day. Webster looked gaunt and haggard. We were the only ones present at the time. A member of Congress now gets \$12,500 for his two years' service; Webster for the same time received \$3,600.

I heard Prentiss, a most winning, persuasive, eloquent speaker, and Calhoun. Webster, Clay, Prentiss and Calhoun were stars of no mean magnitude in the oratorical and political firmament of those memorable days.

When Webster was in London he impressed people as a great man, many turned round to look at him. Carlyle said he was an "engine in breeches." I remember seeing the schoolhouse where he taught.

It was a terrible ordeal getting into the Senate or House when the great men were to speak. We would have to go at eight

o'clock, three hours before the speaking began, and push for a place. The pressure was very great, we were completely hemmed in and could not get out until everything was over at 4 or 5 P. M. We had to take our lunch along or fast all day. Thus I did not hear them as often as I would have liked. I have always regretted that I did not go to hear Clay's farewell speech.

Whenever Mr. Clay spoke there was a great crowd. He might not have argued as well as Mr. Webster, but crowds prefer declamation to reasoning. Mr. Clay in his out-of-Congress speeches usually carried a roll of manuscript, and Mr. Webster, too. They held it in the left hand as they spoke. It seemed as necessary a part of a public orator in those days as the pocket-handkerchief did of a bishop. Speeches and sermons have both become more read now than they used to be. What they have gained, however, in arrangement they have, in a measure at any rate, lost in popular acceptability. The crowd wishes to have some one do all its thinking for it ; to say a thing takingly, and, if need be, half a dozen times ; to be replete with illustration and and have all the ways and devices of what I may call a "democratic" mode of address. Clay was more popular than Webster.

In those days Washington was only an overgrown village, if it was even that. Members of Congress paid only eight dollars a week board ; plain people less. They had only surface drainage ; the cows ran at large, and foot-paths abounded over the commons in almost every direction. The population was not much more than 20,000. "The Avenue" was hardly more than a good road ; tall poplars lined many of the streets—the stately old-fashioned Lombardy, now so little seen ; C and D were then fashionable streets. At the foot of the Capitol Hill, where now stands the group of statuary, was a rough wooden bridge across the Tiber, once called Goose creek, and it was very muddy around there. In 1841, when Mrs. Anthony Trollope visited Washington, she gives a very lugubrious account of the streets, and speaks of seeing teams stalled on Pennsylvania Avenue. The Adamses in their journals describe the city as most primitive, and the streets as often impassable. I have frequently walked over all that part of the city between the Island and Pennsylvania Avenue, which was the Mall or Common, seamed with gullies, with no houses, no Smithsonian building or grounds. A canal went down B street just below the Avenue, along where the Pennsylvania depot now

is. I remember when the depot was a mere rough shed. When the depot was built I saw them driving in the most immense piles for its foundation, as the ground was very low and marshy, as was seen in the flood in 1889, when boats were used to cross from the Avenue to the Pennsylvania depot, and went right in the Sixth-street door, the water nearly covering the seats.

Mrs. Trollope says, in her reminiscences of Washington in 1841-'2, what is vivid in my memory :

"Washington is but a ragged, unfinished collection of unbuilt broad streets. Of all places that I know it is the most ungainly and unsatisfactory. Massachusetts avenue runs the whole length of the city, and is inserted on the maps as a full-blown street about four miles in length. Go there and you will find yourself not only out of town, away among the fields, but you will find yourself beyond the fields in an uncultivated, undrained wilderness. Tucking your trousers up to your knees, you will wade through the bogs, you will lose yourself among the rude hillocks, you will be out of the reach of humanity. The unfinished dome of the Capitol will loom before you in the distance, and you will think that you approach the ruins of some Western Palmyra. If you are a sportsman you will desire to shoot snipe within sight of the President's House. There were parts of Pennsylvania avenue which would have been considered heavy ground by most hunting men, and through some of the remoter streets only light-weights could have lived. Have I made it understood that in walking about Washington one wades as deep in mud as one does in floundering through an ordinary ploughed field in November? Trade seems to have ignored Washington altogether. Such being the case, the Legislature and the Executive of the country together have been unable to make of Washington anything better than a straggling congregation of pilgrims in a wilderness."

Mr. W. Reading, of Rockville, went to Washington from Pennsylvania in 1852, and was urged to buy lots sold by the city for taxes or for other reasons. He saw lots on Massachusetts avenue and Fifteenth street sold at five cents a foot ; on L street, between Sixteenth and Seventeenth streets, at two cents a foot. One lot of four acres between L and M and the above streets was sold at two cents a foot, alleys being deducted. What a great change in prices and conditions since that time !

The corner-stone of the Washington Monument was laid on July 4, 1848. General Jones went in the carriage with Mr. G. W. P. Custis, of Arlington, Mrs. Alexander Hamilton, then in her

ninety-first year, and the orator of the day, Robert C. Winthrop, of Boston, who rode beside General Jones. Mr. Custis brought with him a sword presented to him by General Washington, with the date 1775 inscribed on the blade. When the monument had been built 100 feet the funds gave out, and Congress did not appropriate anything until long after the war. While it remained unfinished it was very unsightly, and Trollope ridiculed it as a stump of a monument. Mr. Winthrop became a very distinguished man, and was a Speaker of the House of Representatives, and very prominent and useful in our Church. He delivered the oration at its completion, some forty years after. He was President of the Trustees of the Episcopal Theological School of Cambridge, Mass., at his advanced age, dying in November, 1894.

Mr. Winthrop, born at same time as myself, studied law under Webster and succeeded Webster as Senator, having been ten years in Congress. No more independent man lived during the Civil War, and being put out of political life, he devoted himself to literary, historical and philanthropic work, and he became a chosen orator upon historical occasions. His career resembles that of Severn Teackle Wallis, of Baltimore, whose name sheds lustre on Maryland. His frequent guests at his home were Clay, Webster, Calhoun, Lincoln and John Q. Adams, though often opposing the pet schemes of each.

When John Brown, of Harper's Ferry, is made still a saint and martyr, and good women weep scalding tears over his grave, it is pleasant to recall that at the time a Massachusetts man wrote :

"I shall not forget the emotions with which I received, at Vienna, last November, the first tidings of the atrocious affair at Harper's Ferry. * * * I think there could have been no true American heart in Europe that did not throb and thrill with horror at that announcement. But I confess to have experienced emotions hardly less deep or distressing when I read not long afterward an account of a meeting in this very hall (the Boston Music Hall) at which the gallows at Charlestown, in Virginia, was likened to the Cross of Calvary, and at which it was openly declared that the ringleader of that desperate and wicked conspiracy was right."

The Capitol when I first saw it was not a third as large as now. It had a low dome, which looked black. The present dome was finished about the close of the war. There was a fire in the Capitol

Library which was very destructive. Among other losses were Jefferson's manuscripts in his own writing, which I had seen there.

The Long Bridge was at first an uncovered wooden bridge, which was carried away by floods several times. General Jackson recommended one of iron and stone. The present Long Bridge cost about one million dollars, I have heard.

The Aqueduct Bridge, under which was the canal to Alexandria, was thought a wonderful feat of engineering then.

John Quincy Adams lived in the next house to Dr. Miller, on F street, owned by Mrs. Thornton, I think. There was a narrow alley between, used in common by both, and Dr. Miller thought Mr. Adams rather hard and exacting. The houses were then very plain in appearance but large and comfortable. I visited ex-President Adams twice; first when I delivered a letter of introduction to him from my father, who was his classmate, and who walked with him in the procession at a reunion of Harvard alumni, and again when I took my eldest brother to visit him. His manners were formal, cold and repelling. Many were amused at his chronic defense of the "sacred right of petition," which the Southern Congressmen were anxious to restrict, and though he might oppose its purpose, Adams would promptly present any respectable petition. This was fully tested, I remember, in 1837, when, to the astonishment of every one, he presented a petition from actual slaves, and compelled its reception in spite of the uproar which it created. He was well-informed, witty and profound.

Like his father, he kept very full diaries and journals, which have been published in twelve volumes, I think. He mentions his habit of daily swimming across the Potomac, a mile wide, in any fit weather. One occasion he was nearly drowned, being seized with cramp. Like his father, he was a Unitarian, and every Sunday morning he attended a feeble Unitarian church at the corner of Sixth and D Streets, which was afterwards sold. In the afternoon he always went to St. John's, where Mr. Hawley, a genial man, was rector, and I remember seeing him there one rainy day, when I was preaching, though nearly all others were kept away by the thunderstorm. His last intelligible words were, "This is the last of earth; I am content."

One of the first times I went to Congress I heard Henry A. Wise, afterwards Governor of Virginia. He was speaking with the greatest vehemence, though not distinctly heard, and denounced the extravagance of the Administration just going out (General Jackson's). He said they had mirrors as big as barn-doors in the White House.

He is described as pale and thin, "slovenly in apparel. His white cravat added to his invalid pallor, but he had dark and brilliant eyes. To see him sauntering about the hall with his long Indian strides, you would be tempted to ask who he was; to hear him speak your attention would be riveted on him. Firmness, impetuosity, fierce sarcasm and invective all gather in a hurricane and startle the drowsy members from the lounges." He was a fearless and honest citizen, temperate, never gaming, and fighting but one duel, when his impetuosity might have provoked many. His son, Rev. Henry A. Wise, left a brilliant reputation behind him, dying early in life.

The early Presidents were for the most part Episcopalians. Washington's church, Christ Church, Alexandria, we all know about. Jefferson attended Christ Church, Navy Yard, and Mr. Combs, an old vestrymen, has told me that he often saw him ride down there on horseback with a large prayer-book under his arm. In this church alone a pew was set aside for the President, perhaps from Jefferson's attendance. The Adamses were regular church-goers. Jackson was not a religious man. Once he promised his wife to join some church, "but," said he, "if I do it now people will say it is for political effect. Wait till I get out of politics." He never got out of politics till very near the close of his life. He then made a confession of Christ, was baptized by one of our graduates, and died very soon after. Van Buren was a very little man, red-faced, and was rather peculiar-looking with his side whiskers and slanting forehead and tiny form.

I saw President Jackson on the inauguration of President Van Buren, March 4, 1837, when they rode together to the Capitol. It was a cold, snowy day, and there was only a single boat to carry us up from Alexandria. It was heavily loaded and careened sometimes, to the fear of many. The river had a skim of ice, and we rather feared the boat might be cut by it and injured. There were only three or four thousand people around

the stand, and it was sloppy and disagreeable. I went to the White House and saw Jackson there and shook hands with him. This was my first acquaintance with a President, and I am pleased to think that I have visited President Cleveland and shaken hands with him—a worthy successor of Washington, Jefferson and Jackson, a true, brave, able and patriotic man.

On this occasion, in 1837, a monstrous cheese, the size of a large round table, which had been sent to Van Buren, was cut, and I got a piece of it, and some crackers, which were handed around. The cheese was mashed on the floor, and the whole house and almost the whole city was redolent of cheese, fragments of it lying everywhere on the streets. The Presidents used to go to the Senate and House oftener than they do now, and were seen by the people.

Jefferson was a contributor to the Episcopal Church, once giving Mr. Hatch, the rector at Charlottesville, twenty dollars on the occasion of the Diocesan Convention. Jefferson's character has been much discussed. Dr. Hawks wrote a bitter article upon him in the *New York Review*. Some one has said that his Declaration of Independence was a plagiarism from that of Mecklenburg county, North Carolina, a year before, and that the English was not good ; as to "human events," events are not human, and other criticisms are made. This may be hypercritical.

The financial question was then much discussed, and I heard much talk of the banks and the deposits and the removal of the public moneys. Jackson in 1834 completed what Jefferson in 1804 had begun, making gold the standard of the country, and I can remember what a curiosity a silver dollar was in those days, as none were coined for many years.

There was great excitement in the Presidential canvass of Clay, Tyler and Harrison. The opponents of Harrison said that he was only fit to sit in a cabin and drink hard cider. This was what very many loved to do in those days, so that it did not injure him but made him popular. A wigwam was erected on the Avenue and many people went in for the cider and the dancing. In consequence of the exposure and fatigue at his inauguration, of which the hand-shaking was a large element, he caught cold and soon died. Dr. Miller was his physician. I think he rode horseback to the Capitol. I saw Tyler in his private room and had some talk with him. I have heard that after his term ex-

pired as President, when he went back to Virginia, some of his political opponents, thinking to mortify him, elected him road supervisor. He accepted the office and took good care to call out the hands and horses just at the most inconvenient times, and worked them up to the limit of the law. He secured better roads, but he was not re-elected supervisor of the roads. Zachary Taylor, I remember, looked like an old farmer.

Clay's canvass reminds me somewhat of Bryan's last canvass. He went about speaking, and though such a matchless orator, he failed to be elected. The man that talks the most does not always have the most weight and influence. Doctors Sparrow and Norton hardly ever opened their lips in Conventions, except to vote, yet both had commanding influence.

I knew President Pierce quite well, and often saw him. He and my brother married sisters, and I stayed with my brother once at the White House, and once rode with Mrs. Pierce to the Navy Yard. Franklin Pierce was at my wedding and eighteen years after became President, no one then dreaming of such a thing.

I remember very well the tragedy of Tyler's administration when the cannon "Peacemaker" burst on board of the frigate Princeton, killing several of the distinguished party on board. I was in my garden sowing peas on February 28, 1844, when in the afternoon I heard a tremendous explosion, as I judged, near Fort Washington. Captain Stockton, commander of the *Princeton*, had taken a large and brilliant company of 400 guests down the river and the great gun carrying a 225 pound ball had been fired several times. On the way back when opposite the Fort, the captain agreed to fire it once more. After firing, the gun burst three or four inches from the breech, wounding seventeen seamen. Among those killed by the explosion was Abel P. Upshur, the Secretary of State, an ornament to human nature, who recalled the old patriots of Virginia to our memory; Thomas W. Gilmer, only ten days Secretary of the Navy, whose sister, Mrs. Ann McGee, has lately passed away; Commodore Beverly Kennon, whose widow now lives in Georgetown in a beautiful old age, after a most influential and useful life; Virgil Maxcy and Ex-Senator Gardner of New York.

The grief and mourning in Washington were unparalleled. The funeral services of these men were held at the White House

by Rev. Messrs. Hawley, Butler and Laurie (a Presbyterian). There was an immense procession from the Capitol to the White House, sweeping trains of crepe hung from doors and windows everywhere, cannons were slowly firing, bells tolling, the vast crowd mute and dumb at the great calamity, and over all the mist and cloud of a dark day in contrast to the warm, genial day of the explosion, all presented a scene of woe greater than had ever been seen before.

I saw ex-President Buchanan during the war washing his hands out of doors at the Relay House. It was said that he was insulted by the father of the lady to whom he was engaged telling him he was a fortune hunter, and never married her or any one. The lady died from the effects of her grief.

The only time I ever saw Jefferson Davis was at the White House when he was Secretary of War. It was at this time that the wonderful single arch of stone over Cabin John Run was built, though Davis' name has been cut out of the stone from some petty spirit of dislike.

CHAPTER XXII.

WAR TIMES.

I HAVE been asked to give some account of my experiences in the Civil War. As I look back upon them they do not seem to have happened to me, but to some one else. They do not differ materially from those of many others who were refugees, like myself. The "Diary of a Refugee," by Mrs. McGuire, who lately died at the age of eighty-four, gives in a simple and easy style her reminiscences. It is a book that deserves a much wider circulation than it has received. I do not propose to enter into any discussion about the causes of the war—simply to give a narrative of the experiences of myself and family.

It is extraordinary how few persons brought on the war. The more I think of it the more unnatural it seems. The mass of people, North and South, did not desire the war, and some of the strongest Union men were Southerners, who, however, felt constrained to go with their States. Clay and Webster had with equal earnestness tried to preserve the Union in their day.

I know of many instances where brothers were equally divided on the two sides—a dreadful state of things, when you think of it.

"And every hand that dealt a blow,
Ah me ! it was a brother's,"

it might be truly said, showing the strong convictions on each side.

In the session of 1860-'61 the Seminary had seventy-three students, a greater number than ever before. There had been much agitation in Congress and in the country, and much uneasiness as to what would be the issue. There was great excitement in the whole country ; rumors of impending war became more and more frequent, but we had had no experience of war, and in our ignorance thought that it might be averted. One-half of our students were from the North, and gradually left us as the spring advanced. There was the utmost good feeling between the Northern and Southern students at the breaking up of the Seminary. There was a panic among the families in the neighborhood, who left their homes for a place of refuge. The Mayor

of Alexandria sent out word that there might be firing and they had better move away. Little did we think that the storm of war would sweep over our homes for more than four years, and our houses be despoiled of their contents. We went away leaving everything, thinking a lock and key sufficient to protect our household goods. We left everything in the house—linen, pictures, books, china, furniture; and silver in a box in the library. Never did my home look fairer than when I left it in May, 1861, my family having gone before. It seemed to put on all its loveliness as I was about to leave it. Some natural tears I shed.

We expected, ignorant as we were, that we would soon return and find our goods in peace. When after four years I returned, my house was dilapidated, few panes of glass left in it, and books, furniture and cherished memorials were all gone. A friend at the North thought I spoke with acerbity of my loss, since he had seen my books carefully packed away. His remark was repeated to me by a friend, and I simply said: "Packed up! yes; but they did not send them to me." My large family Bible with records was carried off, and twenty years after the postmaster at Alexandria received a letter asking of me, and the writer said that he would send it to me if I would forward stamps, which I did.

Some neighbors had kindly come in and saved a picture or two. A beautiful portrait of Anne Lee, my wife's grandmother, by Sully, copied from Stuart, was ruthlessly ripped up by a bayonet.

I carried Dr. May to town in my carriage, as he was going to Philadelphia and he looked like Jeremiah, the weeping prophet; we were both very sad at parting.

Rev. Herman L. Duhring, of Philadelphia, who was here when the war began, visited the Seminary lately, when in Alexandria, to address the Convocation on Sunday Schools. He had not been here for more than thirty-five years, and remembered my telling them all good-bye as they left in '61, and saying, "We will soon see you again." He kindly said to me, "Doctor, your Hebrew has been of use to me all my life;" then jokingly, "I tried it on the beggars in Europe with great effect." He told me that I looked pretty much as I did when he saw me in 1861, only my hair was whiter.

Rev. W. H. Neilson told me that in the middle of April, 1861, Mrs. McGuire met him on the walk and told him that Virginia had seceded. Then he and the other Northern students decided to leave, and four went together—Bancroft, Duhring, G. Zabriskie

Gray and himself. When they reached the boat from Alexandria to Washington there were so many on board that the captain said no more baggage should be taken after his. When they got to Baltimore the great riot was going on and the streets were filled with confusion and fighting. Shortly after they got on the train the angry mob rushed in and surrounded it. They pulled down the blinds and felt much anxiety. Presently the mob was attracted to the baggage room and the conductor started his train out, and it was the last train that left for some time.

The Seminary and High School buildings in the month of June, 1861, were occupied as hospitals. One of the largest hospitals of the Union army was established here. Additional barracks were put up in the Seminary grounds, so that at one time there were no less than 1,700 patients here. Five hundred and more died during the four years' occupancy and were buried in the lower corner of the Seminary grounds, opposite my place, and afterwards removed to the National Cemetery outside Alexandria. Some boys playing in Dr. Walker's garden, as late as 1870, fell through a hole in the ground into a shallow grave, where a skull and bones were found.

Rev. John A. Jerome, class of 1851, Dr. Sparrow's son-in-law, was stationed as chaplain at the Seminary Hospital, and did good service by taking care of things as much as possible during the war. I think he had the library books boxed up, and he saved Dr. Sparrow's library. On one occasion he saw that a soldier had written his name on the Seminary wall. He had him called up and made him wash it off.

My own house was used as a bakery, and fifteen hundred loaves of bread baked daily in my kitchen in a brick oven which was built along its side. Many soldiers convalescing were imprudent in eating apples in my orchard and some, it is said, died thereby.

As the Seminary was in the Union lines, repeated applications were made to Congress after the war for rent for the buildings, which after twenty-five years was granted by an appropriation of \$20,000, of which \$8,000 went to the lawyers and agents. As much as this had probably been expended in the repairs of buildings and renewal of fences. The barracks that had been put up were cut up and used to fence the Seminary grounds. On one of them we found written in large letters, "Things aint am as they used to was;" true enough, if not elegantly expressed.

At the session of Congress which made the appropriation for

rent, General W. H. F. Lee, a member of the House of Representatives, who had the bill in charge, was asked whether the Professors were loyal or prayed for the President of the United States. He replied very pleasantly that "they prayed for all sinners," which excited a general smile. It was the very last bill that President Cleveland signed in his first administration.

I took refuge with my family in the home of my brother-in-law, Dr. Robert E. Peyton, near "The Plains," Fauquier county, Virginia. He was a physician and a large farmer, and one of the most earnest Christian men I ever knew. Dr. Peyton was in the habit of collecting his servants early in the morning before they went out to their work and praying with them, and on Sunday evening he gathered them for a service of prayer, exhortation and song. He had a good, strong voice, and led the singing, which was fine. He told me once that no one of them had died on the place since he came in possession of it without showing in some way evidence of faith and of a good hope of salvation. I have never met with any one so familiar with Scott's Commentary on the Bible as he was. He made it the man of his counsel, and I recall him as he sat reading it before breakfast. I kept open the little church at "The Plains" while I was there and officiated at burials in the neighborhood. Dr. Peyton's home, Gordonsdale, was a large, handsome residence, and the yard and garden were beautiful. There my family had a comfortable, delightful home for more than two years, and Dr. Peyton refused to make any charge for board.

On Sunday, the day of the battle of Bull Run, I preached for Rev. William Meredith, in Winchester. The army corps under the command of General J. E. Johnston, which was stationed near Winchester to check General Patterson's advance, had left on Thursday before to reinforce General Beauregard's army at Bull Run. This movement was made with as much secrecy as possible, and it was not until the army had marched some distance from Winchester that General Johnston gave them a short and stirring order. "Soldiers: General Beauregard has been attacked at Manassas by overwhelming forces. We are going to help him. The general commanding hopes that the troops will step out briskly, keep close order, and by a forced march save the country." They cheerfully obeyed, and at an eventful moment in the battle a cloud of dust was seen on the western horizon, causing anxiety at first in the hearts of the Confederates, as they feared it was the enemy, soon giving place to every demonstra-

tion of joy. I arrived after they left Winchester. We heard the canon in Winchester, and on my return on Monday I met wagons containing the coffins of those that had fallen in the battle, among them young Powell, the two Conrads, H. Tucker and Holmes, only sons of David H. Conrad, of Martinsburg, who had been killed only fifteen minutes apart, and fell near each other. Tucker Conrad was a student in our Seminary when it broke up. Their father wrote a beautiful inscription for the stone which covers the grave where they lie side by side. One verse is as follows :

" Brothers in blood, in faith,
Brothers in youthful bloom,
Brothers in life, brothers in death,
Brothers in one same tomb."

One of the Conrads had in his pocket a copy of the hymn, " One Sweetly Solemn Thought."

About a week after, I went to the camp at Manassas to see my son Joseph. He, and afterwards Walter, belonged to the Rockbridge Battery, under Stonewall Jackson. I slept one night in my son's tent on the soft side of a board. It was the custom of this company to have prayers at the dawn of day, and next morning I was asked to officiate and made a prayer. It was too early to see to read. The scene was a thrilling one. It was a remarkable company, composed largely of college and theological students. Mr. L. M. Blackford and Rev. Kinloch Nelson were in the company.

Captain, afterwards General, Pendleton, my old Bristol friend, and the former rector of the High School, took me to the field of battle and pointed out the position of the troops engaged, and showed me the spot where General Bernard Bee was killed, who said " There is Jackson, standing like a stone wall." A battlefield is like any other field, and you can get little idea of the battle. It is little like a picture of a battle. I saw horses lying unburied. He then took me to see Gen. Thomas J. Jackson at his headquarters. He was an intimate friend of General Pendleton's and invited us to dine with him. He had himself been wounded slightly in the hand in the battle of Bull Run and his arm was in a sling. He stood by us while we ate our dinner of bacon and corn bread, spread out of doors. He asked me to sketch for him all the roads to Washington. I saw him once again, the 24th of September of the same year, when I went to his headquarters at sunrise in the morning to get a

furlough for my son, who was sick. He was standing by a fire out of doors reading his Bible. He asked me to stay to breakfast, but I was anxious to get away. I obtained the furlough and set out with my son to return to Dr. Peyton's. The distance was long and we were belated, and only got to Thoroughfare Gap at dark. The roads were the worst I ever saw, my horse once falling down on a rocky ledge across the road, and the night was so dark I could not see my way. I gave the reins to the horse, which brought us safely home at last, a distance of thirty-five miles. Once later on I heard Jackson was at Port Republic, and Nat Burwell and I went out to see my sons. We soon met men returning, and Jackson was on his way to Richmond. They never dreamed he was going until he was there. That was Stonewall Jackson's way.

Anything about Stonewall Jackson, the Christian soldier, is of interest, and I give this fact from which it appears that he was baptized as an adult and by an Episcopal minister.

Jackson was baptized at old St. John's Church, at Fort Hamilton, and the records contain the following entry: "On Sunday, 29th of April, 1849, I baptized Thomas Jonathan Jackson, major in the United States Army; sponsors, Cols. Taylor and Dimmock, also of the army." The baptismal font used for this ceremony is still preserved.

My son remembers that Jackson came round early one morning and looking in the tent gave him a tract. General Lee gave as many prayer books as he could get to his soldier friends. When I dined with General Jackson he told me that Bishop Johns had preached for his men not long before and he had asked him to preach again and said that he would also be glad to have Bishop Meade preach to them. Bishop Johns replied that he was afraid for Bishop Meade to go near Manassas Junction for fear he would enlist, such was his enthusiasm and patriotism.

I add a letter from one of my sons written about this time.

"CAMP NEAR CENTREVILLE, VA., *November 5, 1861.*

"General Jackson left us on Friday last. The brigade was drawn up in close order to see him off, and for the first time in his life he made a speech. He spoke of our having been with him for so long in the bivouac, on the march, on the battle field,—reminded us that we had a fame to sustain and concluded by hoping that as we were the First Brigade of the Army of the Shenandoah and the First Brigade of the 2nd Corps, Army of the Potomac, so we might be the First Brigade in the hearts of our

countrymen, in this second war for Independence. A great deal of feeling was shown and he himself, grim and cast-iron looking as he is, had to gallop off to hide his emotion. General Jackson has at present no force but the militia and is very anxious to have his old brigade with him. Last week there was much more of the 'pomp and circumstance of glorious war' than is usual in a campaign. Governor Letcher was on a visit to the camp and all the regiments were put in trim to receive him. On Tuesday evening he presented flags to several of them, after which there was a drill. Artillery drill being something more of a rarity than infantry, our battery attracted nearly all the attention of the assembly, and for an hour we had some of the severest work possible. The manœuvres were performed at full gallop—cannoneers not mounted, and the manual drill was equally rapid. Johnston was there looking as he always does, perfectly splendid. I saw Smith and also Beauregard, who it struck me had rather a sour and sinister expression, of which I afterward had an explanation, in the rumor of his quarrel with President Davis and its cause. It is said that he sent in a report of the battle of Manassas in which he arrogated to himself and the far Southerners nearly all the glory of the day, not even mentioning Jackson's Virginia Brigade, but for whose steadfastness he would inevitably have been beaten before re-inforcements could arrive. The next day the sight was even more splendid. Thirteen Virginia regiments, with three batteries were reviewed, altogether making the most imposing spectacle I ever saw, and in great contrast with our camp life of Friday and Saturday, when the storm blew over one-third of the tents of the brigade, and we as usual were thoroughly drenched."

My son Joseph had some stories to tell of extraordinary preachers whom he had heard or whom he had heard of during the war. One of these preachers had been in charge of a church in West Virginia belonging to some variety of the Baptist faith. When the Federal soldiers took possession of that neighborhood they arrested him as a secessionist and took him to Camp Chase, the prison camp in Ohio. After a time he was released—perhaps his sharp tongue helped—and he was sent within the Confederate lines. Coming to Richmond, he, to use his own expression, "captured" a Unitarian church building, whose congregation had been scattered at the beginning of the war, and held forth there regularly. A quartermaster sergeant in the command to which my son belonged had frequent occasion to go to Richmond on business and would bring back to the camp accounts of the discourses of this gentleman, particularly of his denunciation of the Unitarians to which he would soon or late incline in nearly every sermon, by way, I suppose, of purging the place of former

infection. On one of these occasions he thus described their destiny :

"On the brazen floors of perdition, heated to a seven-fold hotness, a justly offended God shall fry out the fat of their spiritual pride to grease the gudgeons of hell."

The sergeant made the acquaintance of the preacher, and learned from his own lips the account of an incident at a camp-meeting in which he had figured. While preaching earnestly, a band of wild young men tried to break up the meeting. Among other things, the ringleader crowed like a rooster, which caused great merriment in the audience. The preacher was satisfied that unless he could stop him effectually he had better not try, and so, in order to give himself time to think, he said mildly to the young man, "Crow again." The young man was somewhat taken aback, but crowed as before, though perhaps not quite so lustily. The preacher said firmly, "Crow again." Not to be laughed at, the young man crowed once more, but rather feebly. By this time the preacher was ready. Rising to his full height, and shaking his finger at the culprit, he thundered out : "Crow again, you rooster of hell ! God Almighty shall rivet your beak to the anvil of damnation and slather out your brains with the sledge-hammers of his wrath. Now, crow again !". Needless to add, there was no more crowing. "Mr. C.," said the Sergeant, "that word *slather* seems to be a very fine word, though I don't remember that I ever heard it before." "Why, yes," said C., "I think it covers the ground."

John Augustine Washington, a colonel on General Lee's staff, with W. H. F. Lee went on a scouting expedition in West Virginia, where he was killed in September, 1861, and the body was brought home for burial at his place, Waveland, Fauquier county. He had been my pupil at Bristol College and it was my sad duty to announce his death to his children. I officiated at his burial at noon on Saturday, September 21, 1861, and the address I made was taken down by my niece, Anne Lee Peyton. "O Death, where is thy sting ? O Grave, where is thy victory ?" This language startles us when we look around us and see what the sting of death is and what is the victory of the grave. Is not death the last enemy whom we cannot conquer, nor flee from ? Is there not a sting in the pains, the groans, the dying strife ? Is there not a sting in the separation of death, in the leaving a helpless family to grope their way through a cold and selfish world,

when eyes that watched over them with ceaseless care and hands that toiled for them are laid low? Is there not a sting in the weakness of death, in the failure of the strength of body and vigor of mind? And is there not a victory of the grave to be seen everywhere? You cannot go to the lonely glen in the mountains without seeing the monuments of its victory. Is there not a victory where the foe is defeated and trampled in the dust and a monument erected in triumph on the battlefield? How then can the Apostle use such language as this? It was in looking forward to the resurrection, where the bodies sown as seed in the ground should come forth the same bodies in all that is necessary to constitute sameness, though greatly changed, as much as the green blade is different from the dark unsightly seed sown in the earth.

Were it not for the light which the Gospel sheds over the world to come, what clouds and darkness would hang over the close of life, how should we sorrow as those without hope, as we bade an everlasting adieu to our departed friends! But blessed be God! in the light of the Gospel—

"On the cold cheek of death smiles and roses are blooming
And beauty immortal awakes from the tomb."

While the Gospel does not gratify our curiosity, while it maintains a wise and solemn reserve as to the future condition of the departed, it gives us all the information necessary for us. We need not now ask the question, man giveth up the ghost, and where is he? If he was a righteous man he has gone to his Father's house in heaven; if wicked, revelation lifts a corner of the veil that hides the impenetrable future, and we see him in a place of torment lifting up his eyes and begging in vain for the slightest relief and mitigation of his suffering, for a drop of cold water to cool his tongue. Jesus has stood forth at the grave of Lazarus, and with such words as never fell from human lips, has said: "I am the Resurrection and the Life;" "He that believeth in me though he were dead yet shall he live and whoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die."

We are assembled, dear friends, on an occasion of no ordinary solemnity. Death is always solemn, whether it comes to the infant of days or to the old man of years, who goes down to the grave like a shock of corn in its season. Death has stricken down in the midst of life one who has occupied a conspicuous station in this

neighborhood and in this country ; one who was respected and loved by all who knew him. I need not tell you how noble and generous and high-minded he was, how exemplary and tender and affectionate in his domestic relations. I cannot speak of this with delicacy here. I need not tell you how brave and self-sacrificing he was. In the beginning of the struggle in which we are now engaged, he resolved, though many considerations might have kept him back, to devote himself to the service of his country. He offered his services and was appointed to a post, which it was fitting that one who bore his name should fill, and to the duties of his office he devoted himself with untiring assiduity and without respite. What his feelings in engaging in his country's service were I will give you in his own words in a letter to his family : " While I think and hope that we shall be successful, yet of course there is no telling who will fall in the efforts we are about making. I am just as likely to be one of them as any one else, and I can only say, that if God so wills it I hope I am ready to lay down my life, and to sacrifice all I have in the just and sacred cause in which I am embarked. I think, and if I understand myself, I know that I am perfectly willing, if need be, to die for this cause, and sooner than see it fail, had rather that myself and children and all that I hold, were swept from existence. For myself, I have no fear ; for should my life be lost it is only anticipating by a few years what must happen at any rate. The whole matter is in the hands of God, who will do with me as seems best to him."

What noble words—worthy to be inscribed on his monument. Never I have read words more expressive of the noblest patriotism. With such men our cause must and will succeed. He fell a blessed martyr in the holy and sacred cause of his country. He felt that there were interests dearer than life, and cheaply purchased by its sacrifice ; that it was better to die than to be trampled under the iron heel of despotism and to have the last spark of liberty extinguished ; that it was the low and base maxim of Satan that " all that a man hath will he give for his life," while Jesus has said " He that loseth his life shall save it," which may be applied in a lower sense to our temporal interests.

But the great question, concerning every man who passes out of this world compared with which all others sink into insignificance, is : Is he prepared to meet his God ? Has he experienced that great change without which no man can enter heaven—that

change from a prayerless to a prayerful life, which is wrought in the heart by the Holy Ghost? Has he repented truly of sin and believed and obeyed the Gospel?

Our departed brother was blessed with the prayers and counsel of a pious mother, which is the greatest earthly blessing. He had times of religious feeling, but it was not till within a year past, since the death of his wife, that he gave evidence of any change of heart. Since that time he was an earnest and attentive listener in the house of God, whether in the church of his fathers, or in other churches, and contributed liberally towards the support of the gospel. After the death of his wife, he began family prayers to which he attached great importance, and the last time he was at home, he knelt down with his family and prayed with them all. Little did they think that they should see his face no more! In his last letter, written the week before his death, he enjoined family prayers (underscoring the words morning and evening), upon his children and pressed them to ask wisdom of God in the great exigencies of life.

And now what remains but to say to each one present, how many warnings have you had to make it the great business of a life to prepare for a dying hour! There is an enemy in your path, whom you cannot conquer, with whom you can make no compromise, from whom you cannot flee. You must now put on the whole armour of God, the shield of faith, the sword of the Spirit, the helmet of salvation. So you shall be prepared for that world where there is no confused noise of battle, no garments rolled in blood, no shouting of the captains, but where all is peace, blessed peace, which may God of His infinite mercy grant through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

In December of the year 1861 it was thought best by the Trustees to continue the Seminary in Staunton, Virginia. Dr. Sparrow and myself were the only professors. Dr. May had gone to Philadelphia. Going over, I stopped at Sperryville, and some young people being present I proposed we should have prayers and singing, and we had a pleasant service. We began with four or five students that year, but they were gradually reduced to one. Every young man over eighteen years of age was drafted for or enlisted in the army.

While at Staunton I was hospitably entertained in the delightful family of Dr. Stribling, who was the Superintendent of the Insane Asylum, and I can never forget the kindness of him and

his family to me. His house was in no way connected with the Asylum. Such was his sagacity and prudence that no one has ever surpassed him as Superintendent of the Insane Asylum. He had a very costly silver vase presented to him by the State, I think, as a testimonial to his services. He used to invite those who were of the milder cases of melancholy to his table sometimes. No one would ever suspect them of mental aberration. I think it was after I left that he came near being killed by a patient in the Asylum. The man wounded his arm with a shoemaker's knife, and he came near dying.

Christmas of 1861, while in Staunton, I was sent for to Lexington to preach, and stayed several days at General Smith's. I went in the stage, and we crossed the James River with difficulty, as there were very large stones in the river at the crossing. After a rain it was unfordable.

Doctor, afterwards Bishop Quintard, then chaplain to General Loring's brigade, which was stationed there, stayed a number of weeks at Dr. Stribling's while I was there, and I became quite intimate with him. At a meeting of bishops in Washington, fifteen came down to the Seminary, among them Bishop Quintard. He embraced me warmly and said to me, "we fought and bled together." I stayed in Staunton from December until May, 1862, when I rejoined my family at Dr. Peyton's. Dr. Sparrow taught the Seminary in Halifax county for a few months, then returned to Staunton and taught there until the close of the war.

In his last class were Randolph H. McKim, who for two and a half years had followed Jackson, first as private, then as staff officer, and after seven months with Dr. Sparrow, re-entered the army as chaplain; William F. Gardner, who had received five wounds in the service; Edward H. Ingle and James A. Mitchell, who have always done faithful service.

As I was returning from Staunton in May, 1862, I met with an accident. In consequence of excessive rains the roads had become very muddy—impassable in places. There were many cut-offs, where the traveller could go out in a by-road and avoid the worst places. I had not observed one, when my carriage got stuck in a quagmire and the horse, in trying to get it out, broke the whiffle-tree. No house was near and I knew not what to do, until a gentleman passing on horseback told me there was a blacksmith about a mile ahead. I took the fragments of the whiffle-tree in my hand and walked to the black-

smith's. Just as I got there I saw, getting on his horse, Mr. Charles Stovin, at whose house in Fauquier county I had stayed, and who had moved without my knowledge to Liberty Mills, near which the accident occurred. He invited me to his house and sent a strong horse to extricate my carriage. I remained with him during a rain of three days' continuance. He was the grandfather of Rev. Charles J. Stovin Mayo, of Hyattsville, Maryland.

In June of that year I drove with my wife from Fauquier to Washington. We stopped by at the Seminary and entered our house, which was occupied by the bakers and their families. My wife went to open her wardrobe to see if any of her property was left, but was not allowed to do so. I spent several days in Washington at my brother's-in-law, Dr. Thomas Miller's. I carried back with me valuable medicines to Dr. Peyton. I came and went without molestation. Sometimes the way was open and then again the lines were shut down.

Richmond had been invested in June, 1862, by General McClellan, and General Jackson left the Valley to reinforce the army for the defense of Richmond. Then followed the seven days' battles, which compelled McClellan to relinquish the investment of Richmond and move twenty miles below to Harrison's Landing. As I could hear nothing from my sons, who were in Jackson's army, all mail communication being suspended, I resolved to go in search of them. I went as far as Culpeper in my one-horse carriage, and left my horse at Rev. John Cole's and went by rail to Richmond. I found my eldest son, Walter, at the house of Rev. Joshua Peterkin. His house was the asylum of sick soldiers and refugees, and he and Mrs. Peterkin were never weary of ministering to them. I found my son indisposed, which I ascribed to the fatigue of the incessant marchings of the seven-days' battle. I little dreamt that he was then in the first stage of typhoid fever, which terminated fatally after a few weeks at Airwell, the home of Mr. Callender Noland, in Hanover, where he had taught school before the war. I never saw him again. He was buried at Airwell. He had been for some years a communicant of the Church.

General Pendleton lent me an ambulance and driver to go to the battlefield, in search of my son Joseph. I saw the White Oak swamp of Chickahominy, through which McClellan passed on his retreat. It might have been a week or a fortnight after the battle.

The swamp was a continent of mud. The roads were rendered almost impassable by the deep ruts made by the artillery. The mud forts everywhere and the many marks of the battles attracted my attention. I remember seeing the corpse of a man unburied in an out-of-the-way place. On my return I could only get as far by rail as Orange Court House, twenty miles from Culpeper. I could not obtain there any horse or guide. General Pope's army occupied the whole country between the Rapidan and Culpeper. I stayed over Sunday at Orange Court House and preached there.

I was obliged to walk the whole distance between Orange Court House and Culpeper, twenty miles. I set out with a good courage but with an anxious heart. The whole country was desolate—houses deserted, fences broken down. I remember seeing but one house occupied on the way, and that was by a woman, until I arrived within three miles of Culpeper, when I was arrested by pickets. I had, tied up in a bandanna handkerchief with other things, some letters, which had been entrusted to me by Mrs. Robert E. Lee and Captain Elijah White and others. I was carried by the pickets to the Provost's at Culpeper Court House. As we passed Rev. Mr. Cole's house I threw the handkerchief into his yard. His house was full of parishioners, for he expected next day to be sent to the Old Capitol prison, which, however, did not take place. There was a providence about it, for the letters would have compromised me had I been searched. The Provost gave me a pass, which enabled me to go to Fauquier. I had preached shortly before at Orange, so I was thought innocuous. I passed a day at Mr. Cole's house and then went on my way in my carriage. Pope's army was on the retreat and I passed all day through it, but was not much molested. Soldiers would get on the back of my carriage to rest themselves awhile. I said nothing to them. I crossed the Rappahannock by a pontoon bridge. I found Warrenton, which was on my way, picketed by Union troops, who allowed me to pass to the hospitable house of Rev. Dr. Barten, who warmly welcomed me. In Warrenton they heard with amazement of my journey, as no one had been able to get through the lines of Pope, and it was thought impossible.

When I reached Dr. Peyton's I heard of Walter's illness, and though two of my young children had typhoid fever I felt constrained to leave them and go to Mr. Noland's, in Hanover, where

he was sick. I was compelled to go by the Valley, because the Union army occupied the usual route. I left my carriage at Dr. Cochran's, in Middleburg, and set off on horseback for the long journey with an anxious heart. Though Front Royal was occupied by the Union troops, there was a way through the woods, which was much traveled to avoid them, especially by people from Maryland. I found hospitable entertainment on the road at private houses, especially at Mr. Ott's, at Mt. Jackson, and Mr. Gray's, at Harrisonburg. When I arrived at Gordonsville I heard of Walter's death and turned back. Not a few tears I shed on my sorrowful journey.

In October, 1862, my little daughter Kate was attacked by the scarlet fever, and died after two days' illness.

On Thursday I took her out driving, apparently perfectly well, and much pleased with the chinquapins I got for her. On Saturday she died.

"She came, and passed. Can I forget
How we whose hearts had hailed her birth,
Ere six autumnal suns had set
Consigned her to her Mother Earth?
Joys and their memories pass away,
But griefs are deeper ploughed than they.
We laid her in her narrow cell,
We heaped the soft mould on her breast,
And parting tears, like raindrops, fell
Upon her lonely place of rest."

At Andover there is a stone in memory of the child of a professor with this inscription: "Is it well with the child? It is well." General Jones used to call her "the maid with the lint white locks;" her hair was white and her eyes black.

While in Fauquier county at Dr. Peyton's, I occasionally went over to Leesburg, where I had two brothers-in-law, Henry T. and Matthew Harrison. The Rev. Mr. Smith, the Presbyterian minister, told me that his valuable horse had been stolen by some of the Union soldiers at Poolesville, Maryland, on the other side of the Potomac river. He had been preaching regularly there and told me that he knew the ford of the Potomac river at Edwards' Ferry, and proposed to me to accompany him. We crossed the river in my carriage and found a large force on the other side. They had been sent to intercept Gen. J. E. B. Stuart's army on his return from his raid around the Union army, and when we

got there they were singing "John Brown's body lies a mould'ring in the grave," &c. We were carried by soldiers to General Stoneman's headquarters at Poolesville. General Stoneman was an old United States officer, and knew my friends in Washington. He treated us civilly, and sent us back to the river crossing in an ambulance, first allowing me to do my shopping in Poolesville, which was very important, as I could get things there which could not be gotten in Leesburg or in the Confederate lines, there being a great scarcity of everything. On my return, as we forded the river my horse became frantic in the current and I got a good ducking.

In the fall of 1862 I was attacked with an indolent tumor or carbuncle in my right shoulder. It was removed, and it assumed a threatening appearance. I know what it is to be under sentence of death, for I believed it to be cancerous, and it seemed as if all the permitted space must be lived after a warning. During the winter I went down to Washington by the roundabout way of the Point of Rocks to consult my brother-in-law, Dr. Thomas Miller, who was an eminent physician and surgeon, and one of the noblest men in the world. I had the benefit of the best surgeons in consultation—Dr. Stone and Dr. Frederick May—and my arm was operated upon. A cyst had formed, and the pus had burrowed under the tissues to the spine. There was no sign of cancer, but the sinuses had to be laid open, a very painful operation—more so, Dr. May said, than cutting off an arm. I took no anæsthetic, and the doctors said I bore it with fortitude. I can recall now the knife cutting its way through the flesh. I was very much reduced in health and spirits by this trouble, and my arm became permanently stiffened, and, after falling and breaking it at the elbow in 1883, it was amputated at the shoulder, June 5, 1884, by my cousin, Dr. John H. Packard, of Philadelphia, assisted by others, at the Providence Hospital, Washington, D. C.

Dr. Miller was a splendid looking man, six feet two inches tall, straight as an arrow, graceful and easy in manner. His appearance attracted all and his character and noble nature held his friends. He was one of the greatest physicians of his day, and was sent for to the western cities in consultation. Stephen A. Douglas was a devoted friend and he attended him all through his last illness in Chicago. He was for twenty years Professor of Anatomy at Columbia Medical College and was called "the Nestor of the profession in the District." The kindness of Dr.

Miller and his family to me and mine can never be forgotten, and I count it an honor to have been the friend of such a noble man.

His house during the war was the scene of hospitality and generous devotion to the cause of the South and nothing was thought too great to be done for the Southern soldiers in the old Capitol prison. His house, 1331 F Street, now replaced by a modern building, was an historic house, having belonged to Dr. William Thornton, then in 1845 bought by Dr. Miller, and leased to some of the eminent men of that time.

While at Dr. Miller's I attended the Lent services held by Doctor, afterwards Bishop Pinkney, who conducted them with great edification. We worshipped in a hall, as Ascension Church was used as a hospital. Dr. Miller's house was visited occasionally by the Union officers. One of them related some anecdotes of President Lincoln. He was in the habit of visiting informally the different offices connected with the army, and was on very free-and-easy terms with the officers. On one occasion, as an officer sat with his back to the door, he heard some one enter, and said, "Is that you, John?" supposing it was the messenger. He answered, "No, siree! It is Abraham Lincoln and nothing shorter." On another occasion he visited an office and a plate of peaches was on the table. He took three and said, "I always was a hog on peaches."

I used sometimes to go to the Capitol steps, from which I could see the cupola of the Seminary, on which I looked with sadness. All was a dark and gloomy prospect. After about three months' stay at Dr. Miller's hospitable home, I went down to Alexandria, where my family soon joined me. I occupied for a time the parsonage of Christ Church, which had been the property of my wife's grandfather, Charles Lee, and where her mother was married. Later I was dislodged by a military order. I found that Christ Church was used by the soldiers, of whom there were several thousand in Alexandria, the chaplains of the army preaching, the few Union men of Alexandria also attending. St. Paul's Church was used as a hospital. I held divine service in Odd-Fellows' Hall, on Columbus street, which on some pretext was soon taken away from us. I then preached and administered the Lord's Supper in Liberty Hall, which I could only get one afternoon a month, as the Baptists had it. The congregation was very interesting, as it was made up from all the churches in town,

and four of my communicants were more than eighty years old. There was a remarkable unity of feeling among them. The common trial brought all in sympathy together. The town was under martial law, which was rigidly enforced. No one could go out of it in any direction without a pass. On one occasion I went in a sail-boat to Washington with Robert Wheat to consult Dr. Miller. The boat was seized as soon as we had left it, and I had to come back by land, acting as driver to Mrs. H. E. Cazenove, who got a pass for a driver.

On my return I was arrested by order of Provost-Marshal Wells, who kept me three hours in his office, and sent me under guard of two soldiers out of the lines, which were then at Fairfax Court House. From Fairfax Station to the Court House I rode in a stage, escorted by a troop of cavalry to keep off Mosby's men. Henry Winter Davis, whom I knew well, went immediately to Secretary Stanton, for Captain Booth, of Alexandria, had kindly gone to Washington and told Davis, and the order was countermanded. I spent but one night at the Court House, where I slept on the floor with a soldier on each side of me. I came back in a snow storm.

My arrest caused a great excitement among my friends in town, and I received a great deal of kindness. Mr. Robert Miller, whom I only knew slightly, came that night and gave me fifty dollars.

I always feel under great obligation to Rev. Dr. Thomas G. Addison. During the summer of that year he kindly invited me to join a party which was going to Lake Superior. We left Cleveland, Ohio, with a large party on board a fine steamer and went through Lake Huron, where we encountered a severe storm in the midst of the lake. We passed through Lake St. Clair—stopped at Detroit. At Houghton we stopped to see the mines. It was then a small village. At Sault Ste. Marie, commonly called the Soo, we saw the rapids of some fifty feet, by which the waters of Lake Superior discharge themselves. Our vessel was lifted up to the level of Lake Superior, by locks of immense size, to accommodate the largest vessels. The scenery of Lake Superior has been often described by Schoolcraft and others. Schoolcraft speaks of the pictured rocks. One can see cathedrals, or anything you please in them; and the sand hills are three hundred feet high. The shores are unfit for cultivation, as they are covered with a stunted growth of beech and fir, and are sterile and

rocky. The climate is inhospitable and we did not see a house for fifty miles. Our vessel lay off at Ontonagon, as there was no harbor there, to take on immense masses of copper ore, some of them weighing 6,000 pounds, to be carried to Detroit to be smelted. Ontonagon is, I believe, the most famous place for copper mining in the United States. A large piece of pure native copper from there is to be seen at the National Museum in Washington. I found a missionary at Ontonagon, who told me that the lake froze over in November and the ice did not break up until June. The climate is too cold to raise corn. You would never know that any war was going on, except you would hear everywhere patriotic songs sung. Rev. Mr. Woods was with us.

In November of the year 1863 my son William died at Point Lookout, on the Potomac. He was, while convalescing from dysentery at Dr. Peyton's, taken prisoner and carried to the Old Capitol prison in Washington. Passing along the street he sent a note to Dr. Miller, "I am a prisoner at the Old Capitol. W. Packard." And so we heard of it. There his mother was permitted to see him twice for a few minutes. He was sent from the Old Capitol to Point Lookout, at the mouth of the Potomac, where there was a very large number of prisoners. There he died of typhoid fever, caused by neglect of the commonest principles of health. His mother visited him there; and at the same time, William H. Laird, who married my daughter Rosa in 1869, was a prisoner, and his mother was visiting him, and they heard of my son Willie and his mother. My kind friend, John R. Zimmerman, of Alexandria, was a prisoner there also, and in his diary speaks of my son. He had written to his mother to send him a Bible, as he had only a Testament, while in the army. His nurse wrote word, "Everybody loved Willie." He sent me word that "he did not feel afraid to die," that "God was his Father and Jesus his precious Saviour," and "he trusted his family would all meet him in heaven." He told his nurse that "his parents had taught him the way of salvation." Though a prisoner, and though his eyes missed, while dying, familiar faces, yet Jesus was with him and soothed his last hours. My kind friends in Alexandria sent an undertaker to Point Lookout and had his body brought up and we looked again upon his face; we buried him in Christ Church Cemetery by the side of two children whom I had lost in 1851. Mrs. Upton Herbert, who has lately fallen asleep, was the first to tell me of Willie's death. Rev. Mr. Morsell officiated. There

was such a large turnout at the burial that some one passing on the cars asked the name, and being told that it was a Packard, mentioned it to my kin at the North, and they heard of it first in this way. I give extracts from my son's letter after hearing of his death. "I am just commencing to realize what it is to lose a brother—to think of the thousand things of the past in which he is associated in my mind and of the future in which I shall so miss him. I was always so proud of him. I remember how we enjoyed hearing him tell of his first experiences and with what pleasure we marked his enthusiastic devotion to his duty. He was so generous, so gallant, so pure-hearted. And we have the blessed assurance that he sees God face to face, for he was not ashamed of Him in his life and in his death in the absence of earthly comforts and earthly friends, Jesus was near him."

The winter of 1863 and 1864 was passed without any great change in our situation. Alexandria was the headquarters of the Union army. The hospitals and bakeries were there. A train of cars left daily to carry loaves of bread to the army. The music of the dead march was often heard, as funerals from the hospitals were of almost daily occurrence. One hospital adjoined our house, and there was another across the street. We were often disturbed at night by the bringing in of wounded. Every morning the bugle would blow the reveille in front of them, and when the cars came in the ambulances would often be seen bringing in the sick and wounded. We were living in the house of Mrs. John Lloyd (Mr. C. F. Lee's sister), corner of Queen and Washington streets. The whole air was infected by hospitals. There was a great deal of sickness in Alexandria, and in my own family. I was sent for to many funerals. During the two years I spent in Alexandria I recorded in my book sixty-three burials, chiefly of infants. I had a Bible-class in my house on Sunday afternoons for ladies, which was well attended, and I preached when I could in halls, and performed baptisms and burials for Methodists, Lutherans and Presbyterians, as well as for my own people.

I often used to walk with Mr. Bolling Robertson, whose wife was a Miss Fairfax, and whose son Henry now lives in Alexandria.

The assassination of Lincoln produced intense excitement in Alexandria. I felt it was not safe to go upon the streets. A squad of soldiers came to my house the morning after the assassination and insisted upon our putting out crape above the door.

That night a large stone was thrown into one of the front windows, breaking the sash and glass.

In the spring of 1865 I was ill with the jaundice and was very weak. After the surrender I took the first opportunity to go to Fauquier. Mrs. Dr. Peyton, my sister-in-law, came down and took me back with her in a wagon. On our way to Fauquier I spent the night at Mr. Rumsey's, just outside of Fairfax Court House, and there I heard the note of the whippoorwill, which was sweeter to me than the sound of any nightingale, for it brought back memories of my country home—I had been shut up in Alexandria very long, not even able to walk out of its limits. I revived in Fauquier, and in the fall entered upon my duties at the Seminary, which opened with eleven students, Dr. Sparrow and I doing all the teaching.

On looking back upon my sojourn in Alexandria, upon my history during the war, I have great occasion for gratitude. Having no means of support, I received many unexpected gifts from many quarters—sometimes from persons I did not know, and from other churches, among them that of Rev. Dr. Stuart Robinson, a distinguished Presbyterian divine of Kentucky, so that we lacked nothing. The Church people of Alexandria, too, though I had no claims upon them, as I was not the minister of any church, yet contributed something regularly to my support, and I received many generous gifts. Mr. Charles Hooff, my good friend for many years, was very kind to me.

The Rev. Henry Wall (1852), an excellent preacher, was in charge of the church people in Alexandria, but not long after I came he went to Canada, afterwards returning to Maryland, where also his son, Rev. Edward Wall, has served acceptably. He was a native of Ireland and a graduate of Trinity College, Dublin.

[Rev. Dr. W. M. Dame, once Rector of Christ Church, Alexandria, has given the following account of my father's work in that city.—EDITOR.]

"One interesting and admirable episode of his life should not be forgotten—his life in Alexandria, 1863 to 1865. Here he found a people and a community who were in evil case! Their city was occupied by the enemy; their young and middle-aged men had departed to the war; many of their best citizens were gone into exile; all their life was full of uncertainty, fears and dangers.

"In the simple, fearless, manly way that was so natural to him Dr. Packard tried to steady, hearten and comfort the people strug-

gling with all this trouble. He had anxieties of his own. His beloved home was broken up, his family separated ; the dear old Seminary that he loved so intensely probably doomed to destruction ; with little means to provide for his household ; with two beloved sons exposed to the perils of battle ; with all the future and all the interests that were dearest to him dark and uncertain ; in daily danger of arrest and imprisonment, he, with unselfish love and the shepherd instinct of a true minister, laid his own burdens on the Lord and spent his time, care and strength in helping others.

“ He went about from house to house, caring for the sick and the troubled, the lonely and the anxious, advising, consoling and cheering them. When no church building was available he had cottage services in private houses, gathering such neighbors as could come, preaching the Word and ministering the Sacraments. Many people who were in Alexandria at that time have told me how cheerfully and faithfully, with what tender sympathy, he did this, and how much he helped them, and they never forgot how as pastor and friend he stood by them in that dark day.”

CHAPTER XXIII.

THREE MIGHTY MEN AND ANOTHER.

DAVID had thirty-seven mighty men, valiant warriors for the kingdom. Three of them were the mightiest, and three were mighties, captains over the thirty-one. When David longed for the water of the well of Bethlehem, "the three mighty men brake through the host of the Philistines and drew water out of the well of Bethlehem." I am going to speak particularly of four mighty preachers in our Church, who were, like Saul, from the shoulder and upward taller than any of the people, and who drew the living water from the well of Bethlehem and gave it to thirsting multitudes. Lyte's lines on this subject are beautiful :

"Three gallant men stood nigh, and heard
The wish their king expressed ;
Exchanged a glance, but not a word,
And dashed from midst the rest.
And strong in zeal, with ardor flushed,
They up the hill to Bethlehem rushed.

"They come again ; and with them bring
Nor gems nor golden prey ;
A single cup from Bethlehem's spring
Is all they bear away :
And through the densest of the train
Fight back their glorious way again.

"There is a well in Bethlehem still,
A fountain at whose brink
The weary soul may rest at will,
The thirsty stoop and drink :
And unrepelled by foe or fence,
Draw living waters freely thence.

"Oh, did we thirst, as David then,
For this diviner spring,
Had we the zeal of David's men
To please a higher king,
What precious drafts we thence might drain,
What holy triumphs daily gain !"

I will not say that these were the three mightiest, or that others were not as useful, but knowing them well, I speak of them more

fully. They were long lived. Dr. Stone attained nearly eighty-seven years, Dr. Tyng nearly eighty-six, and Dr. Vinton nearly fourscore, and they were all noble-looking men.

Dr. Tyng comes first in date of ordination, March 4, 1821, when just twenty-one. His early life showed his character and bent of mind. He was sent to boarding-school when six years old at Quincy. When eight years old he and two other boys went across the Boston harbor on the ice, some nine miles, reaching home at nine o'clock Saturday night, where he received a whipping and was sent supperless to bed. The next day they were returned to school in a sleigh, and there received another severe whipping. Boston was then a town of less than thirty thousand inhabitants, very rural in aspect, most of the houses having gardens, and the citizens pasturing their cows on the Common, whence they drove them home every evening.

His father, Judge Dudley A. Tyng, was born a year before my father and within a few miles of each other in the same State. Of Judge Tyng this remarkable circumstance is related by Bishop Stevens in his sermon at the consecration of Bishop Benjamin H. Paddock : " Shortly after Bishop Bass' death there occurred the only instance in the American Church where a bishopric was tendered to a layman. Among the honorable men of Massachusetts there was one who, like Ambrose, in the fourth century, was early entrusted with the judicial office ; like him truly godly and zealous for Christ, and to whom, as to Ambrose, was tendered a bishopric while yet engaged in secular duties. That man was Dudley Atkins Tyng. Ambrose, despite his reluctance, was consecrated Bishop of Milan. Judge Tyng refused the solicitation of Dr. Dehon, afterwards Bishop of South Carolina, who in the name and at the request of the clergy of Rhode Island and Massachusetts asked him to ' receive orders as Deacon and Priest, that they might, with as little delay as possible, elect him their bishop.' "

Stephen Tyng made such progress that when thirteen he was admitted to Harvard College, the youngest of a class of eighty-six, and he graduated when seventeen. He spent two years with his uncle Perkins, of the large East India firm of Sam. G. Perkins & Co., Boston. The morning of July 19, 1819, he awoke early, and as he lay awake an impression was made on his conscious mind, sounding in his ear as if a voice had actually spoken, " Stephen Tyng, what a wasteful life you are leading ! " He replied im-

mediately, "Lord, I will live so no longer." At once he knelt down and prayed for forgiveness. He was at once brought to a new choice and determination for his future life, but they were not attended with strong emotions, nor with distressing convictions of guilt, nor clear views of a Saviour. He had the indelible impression that his life had been wrong and the determination to start at once on a better course. He met with little spiritual sympathy or help, and was looked on as a fanatic. He determined to study for the ministry and left his uncle's counting-house. He was to sail the autumn of 1819 for Calcutta for the firm, and his withdrawal caused the young man at his desk to go instead. The ship in which he sailed was burned at sea off the Cape of Good Hope, and he was never heard of again. He went on a visit to his old home, and the stage office being a mile off and no one at hand to take his trunk, he took it himself in a wheelbarrow in the middle of the day through the crowded streets of Boston. His father, unknown to him, saw him, and called him in and said: "Stephen, that was noble;" his first expression of kindness since his change of life. On returning to Boston by water, when the boat arrived late Sunday evening, no laborers were there, and he shouldered his trunk and trudged home. These little incidents showed the sturdiness and independence of his character. He went to Bristol, R. I., November, 1819, to study under Bishop Griswold. There at once he began his ministry by conducting religious meetings in private houses, and first showed forth his wonderful facility and power as a preacher.

In 1820 Bristol was visited by a remarkable revival in the Episcopal Church, beginning when Bishop Griswold was taken ill while preaching. For several months Tyng was engaged morning, afternoon and evening in holding meetings in various parts of the town and country, and large numbers were brought to the Bishop for confirmation. March 4, 1821, he was ordained Deacon, and went to New York, where he spent several weeks, and came on to Washington at Dr. Milner's request, with letters to Rev. Messrs. Addison, Hawley and McIlvaine. He spent a few weeks with Mr. Hawley, intending to go on to Virginia, where he had been invited, but while there Rev. Mr. Addison resigned St. John's, Georgetown, and upon his recommendation Tyng was elected his successor. Bishop McIlvaine was even then a preacher of great eloquence and power in Christ Church, but Tyng's work was most successful. In February, 1870, forty-nine years after,

Dr. Tyng visited St. John's to preach, at the congregation's request, before they remodeled it. He spoke of the old times and old families, but none were then remaining—only children and grandchildren. Strange to say, Bishop McIlvaine was at Christ Church that day also, unknown to each other till after the service, and each was speaking of the ministry of the other.

He spent six years, 1823 to 1829, in Queen Anne parish, Prince George's, Maryland, of part of which afterwards the Rev. Mr. Stanley was rector for many years, and later the Rev. James J. Page. They were six most happy, useful years, and he was untiring in his work in that large parish, thirty by twenty miles, and in visiting tours through other counties. This was then one of the finest parts of the State, with large plantations, fine residences and great wealth. They were an easy, pleasure-loving people. Mr. Tyng was very plain spoken and fearless in his preaching, taking such texts as this, Isa. iii, 9: "The show of their countenance doth witness against them; * * * woe unto their soul! for they have rewarded evil unto themselves." Isa. v, 11-14: "Woe unto them that rise up early, that they may follow strong drink." Ezek. xvi, 49: "Behold, this was the iniquity of thy sister Sodom; pride, fulness of bread, and abundance of idleness was in her and in her daughters." One of the richest men in the parish, apparently a truly religious man, was drawn back to early habits of extreme indulgence. Tyng remonstrated with him, when he became much enraged and tried for five years to drive him from the parish, but on his deathbed asked his forgiveness. There were some threats about his plain preaching, but an old resident told them, "You had better let that young man alone. You will not do much with him, and you know he is right." He studied hard the few books that he had and mastered them. He got hold of four volumes of Ezekiel Hopkins and read them straight through six times. "Then," says he "I preached them from memory, preaching extemporaneously Bishop Hopkins over and over." A friend of mine told me he heard him preach one of the most powerful sermons, and it was Hopkins, nearly word for word. Bishop Reynolds and Archbishop Leighton also formed his chief furnishing. Those who are familiar with these works could see how greatly they influenced his preaching. He did not get along very well with Bishop Kemp, who opposed his work for the Seminary and other things. Once when driving the Bishop on a visitation, after more rebuking than

he relished, he said to him : " Bishop, there is not an old woman in my parish who can put a pot on to boil, but you must lift the lid to see what is inside of it." Messrs. Hawley and McIlvaine were in the carriage and laughed at the remark, as they had also been reprov'd by the Bishop. Tyng then added : " My dear Bishop, we had better move off and let you get another set of preachers." He replied : " Ah, if you go, I will get a worse set of preachers."

He was very bright at repartee and abounded in smart sayings. He once told me of an occasion when he felt ill at ease. I said, " You must have felt like a cow in a strange pasture." " But I was not cowed," he said quick as a flash. Speaking of the privations of country ministers he said they were treated as the Abyssinians treated their cows ; cut a steak off the living animal and then drive it on. He complained that in the country he had to kill his own hogs. Some one asked him what a *rector emeritus* was. He said, " A man who sits by the fire with the cat." Some one spoke of his quick temper. He took it very well, and said, " Madam, I overcome in a day more temper than you do in a year." Apropos of temper Dr Sparrow writes a friend, " Mr. Fowles, with great simplicity, remarked he did not know why it was that so many of the men who preach *the doctrines of grace* have bad tempers." I called on him once on a Saturday, but did not see him, as he would see no one. He said to me afterwards, " If I had known it was you I would have let you in at midnight as the neighbor in the Gospel would not do." He had his study door fixed once so that he could see who was there without being seen.

In 1829 he was called to St. Paul's, Philadelphia, to succeed Rev. Benjamin Allen, but he decided to decline and had so written. He received a communication from a committee of pewholders, and a protest signed by seventy-five persons against his coming. This was because of his evangelical views. He at once decided to go, and spent five successful years there. The text of his first sermon was a good one, and was the means of converting one of the most valuable members of his church : " I am sure that when I come unto you I shall come in the fulness of the blessing of the gospel of Christ." Here he and Dr. Bedell, father of the Bishop, were closely associated until his death, in 1834.

Some interesting incidents marked his ministry at this time. In 1834 he went South, through Virginia, North and South Car-

olina, to arouse interest in Bristol College. He preached in all the churches in Charleston, and for a week every night in the theatre. Many were converted under his strong preaching, among them the first Bishop Boone. Another striking instance was that of a merchant who went home very much impressed by the service, talking of it to his friend and telling his wife of the impression. His wife found him early the next morning sitting at his table with his open Bible and a lamp before him, as if he had been reading, but his spirit had fled.

In Philadelphia his church was always crowded ; the aisles even were habitually filled. The people around called the building Tyng's Theatre, and were accustomed to say that he could walk from the pulpit to the door on the heads of the people.

In 1834 he was induced to give up St. Paul's and start a new church, the Epiphany, in a growing part of Philadelphia, where he continued until 1845, and built up one of the strongest parishes in the city. In 1845 his name was proposed for Bishop of Pennsylvania, and on the first ballot he received thirty-five votes, when thirty-nine were required to elect. The second ballot was the same, when he withdrew his name. The next day being told that his vote would nominate Dr. Alonzo Potter, he gave it, and he was nominated and unanimously elected, to the great blessing of that diocese.

In 1845 he was chosen to succeed Rev. Dr. Milner at St. George's, New York, and there he spent thirty-three years of great usefulness. St. George's was a chapel of Trinity Church, and was the second Episcopal church erected in New York. The first church was built in 1748, fifty years after Trinity Church. Dr. Milner had for many years occupied a commanding position as the most prominent evangelical clergyman of our Church, and had made St. George's a great power for good. Dr. Tyng's first sermon on taking charge was II Kings, ii., 15 : "They said, the spirit of Elijah doth rest upon Elisha"—a very appropriate and happy selection. During his ministry St. George's was removed from Beekman street to its present position on Sixteenth street and Stuyvesant Square, the land being a gift of Peter G. Stuyvesant, Esq. Here Dr. Tyng and his church were settled and became a mighty power. Bishop Wainwright said, "I bless God for St. George's, it is doing wonderful work. I wish we had twenty such churches."

Dr. Tyng was always considered a Low-Churchman, but like

Judge Tyng, his father, he was a devoted and decided one. Bishop McIlvaine said that Dr. Tyng spoke little about his Churchmanship, though he had a great deal of it, and was a thorough Churchman in all his connections, tastes and habits. His preaching was the most clear and faithful declaration of the Gospel, and he exalted Christ as the only and all-sufficient Saviour. He was, as Dr. T. L. Cuyler said, "the prince of platform speakers," having a projectile force that carried conviction to those who heard him. His personal magnetism was extraordinary, his memory wonderful, and his command of language and illustration unlimited. His argument was grand and severe and at times playful, his voice was deep and sonorous, and was always distinctly heard throughout the largest building.

In 1873, at our semi-centennial, he made an address. Rev. James Poindexter was present, and told me that he was prejudiced against Dr. Tyng, but after hearing him five minutes was perfectly delighted.

I have spoken at length of Dr. Tyng, for though a deeply-interesting life has been published by his son, few perhaps have read it, and as one of the oldest friends of our Seminary he deserves loving remembrance. Through him we received St. George's Hall, built by his congregation and named after his church. At the Convention of 1840 in Charlottesville Dr. Tyng painted Jefferson's character in such dark colors that Alexander Rives and others tried to get up an indignation meeting but failed. Dr. Tyng rode from there to Lexington on horseback, and there being only a few Episcopalians there, the Presbyterians asked him to preach in their church. He said, "I'll preach if you let me have things my own way." "You can do as you choose," they said. They had not heard an Episcopalian before, and when he preached they said they had never heard anything like it before.

Speaking of Bishop Meade at this Convention, Dr. Tyng said: "He is a man, the latchet of whose shoes I am not worthy to unloose."

Dr. Tyng was not always opposed to slavery, but he became an abolitionist when with his son Dudley. Once, standing on my porch and looking over the hills along the Potomac, he said, "if I had been born in the South I would have owned negroes, too." During the war he said in a sermon, "I hate slavery. From the very blood of my heart, I have always hated it;" forgetting that in his Southern life he had defended it with much vehemence.

He had a wonderful power over children, and his Sunday-schools were enormous and did great missionary work. On the occasion of a Sunday-school anniversary in Bishop Bedell's diocese, Dr. Tyng was sitting in the chancel. The Bishop, as each class brought up its offering and the name of the class was announced, would make some remark appropriate to the name. Presently the "Bedell Class" was announced. Up jumped Dr. Tyng and patting Bishop Bedell on his bald head said: "Children, I knew your little Bishop when he was knee-high to a toad, and," he added, "I never knew him to do anything wrong." Bishop Bedell blushing deeply said, "and children, the Doctor could not say that if he knew me as I know myself."

He once was speaking rather slightly to some ladies about bald-headed men; as it happened their rector was bald. They asked him very solemnly what happened to those who ridiculed the bald-headed prophet. "Oh," said he, "two *she*-bears came out and devoured them." Dr. Dyer once told Dr. Tyng a story about a bear and he dressed it up so that Dr. Dyer did not know his own bear.

Dr. Tyng often made addresses at all sorts of meetings; and was always most happy, and his illustrations were very telling. He was once speaking of the awkwardness of young ministers and compared them to the storks who pushed their young ones off the nest to learn for themselves. He once spoke on Positiveness in the Preacher, which he illustrated by the story of the Green Mountain boy. Having to travel one night on a dangerous mountain road he said he wished to talk with the driver first. Being called in, he was surprised to see a half-grown boy, and he asked him some questions about his driving, and finally said, "Do you know this road well?" "Yes, sir; I know every stone in it." His positive knowledge settled the question. In an address before the Education Society he once spoke of some ministers being "Theological Bats," having no settled belief, but taking their opinions from their company, as the bat in the fable claimed to be a bird when with the birds and a beast when with the beasts. I sat by Bishop Stevens who enjoyed it very much. I have heard Dr. Tyng speak of tobacco as "Devil's dust" in German Teufelsdreck. I heard him recommend from his pulpit Goode's Better Covenant, a work once much read by our clergy and people.

Once Dr. Tyng met Bishop Clark getting off the cars, when

Tyng patted him on the cheek and said, "Well, Tom, my boy, how are you?" He was often sarcastic. To a heavy and good clergyman who asked him if he was tired of talking he replied "No, not to sensible men." When the same man said, "Doctor, we don't understand your doctrine of unconditional salvation," he said, "Well, the Lord doesn't require me to furnish brains as well as sermons."

Once, preaching on the depravity of man in our chapel here, when a Commodore was present, who rarely went to church, he happened to say, "You may circumnavigate the globe, you may visit an island never visited before, but you will find man the same everywhere, half beast and half devil."

In the valley of decision was a favorite text. He had a powerful sermon on "The door was shut."

I have mentioned some of Dr. Tyng's happy texts. Another occurs to me. Preaching once in a town where infidelity and ungodliness prevailed among those who boasted of their intellect and position, he took James iii., 13: "Who is a wise man and endued with knowledge among you? Let him shew out of a good conversation his works with meekness of wisdom." Many of these scoffers came out to hear him and went away impressed with the truth. He preached once against "feathers and flowers," taking for his text "feathered fowl."

Rev. John S. Stone was five years older than Dr. Tyng, but was ordained in 1826, five years later, the same year with Drs. H. V. D. Johns, Sparrow, John Grammer and James May. He has been dead fifteen years, and few are now living who knew him in his prime, but his memory is precious to me and I would like others to know of him. His native place was Berkshire, and when nineteen years old he marched with his musket over the Brookline Hills to the defense of Boston against the expected attack by the British forces in 1814. Dr. Stone was a man lovely in feature and in character, and was one of my first acquaintances among the Episcopal clergy. Serving in Litchfield, Fredericktown and New Haven, he came to St. Paul's, Boston, where I was ordained, where he had a short but powerful ministry. He was never ashamed to preach Christ crucified, though it was folly in the eyes of the Unitarians. He was one of the first to give our Church influence and standing in Boston.

He was always a leader in the Evangelical host, was influential in all the Evangelical societies, and drew up the Constitution

and Rules of the Evangelical Knowledge Society. I have told of my first acquaintance with him at Andover, where he preached. His ministry was always remarkable for the power with which he preached Christ as the only and all-sufficient Saviour, presenting Him with rare and peculiar clearness. He showed also, in doing this, rare intellectual power. He would take a very familiar text or commonplace subject and make it deeply interesting by his rich and glowing style. He would sometimes take an uncommon text and squeeze out of it more than anyone would dream of being in it. He clothed the skeletons of texts with flesh and blood and made them stand out in bold relief before us. Rev. Dr. Currie, of Baltimore, reminds me of him in his original mode of treating hackneyed subjects. Everywhere he commanded the respect and admiration of such men as Jeremiah Mason, of whom Henry Clay said, when he was a Senator, that he "was a giant in body and soul." This was indeed the case; Mason was six feet seven inches in height and of correspondingly large frame. I never remember seeing anyone so large, and beds and coaches would groan under his weight. Two eminent men, one a clergyman and the other a great lawyer, have said that Dr. Stone was the ablest sermonizer they ever heard. The power of his thought, the clearness of his reasoning, and the beauty of his diction were notable in that day of great speakers. There was felt profound respect not only for his talents, but for the theology which he preached.

Dr. Stone visited me sometimes, staying a few days at a time. He was a beautiful-looking man, very gentle in his manners and full of graciousness. There was a childlike simplicity in his character, and children felt at ease with him; and I recall his going down in my orchard with the boys to get apples. His son, Archibald M. Stone, was a graduate of this Seminary, and while here changed his name to Morrison to inherit a fortune of \$300,000. He received the news without showing the least emotion.

Dr. Stone was very absent-minded, and this fact often amused his friends. He has been known to invite persons to dine with him and then go off from home himself. He was made first Dean of the Philadelphia Divinity School, and in 1867, at the foundation of the Episcopal Theological School of Massachusetts, he was made its first Dean, where he continued until his retirement, at eighty-one, living six years longer to bless it with his prayers

and gracious presence. His death was an ideal one, calm and beautiful—a gentle, painless, quick release, closing an ideal life.

Bishop Wainwright, whom I knew quite well, often comes in my mind when I think of Dr. Stone, for they were associated together in services at Andover, and there I heard him preach three times in one day. He came to old Trinity in Boston, and it was said that he revised his old sermons by putting in very often the name of our Lord to make them sound evangelical.

I heard Bishop Wainwright tell a story of Bishop Ravenscroft, who had in early youth a habit of profane swearing, which he could not overcome till he felt the force of the text, "Walk in the Spirit and ye shall not fulfil the lust of the flesh," the text of Phillips Brooks' first sermon in Westminster Abbey, and, as I think, one of his greatest. Bishop Ravenscroft was of a very different type of Churchmanship and theology from us, but he was a strong man and a fine preacher.

Rev. Dr. Alexander H. Vinton who succeeded Dr. Stone at St. Paul's, Boston, in 1842, was ordained in 1835, a year before me, and the same year with Rev. Charles C. Pinckney. Dr. Vinton was born in Providence, Rhode Island, in a family of five brothers, three of whom gained distinction in military service. It is said he himself thought of becoming a soldier, and he had what Emerson calls "the military eye, now darkly sparkling under clerical, now under rustic brows," and that "wonderful expressiveness of body," in which, as Balzac has said, "the look, the voice, the respiration, and the attitude or walk are identical." Seeing Dr. Vinton for the first time, you would judge him to be a noble man, large-minded, large-hearted and large-souled, as indeed he was. The personality and presence of a man have much to do with the impression which he makes upon men. Every one of us carries with him a moral atmosphere, which affects men when they see us, and which is sometimes stronger than our words or deeds. Dr. Vinton had a noble physical nature, a superb presence, and his eye, his poise and whole bearing indicated his position as a great man. Even before he spoke you felt his power over you, and as another has said, "Whoever looked upon him would consent that his aims were generous and universal;" "his look drew audience and attention still as night." Bayne says in his *Essays in Biography of Hugh Miller*: "In the firm, deliberate planting of his heavy step; in the quiet, wide-open determination of his eye; in the unagitated, self-relying

dignity of his whole gait and deportment, you beheld the man who felt that without pride or presumption he might measure himself by the standard of his own manhood, and so look every man, of what station soever, in the face." All this was exactly true of Dr. Vinton. He was a giant among men and his face was leonine in strength. It was while he was a physician for three years in Pomfret, Conn., that he experienced the great change, in which, as Phillips Brooks says, a man comes to know himself as a child of God, and to give himself in complete consecration to the Saviour. This experience seems to have been sacredly hidden in his own memory.

" He could not trust his melting soul
But in his Maker's sight. "

I heard Dr. Vinton preach his first sermon, and it happened in this way : Rev. J. W. French, his intimate friend, and I were professors at Bristol College, and Vinton had promised him to preach his first sermon in the little chapel there. His text was II Corinthians, ii., 15 : " For we are unto God a sweet savor of Christ in them that are saved and in them that perish," and this word was a keynote to all his subsequent preaching. His first charge, I think, was Grace Church, Providence, his native city, but he was not a prophet without honor there, even then. His sixteen years' ministry in St. Paul's, Boston, was, in the opinion of Bishop Brooks, who joined our Church under him, the strongest and most effective ministry which our Church has ever known in Boston. Boston was then a peculiar field of labor for the minister of Christ. Like the Greeks of old, they sought after wisdom, and, like them, they regarded the Gospel as folly. Charles Sumner said : " I am without religious feeling ; I am unconvinced that Christ was divinely commissioned to preach a revelation to man."

William H. Prescott, the great historian, after examining the books on evidences on both sides, did not find in the Gospels or in any part of the New Testament the doctrines commonly called orthodox, and he deliberately recorded his objections to them. Both these men, like Pilate, summoned Christ before them and asked, " What is truth ! "

" It was Pilate's scoffing question,
Asked of Him who was the Truth,
Who deigned him no reply."

Dr. Vinton was well qualified to deal with men who regarded the Gospel as irrational and absurd. No one could hear him and go away scoffing cynically at the strange doctrine he brought to their ears. As Croly said of another,

" You could have heard
The beating of your pulses while he spoke."

The graphic portrait of sin, its power and its effects, the masterly arguments with which he brought conviction to the sinner, the eloquent persuasives to the love of Christ, all combined to have great effect. At such a time and place Dr. Vinton's mind, thoroughly trained and furnished, strong in its grasp of first principles and in its loyalty to everlasting truth, began its work of preaching the Gospel seriously and earnestly. He dwelt much upon the two covenants—the first being the covenant of works, in which God promised blessing for obedience ; the second the covenant of grace, in which God was reconciled to man in Christ Jesus to all who accepted it. As Phillips Brooks says in the memorial sermon on him, " He was a great man and his great thoughts begat great words. The movement of his words was the heaving of the tide and not the sparkling of the spray." God raised him up for the great work of reviving our Church in Boston.

His extemporaneous utterances were often his best. He was invited to deliver the address at the semi-centennial of this Seminary in 1873, but was unable to do so. He was in demand as a speaker and preacher everywhere, and was always ready. He took great interest in the Church Congress, of which he was the first acting President, since Bishop Horatio Potter did not approve of them. He often spoke at them and his address at the Church Congress of 1875 on Episcopal Authority is, I think, the best ever made on that subject. He opposed the Lambeth Conferences, as he wanted our Church to be American and thought the tendency of these conferences was against that spirit. He did more than any other I think, to make our Church be and make her seem American. He had no sympathy himself with the sentimental yearnings, which weaken our Church in this land, to make her wear the dress and ape the language of the Church of England. His plea for the absolute independence of our Church was one of the strongest speeches he ever made. He was the first American minister invited to preach in Westminster Abbey, I think. I remember going to see him once in

New York when he was rector of the old Grace Church, on Broadway, far below its present site, and a small, plain building.

I need not say much about his preaching and ministry in Philadelphia and New York. Through a large part of his life he was a deputy to the General Convention, and being a splendid debater, it was there that he displayed his great powers. Some will remember the great debate between him and Dr. Hawks.

His speech on Ritualism, in Baltimore in 1871, in answer to Dr. De Koven, and also in New York in 1874, in defense of those who wanted a change in the Baptismal Office, were masterly—fine examples of impassioned logic.

"Once or twice," says Phillips Brooks, "they talked of making him a Bishop, but this would have been a loss; the great work of the Church lies with the presbyters. A bishopric would never have increased his dignity, while it must have weakened his power." The results of his ministry were profound religious interest, a profound respect for the theology of the Incarnation and the Atonement, and a readiness to receive profounder views of truth, and a strong missionary spirit. He made religion seem the noblest fulfilment of life and faith—the highest action of the human soul.

He visited our Seminary once to see his friend, Rev. N. P. Tillinghast (1842), and said, "You are all hill and dale," as if surprised at the rolling country.

When he was seventy years of age he resigned his parish and went to Pomfret, Connecticut, to spend the rest of his days.

Tyng, Stone and Vinton are the names of three mighty men in the Gospel of Christ, all with different gifts and powers but devoted to the one work of saving men, and all now sharing the same reward, after unusually long and successful service. We do well to remember them and to tell those who knew them not. As Lowell writes of men in the State, so we may say of them:

"Cast in the massive mould
Of those high-statured ages old,
Which into grander forms our mortal metal ran;
. . . A great man's memory is a thing
To bind us as when here he knit our golden ring."

It was through Dr. Vinton's instrumentality that Phillips Brooks entered our ministry. It was said of Sir Humphry Davy, the great chemist, that his greatest discovery was that of Fara-

day's genius; so it might be said that Dr. Vinton did the Church a great service in helping into its ministry this great preacher.

Phillips Brooks came to our Seminary as a communicant from Dr. Vinton's church in Boston, and I first saw him as he got out of a carriage at the Seminary gate in October, 1856. He brought me a letter from Bishop Eastburn, who, being an intimate friend of my brother George, had written to me instead of to Dr. Sparrow, the Dean, as was usually done. Of a Unitarian family, his mother's Andover birth and training made her heart yearn for Gospel preaching and shrink from the low views of Christ held by the Unitarians. Hence, though he had received Unitarian baptism, which, however, was with water and in the words of Christ, he went with his parents to St. Paul's Church and entered the Sunday-school. After graduating at Harvard he took the post of usher in the Boston Latin School, where his failure was so complete that the headmaster, Francis Gardner, assured him that he would never succeed in anything. Dr. Walker, the President of Harvard, advised him to study for the ministry, but he shrank from it. He came, however, to the Seminary to study theology, but with no fixed resolve to enter the ministry, and he was not even confirmed until his first vacation in 1857, when twenty-one years old. He was very tall and being thin and slim in figure looked even taller than later in life. I remember bringing him out in my carriage and he could not sit up straight in it and it leaned very much to his side. Bishop Potter recalls that he was first assigned to a room with a sloping roof, which was too low for him, and he got him another room where he could stand up straight. Brooks reminded me that when he was here he had asked me for the post of Assistant Librarian, which was, however, given to some one else who needed it more, as I thought; I made a mistake in not giving it to Brooks, as the man who got it was an odd character. In his second year, he was made teacher of the Preparatory Department at a salary of three hundred dollars a year, and started it most successfully on its useful work of more than thirty years. He had failed as a teacher in Massachusetts, but he succeeded in Virginia. His year's life at the Seminary brought out his powers wonderfully. As Dr. Allen says, "Out of all the years of his life, the second year at Alexandria stands forth supreme. The stamp of maturity and finality is on his work. He has come to full possession of himself in the greatness of his

power." His classmates were noble, earnest men, six of them missionaries, but he far excelled them in literary ability particularly in the classics. He was the only student I have ever known who took out of the library the Latin and Greek classics, and kept up those studies while here. His speeches at the Rhetorical Society were much admired and his delivery was very rapid then, though not to overcome any stammering habit, as the myths say. The new library building had lately been erected, holding the purchases and accumulations of the thirty years preceding, and he never again had such opportunity for study nor so drenched himself in books. He was then laying up a store for future use, accumulating metaphors and similes, jotting down other men's and hundreds of his own. Of some score of texts and subjects on his list in 1859, he used every one in his subsequent ministry. He went very little in society but was absorbed in study and his work as teacher and in the expression of his growing thought, which at this time had a universality never seen later on. He enriched his vocabulary by memorizing hundreds of hymns and his powers of expression by writing a poem every day. He and Pelham Williams often walked together. He was always very courteous, docile, quiet and modest, though then an independent and profound thinker, never captious or critical in class or questions or discussions, as some smart half-trained young men are apt to be in order to show off their own knowledge. Dr. Sparrow said that he was always the best scholar in his classes.

He did not believe, as I remember, in demoniacal possession, but he never said anything against it when I taught it. He wrote an essay in my class on St. John, chapter vi, strongly combating Wiseman's Roman Catholic views; he read it at Commencement and it was much praised. At the Seminary Brooks learned to preach at the mission station of Sharon, which he found somewhat run down, but his work revived it. The vestry of the Church of the Advent came on to hear him and went over to Sharon and called him immediately after his ordination. He was ordained Deacon in our Seminary Chapel in June, 1859, by Bishop Meade. His father came on to the ordination and gave me a book about Andover. He preached in Philadelphia a sermon on "Honey out of the rock," Deuteronomy xxxii. 13, which attracted attention, and he was asked to repeat it, but refused, saying he had laid it aside, as he did not wish to be called "Mr. Honeyman." A friend of mine heard him preach in May, 1860,

for Dr. Vinton and recalls vividly the rapt attention of the older men as well as of the entire congregation, though it was a very warm afternoon.

We may well believe that it was at the Seminary he learned to preach, as he writes his brother of his work at Sharon, "I feel that I am better for the work, more and deeper in sympathy with simple, honest men, and a clearer light into what common men's minds are doing, and how they may be taught to do better and nobler things." The directness, the naturalness, simplicity and humaneness in his marvelous preaching may have their roots in the addresses of the young student to the plain folk in the rude chapel during the Seminary life.

Bishop Brooks said shortly before his death that the most promising young man that he had ever known in all his student days, at school, at Harvard, and at the Seminary was Henry A. Wise, Jr. He and Rev. Henry A. Wise, Jr., had charges in Philadelphia at the same time, both brilliant preachers, but very far apart in their views of slavery and the war, and Wise soon came South, finding himself out of sympathy with opinions in Philadelphia. They once exchanged pulpits and as Brooks came out of Church, he heard a man say, "I thought Wise was going to preach, or I would not have come out to-night."

He visited our Seminary several times, and on both of his later visits I walked with him down to the little burying ground, to see Dr. Sparrow's monument, on which is the inscription, "Seek the truth, come whence it may, cost what it will." He always attended the Seminary Alumni reunions at General Conventions and spoke very warmly at Philadelphia and Baltimore of his Seminary life. At the latter place in 1892 he playfully offered me a cigar. I was called on by Bishop Randolph to ask the blessing though nine Bishops were present, more worthy than myself. I heard Dr. Brooks preach in his own church in Boston and I went up and spoke to him, and he said, "I saw you."

At the General Convention in Baltimore, he was in great demand as a preacher. A Baltimore rector made this announcement: "In the morning Bishop Brooks will preach in this church and in the afternoon Bishop Potter. Those who desire seats should come an hour before service in the morning and a half-hour in the afternoon."

How strange that he should have been taken so soon! A halo

surrounds him, and his death in his prime seems to put him above us. An intense interest has been felt in everything connected with him. An Englishman lately visiting here wished to see the spot where he stood when speaking on his last visit. At the Missionary Conference in Washington and at the Church Congress the most wonderful admiration of him was shown, and the churches were packed long before he began to preach, whenever it was known that he would be there. He was the second American to preach in Westminster Abbey, and it happened that I was there that very day and heard him. He wore a black gown ; he towered above all others. He did not make much impression then, as Moncure D. Conway wrote, and I do not wonder. It is a hard place to speak in ; he seemed nervous, and he was not heard. His voice failed on the high notes. He read his sermon, and he was not so good in reading as without notes. I saw many eminent men sitting up in front. Afterwards when he preached in England he made more and more impression. An article in the *London Times*, which I cannot clearly recall, gave the best view of his preaching which I have seen. I met him again that year in Kensington Museum, and again in Westminster Abbey, and stood with him when Dean Stanley was preaching for the Sustentation Fund. I remember Stanley saying that ministers ought not to be Brahmins.

I will print a sweet note he wrote me in reply to my letter expressing gratification at his election as Bishop of Massachusetts :

233 CLARENDON STREET, BOSTON, *June 3, 1891.*

DEAR DR. PACKARD :

Such a kind note from such an old and valued friend gives me great pleasure. If I am to be a Bishop, I shall try to do no dishonor to my teachers and my Seminary, and no approval will be more welcome than theirs. I hope that you are well and happy, my dear Doctor, and I am,

Yours gratefully and faithfully,

PHILLIPS BROOKS.

I give a note he wrote Dr. Slaughter March 17, 1890 :

MY DEAR DR. SLAUGHTER :

I thank you very much for sending me your most interesting memorial of Rev. George A. Smith. Your story of him has brought back the picturesque Virginia life of which I caught sight for three delightful years, and I have seemed to see it all again, and its glow has warmed our cold New England sky, and so I am your debtor and

Sincerely yours,

PHILLIPS BROOKS.

[My father felt injustice was done the Seminary in the account of it in the *Life of Bishop Brooks* and in the inferences drawn from that account by some newspapers. Hence I give below some portions of a very able paper read before the Clerical Association of Massachusetts by Rev. John S. Lindsay, D. D., not being able to give the whole for lack of space.—EDITOR.]

“It is the five years after college which are the most decisive in a man's career; any event which happens then has its full influence.”—P. Brooks.

Three of these five years were spent at the Virginia Seminary. Brooks' outcries against the Seminary in his letters and diary written while there are like the complaint of a homesick boy, in the midst of new and unlike conditions. His Southern life was very much unlike New England life, and this young, ardent, observant and intelligent man placed among cultivated, refined and religious people of a different type found great influences enter his life. He often spoke with admiration and affection of his fellow students and of the Seminary people, making this remark to Dr. Lindsay: “The Connecticut people have the simplicity of the Virginians, but not their grace.” Some New England people have thought that Virginia was so inferior to Massachusetts that it was a descent for Brooks to come from Harvard to the Virginia Seminary. The facts do not warrant such a conclusion. Virginia's statesmen, orators, and educated gentlemen have never been surpassed elsewhere. William and Mary College was in its earlier stage of more advanced order than Harvard, and turned out such men as Jefferson, the Randolphs, Monroe, Marshall, and later on the Tylers, Tuckers, Winfield Scott and many others; many Virginians graduated at Princeton, Yale, Harvard, the English and Scotch Universities, and, greatest of all, her own University of Virginia. Prof. Charles A. Briggs, a student at the University of Virginia, declares that he regarded it as the greatest University in the United States and that there he laid the foundations of his learning under its unexcelled professors. One of them, William B. Rogers, founded the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, and he made the University of Virginia the model of the new school. The Church in Virginia was equal to any Church of any State in intellectual ability and pulpit power, when Brooks was at the Seminary. Of course the Seminary then was not the ideal theological school of to-day; no less backward were the law and medical schools. A former professor of the Harvard Medical

School says that when a student there one of his professors read lectures to his class on a most important subject written ten years before and never revised. As Dean Zabriskie Gray said, "the Seminary of Virginia was abreast with the times when he knew it as a student, and did its work well."

The library of the Seminary has been ridiculed, but it contained eight thousand volumes, many of them valuable books. Among others was the Abbé Migne's edition of the Latin and Greek Fathers, a fine set of the classics and the standard theological works of that day. The Greek and Latin Fathers were in few libraries of this country. There was also a collection of slabs from Nineveh secured by Dr. Packard through the liberality of a friend, so valuable that the Smithsonian Institution offered to buy them, and failing in that had plaster casts of them taken.

His teachers and his fellow students are the two forces most largely affecting any man at a seminary. Of the three professors much has been said already and their influence must have been great. Dr. Sparrow was the greatest teacher of his time in this Church, and his boldness, fairness, spirituality and intellectual keenness had a powerful influence on Phillips Brooks, as he himself has declared in his letter about Dr. Sparrow. The students of the Virginia Seminary fifty years ago were from all parts of the country. With Brooks there were Wingfield, Potter, Randolph, Bishops of this Church; Cheney and Latane, Bishops of the Reformed Episcopal Church, and presbyters like the Appletons, Matlack, Cosby, Richards, Wise, Pelham and Walter Williams, Elliot, Strong, Tyng and Yocum. These associates of Brooks were men of force and fine culture. The accomplished biographer of Phillips Brooks analyzing his spiritual experiences while at the Seminary pronounces the change in his mind a *conversion*. His whole spiritual being passed into a new stage. One of his classmates at Harvard, a distinguished layman in Boston, said in public, that when Brooks left home to go to the Virginia Seminary he was a fine Boston boy, no more earnest than the rest of his set, who were amazed when hearing that one of their class was to be confirmed at Christ's Church, Cambridge. When he came back after his three years course, he was a serious consecrated man, on fire with devotion to Christ and to the work of the ministry. Well might this old friend ask, "What was there in the Virginia Seminary that wrought this change?" Some elements there may be named. An evangelical spirit pervaded pro-

fessors, students and the people of the neighborhood and *that* makes men serious and devoted.

The piety of the students was simple and strong. An intense missionary zeal kept alive by the Seminary men and often aroused by visits of foreign missionaries to their alma mater, influenced him deeply. Every foreign mission of this Church from Dr. Hill, at Athens, to Bishop Kinsolving, in Brazil, more than fifty years, was founded by an alumnus of this Seminary. The spiritual life was specially cultivated at the Seminary in two ways. The Faculty meeting held every Thursday evening in Prayer Hall was a gathering of all the students with the three professors, when a few prayers were said, and each professor gave a short instruction or meditation. This was a practical searching appeal to young men preparing for the ministry, or a lofty monologue upon some great theme of Christian thought or life. For three years Phillips Brooks heard these simple spiritual addresses.

The second influence was the class prayer-meetings on Saturday evenings. The members of the class in turn led the prayer-meeting and each one would be called on to pray at different times. These prayers may have been crude and imperfect, but they brought men face to face with spiritual things. Some one has said "One thing we know, that this Seminary taught Phillips Brooks to pray." He was noted for his power in public prayer. The President of Harvard University said he had known but two ministers whose extemporaneous prayers had any distinct quality, any real power to uplift the soul in intelligent worship, and one of these was Phillips Brooks. In 1865 Brooks, then little known in his native State, was asked to make the prayer on commemoration day at Harvard. Of that prayer no line was written and no trace remains, but it made him distinguished. The poems of Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, of Emerson, of Holmes, and the great Ode of Lowell were all eclipsed by that simple appeal to the God and Father of all. Thomas W. Higginson said that he felt that he had "never heard living prayer before; that here was a man talking straight into the face, into the heart of God." This unique power of prayer was not the work of the Seminary alone, but it cultivated the power. Those long, calm years of retired life at the Virginia Seminary of spiritual culture, of personal religious instruction, of free speech to plain people, of frequent extemporaneous praying, influenced him most powerfully for his glorious work.

Rev. Dr. Arthur Brooks wrote to the Seminary professors, January 3, 1893, on the part of his brothers: "We know how constantly and lovingly his mind reverted to his Seminary days, and how strong was his sense of the value of the preparation for his great work that he there received. The hearty fellowship, the deep religious spirit, the large views of the Church's life, which were marks of his action, he was always ready to ascribe to the influence of the Seminary, whose work is thus identified with his. It will ever be a satisfaction, as we mourn his loss, to know that from the same place are going forth the same influences which can help men to carry on the work which he loved so deeply. * * * And we rejoice in the tie of loving friendship to the great life which is gone, by which we shall ever feel ourselves united to your honored and valued institution."

CHAPTER XXV. LATER MEMORIES.

MANY have asked me to go fully into the details of the Seminary life, its early professors and students, as so many of the old men have passed away, and the younger men do not know the old events. A generation has arisen that knew not Joseph, and we need to tell them of our history, that they may honor the old men who founded the Seminary and carry on the good work which they began in faith and love. This I have done in part and I continue the subject.

I have in these Recollections mentioned many names of old friends and acquaintances. Of course it would be an impossibility to name all whom I have loved or even known intimately, whom "I have loved long since and lost awhile." Some may feel that I have been neglectful in naming some and not all, but in such a large acquaintance this would be impossible. Of the living I rarely speak. Suffice it to say, that in my long association of sixty-five years in this Seminary I can recall nothing but the kindly words and deeds of those whom I have known, my colleagues, the trustees, and the many hundred students, whom I trust soon to meet again, and I have had them all often in my thoughts and prayers.

These memories of past days may recall to those still living the associations of this holy place, and preserve for the younger alumni the fading lines of the past. Like the old Covenanter who spent his last years in deepening with his chisel the almost illegible inscriptions on the tombstones of those who were slain for the Covenant, I have endeavored to wipe the dust and moss from some names of our alumni who may be forgotten, and to acquaint a later generation with the excellencies of men "of whom the world was not worthy." One subject has led to another, and as John Bunyan said of his *Pilgrim's Progress*, "Still as I pulled it came, and so I penned." The history of the Church in Virginia for seventy-five years is bound up with this Seminary.

Like the early Christians the students in the earlier years had all things in common—a common woodpile, where each sawed his wood and carried it to his room; a common cruse of oil, where each freely helped himself. The bill for board was only

seventy-five dollars a year. The students took the management of the refectory pretty much in their own hands and constituted themselves an *imperium in imperio*, called "The Meeting of the Brethren." There would be occasionally a bread and butter rebellion, when the faculty would meet the students for consultation; and I remember on one occasion a difficulty was settled by a resolution that the students should not be limited in their demand for dried apples. Those were times of plain living and, we trust, of high thinking, of primitive simplicity. No carpets covered the floor, the age of luxury had not yet come; it was the iron age of the Seminary. The postoffice was in Alexandria and each student in turn walked in and brought out the daily mail.

Three professors were then considered amply sufficient for instruction, and all these had to attend the weekly sermon by a student and criticize it. Some who have been most successful preachers here plumed their unfledged wings for a higher flight. The demand in seminaries now is for a greater subdivision of labor growing out of the multiplied subjects of study.

I have mentioned some changes in the customs and practices of the Church. The black gown was then worn both in the desk and chancel, and this was generally the case and not peculiar to Virginia. Dr. Staunton of New York said lately, "The surplice has only of late years obtained supremacy over the black gown. The latter garment was always worn in the pulpit, at marriages, baptisms and funerals in private houses, and generally in the administration of the Holy Communion to the sick. I remember well even an ordination at which all the clergy present except the bishop were in black gowns."

The editor of the *Church Kalendar* says, "The Christmas day in which the white robe first made its appearance is fresh in my memory, and a wonderful sight it was to a child when the minister disappeared under the great pulpit (the only space allowed for robing room) white and speedily came out black." So it used to be in Trinity Church, Washington. After robing, the minister would part the curtains nearest the pulpit stairs and ascend the pulpit. On one occasion, a minister not observing that these curtains could be parted, did not know how to reach the pulpit and coming out from the rear asked to be shown the way up. The preacher always wore black silk gloves as well as the white bands, says Dr. Staunton.

The design of the founders of the Seminary has been fulfilled. It was to be *Protestant*. Our Church is the only one which bears this name upon its forehead. It is not only Protestant, when it protests against the idolatry and superstition of the corrupt Church of Rome, but it is Protestant in a positive sense, as holding in their purity all the articles of the Christian faith. And how shall we determine what *are* the articles of the Christian faith? Our Sixth Article answers: "Holy Scripture containeth all things necessary to salvation; so that whatsoever is not read therein, nor may be proved thereby, is not to be required of any man, that it should be believed as an article of faith, or be thought requisite or necessary to salvation."—words which deserve to be written in letters of gold on the portals of all Theological Seminaries. Thus does our Church lead not one foot on Tradition and another on Scripture, but its whole weight on Holy Scripture. Whatever any of its ministers may teach on this point, our Church maintains the sufficiency of Scripture. Our Prayer-book is Protestant throughout.

It was to be an *Episcopal* Seminary. This is another distinctive title. Justice has sometimes not been done us, in our consistent adherence to the distinctive peculiarities of our Church, and in our observance of all its forms and rubrics. We have stood here firmly on the ground of Hooker and Bishop White. Hooker, as Keble in his preface to Hooker's Works admits, "never ventured to urge the exclusive claims of the Church of England, or to connect the succession with the validity of the Holy Sacraments;" and Bishop White said that, "at the same time that the Church of England decidedly set her foot on the ground of the Apostolic origin of Episcopacy, she carefully avoided passing a judgment on the validity of the ministry of other Churches." (Church Catechism Lectures.)

Bishop Johns, the President of this Seminary, has publicly said, "that the ecclesiastical polity inculcated here has been that set forth in the preface to the Ordination service—conservative, but not exclusive." That three orders have existed from the Apostles' times, and no other ministry is to be recognized "in *this* Church." Professor May, who, for twenty years, taught Church Polity here, said, "We affirm with great boldness, that from the Apostles' time, there have been three orders of ministry in the Church of Christ. On the ground of this affirmation, all Episcopalians stand as one man."

It was to be *Evangelical*. The founders of this Seminary held, that there were things in the Gospel to be delivered first of all, that there were weightier matters of the Gospel, as well as of the Law, and that the weightiest of all was the doctrine of a complete justification by the sole merits and death of our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ. It was the *place* this doctrine held in their system which gave them the name of Evangelical. The sun is seen in the Arctic regions, but it is low down in the horizon, where it will scarcely melt an icicle ; but when high and alone in the zenith, nothing is hid from the heat thereof. But while professing to be Evangelical, we have here affected no broadness of opinion on doctrinal points. We have been suspicious of novelties of fine-spun philosophical speculations. We have held that Christianity, as a documentary religion, was to be *learned* and not improved. We have had too deep convictions of the truth, and loved it too well to be tolerant of error.

It was, too, the anxious desire of the Founders of this Seminary, that it should be distinguished for a warm and fervent spirit of piety ; that religious feeling here should not grow cold ; that we should breathe here an atmosphere not too rarified for the breath of life ; that the power of Christ in the soul should here be experienced in fuller and deeper measure ; and that spirituality, not spurious, should be cultivated here. They hoped that Christian love here would rise as high as a Missionary temperature. Thus was this Seminary established in no false zeal, but with a single desire to promote the glory of Christ in the salvation of men. Its motto might well be : *For Christ and the Church*. It was a child of faith and prayer, brought in its infancy to Jesus, that He might take it in His arms and bless it. It was ministered to, for a long time, by the alms of devout women—not a few of Virginia. It is a great and blessed thing, that we can look back upon such a beginning. This Seminary is rich in the faith, which dwelt in its Founders. This is its best endowment, and has made it like a field which the Lord hath blessed.

These words of appreciation from two of our great Bishops are given here :

MIDDLETOWN, CONN.,
11 June, 1896.

THE REV. DR. PACKARD,
MY DEAR BROTHER:

I desire to convey to you my most cordial good wishes for the well being and prosperity of a Theological Seminary of our

Church, in which the great fundamental truths of the inspiration and integrity of the Holy Scripture as the Word of God, and the Catholic doctrines of the incarnation, the vicarious sacrifice, the real resurrection and ascension of our Lord, and the personality and work of the Holy Ghost in the hearts of believers, as well as in the Church of God itself, are taught as parts of the one faith once delivered to the saints.

So may it continue throughout all generations.

I am, my dear brother, truly and faithfully yours,

J. WILLIAMS.

NEW YORK, *October 7, 1883.*

DEAR DR. PACKARD :

Your note was a great comfort and gratification to me, and I am glad to have your assurance that in the large task that has so unexpectedly come to me, I may have your sympathy and prayers. I have a difficult and delicate work before me, and I hope that in the doing of it my fathers and brethren will judge me gently and bear with me patiently. I shall be glad if you will let me see you when you are in New York ; and I am always, dear Dr. Packard,

With grateful respect and affection,

Faithfully Yours,

H. C. POTTER.

Bishop Potter's kind attentions and affection have been a source of great pleasure to me all these years. I need say nothing more of this "brother, whose praise is in the gospel throughout all the churches."

In speaking of the benefactors of the Seminary we can not enumerate all, and must of necessity omit the mention of not a few, whose alms are recorded in that book of the Divine remembrance, where no good work fails of notice, and from which no work of faith, no work of love, is ever obliterated.

We shall ever remember with gratitude the friends who have made provision for its necessities, especially those who have aided us when its prospects were dark.

A second era in the history of the Seminary was the consecration, in 1858, of Aspinwall Hall, erected by the munificence of Messrs. William A. and John L. Aspinwall, through the suggestion of Bishop Bedell. It was a day long to be remembered in our annals. Bishops Hopkins, Smith, Polk, Bedell, Meade and Johns, with about fifty Clergy, were present. Addresses were delivered by Bishops Meade, Johns, and Bedell.

The latter said in his address, that his heart gushed out in emotion in remembrance of early days of Seminary life, which, by their influence on his ministry, had become inexpressibly precious. "What do we not owe to its faithful theological training, and to the atmosphere of true spiritual religion, which is here generated, and kept surcharged with the Christ life?"

John Bohlen, with his mother and sister, erected Bohlen Hall, and also, jointly with his sister, gave \$4,000 toward the Library building. Elliot Cresson, of Philadelphia, bequeathed \$5,000 to this Seminary. Mrs. Sophia Jones placed in the hands of Bishop Meade \$5,000, which he gave towards the Library building.

The funds of the Seminary, which were in Virginia bank stocks, were entirely lost by the war. It happened providentially that John Johns, of Maryland, cousin of Bishop Johns, had made a bequest to the Seminary just before the war of \$15,000, \$6,000 of which was found to have been unpaid and to the credit of the Seminary in a bank in Baltimore. With that we started again. S. G. Wyman, of Baltimore, gave us \$5,000 and helped in erecting the gymnasium called Wyman Hall. Our good friend Dr. Dyer, in New York, came to our assistance and raised a large sum; Rev. Dr. R. H. McKim raised several thousands for us; Alexander Brown gave \$1,000, and others helped us on. Anson Phelps Dodge, who married Miss Mitty Drew, handed me a check for \$1,750 for immediate expenses of the Seminary, and his note for \$10,000. I went to Bishop Johns with it; he saw my excitement and he was equally well pleased. Mr. Dodge subsequently added large sums, having given in all \$33,000, so that he is one of our greatest benefactors. Rev. A. G. P. Dodge, Jr., of Georgia, his son, used his means most liberally in building up the Church in Georgia. Many others came to our assistance. Rev. Edward W. Appleton, D. D., of the class of 1857, sent \$100 each to Dr. Sparrow and myself at Easter for some years after the war, and then \$50 for awhile, and has been always most generous and kind to me. He and his brother Samuel E. were in the same class, and were wonderfully alike, being twins, and many amusing mistakes were made about them.

Through Edward Appleton I received an invitation to spend a fortnight on Lake Erie at Mr. Jay Cooke's splendid summer home. While not a benefactor of the Seminary Jay Cooke has always been most generous in his use of wealth, spending one-tenth of his income, his rector, Mr. Appleton, told me, in religious

and charitable uses, amounting one year to \$60,000. He is a wonderful example of God's blessing on those who honor Him with their means, for losing all in the panic of 1873, he honestly gave up everything he owned, but was enabled to retrieve his fortune and now lives in an honored old age.

Rev. Dr. Samuel Appleton was rector for forty years of one parish, and is now *rector emeritus*. I can never forget these kind brothers alike in their warm affection for me. I add here a letter from him :

PHILADELPHIA, Jan. 7, 1896.

I can never express my gratitude to God sufficiently for giving me two years' residence at the dear old Seminary. You are most lovingly associated with that period. Nearly forty years have passed since I left that happy home, and I have never ceased to have a vivid memory of that institution and its devoted teachers. To you and Drs. May and Sparrow I owe much of whatever success I have had in the ministry. From my heart of hearts I thank you for all you did for me. May God give you light at eventide!

Yours affectionately,

SAMUEL E. APPLETON.

Miss Anne Jones, of New York, gave me \$20,000 for the Seminary at different times, and left \$64,000. I used to visit her whenever I was in New York and interested her in the Seminary. Her father, Rev. Lot Jones, a friend and classmate of my brother George, met with a sudden and untimely end at the General Convention of 1865. He fell off the steps of St. Luke's, Philadelphia, after attending a missionary meeting—falling some ten feet and breaking his skull, just as Reverdy Johnson did at the Governor's Mansion, in Annapolis, in 1876, both dying immediately.

Mr. George A. Reinicker, by generous gifts, founded a lectureship and an annual prize for elocution, and at his death left a bequest.

Rev. John S. Wallace, an alumnus, gave two thousand dollars to found two annual prizes for the best extemporaneous discourse.

Rev. John Blake (1837) was a chaplain in the Navy all his life and left us \$1,000.

Mrs. G. Zabriskie Gray made a generous gift to the Seminary in memory of her husband.

Among our benefactors should be included those who have contributed to the increase of the Library. In 1836, it contained but 2,500 volumes, kept in two rooms in the lower story of the old building. In 1839, about \$2,000 were expended for its increase.

Mrs. Griswold, the widow of Bishop Griswold, gave his Library of 500 volumes. The Rev. James W. Cooke, the Rev. Malcolm McFarland, the Rev. Wm. H. Trapnell, and the Rev. R. C. Moore, son of Bishop Moore, left their libraries to us; the Rev. Doctor Edward Anthon, of New York, secured to us a legacy of Charles Betts of \$1,000, and gave us a complete set of the Bampton Lectures, and other valuable books. The Rev. Alexander Norris, when dying, made mention of his Alma Mater, *moriens reminiscitur Argos*; and bequeathed us a magnificent copy of Bagster's Polyglot Bible, in eight languages. The Rev. Frederick S. Wiley (1848) left us his valuable library, as did the Rev. J. S. Stone and the Rev. Dr. Giesy; the Rev. W. H. C. Robertson intended leaving us \$10,000 for the Library, but omitting to do so, his widow acted very generously about it, and the fund now procures the new books.

Rev. Horatio Gray (1852) has often remembered us with gifts. His two sisters were here at his ordination, and stayed at Dr. May's. One of them married his classmate, Rev. Dr. W. H. Brooks, a noble man. Of that class of 1852, six of the fifteen survive after being fifty years in the ministry.

[Revs. John W. Chesley and T. Ferdinand Martin have had very gratifying celebrations of their fiftieth anniversaries, and Mr. Chesley is laboring actively in his parish.—EDITOR.]

By the aid of these friends we have now suitable and handsome buildings far superior to that first edifice.

Well do many of us remember the old Seminary building, in its unadorned simplicity, destitute of all architectural ornament. Its basement was low, its halls narrow, its windows with small panes; but the memory of many old students fondly turns to it, as to no other place. In that humble basement for thirty years they had assembled, morning and evening, to unite their voices in the hymn, which rose and fell upon the ear of the passer-by, and in the accents of prayer. There had they often kneeled together before the table of Him who bore His own cross to Calvary, and there had they drunk of the cup of the communion of the blood of Christ, which, like the Eucharist, they were to administer to others. There had they tasted, from Sunday to Sunday, the good Word of God. There had been the Faculty meeting, at which the tongues of Doctors Keith and May had "dropped manna," and of which Bishop Bedell said: "With still deeper reverential feelings, do I recall the Thursday evening Faculty meetings, when

our Professors met us in the basement to pray with and for us, and to remind us, week by week, to seek for higher attainments in the Christian life. They were greatly profitable hours." There had been farewell missionary meetings, not without tears, and there had been not a few Ordinations. Loving hearts were turned toward the old building by those far away, who loved its very walls, for they had found it a refreshing place from the presence of the Lord. Could those walls have spoken, what could they not have told, of struggles at the foot of the Cross against besetting sins, of strivings after a clearer and fuller understanding of the Gospel, of hours of spiritual wrestling, in deciding the question where they could best labor, so as to glorify Him who had bought them with a price. And as a vision appeared to Paul in the night, of a man of Macedonia praying him, "Come over into Macedonia and help us," so a man of Africa prayed Bishop Payne to come over and help them, and a man of China stood before Bishop Boone, till prostrating themselves before the Master, they cried: "Here, Lord, are we. Send us!"

"They followed Paul, their zeal a kindred flame,
 Their apostolic charity the same;
 Like him, crossed cheerfully tempestuous seas,
 Forsaking country, kindred, friends and ease."

The new chapel was erected in 1880, after the old chapel had been condemned as unsafe. It cost \$11,000 of which \$8,000 was from the gifts of the Alumni and friends in all parts of the country. We were assured by those who contributed, of their unabated affection for the dear old Seminary. It gave us special pleasure to know that this Seminary had not been forgotten in Africa, as the chancel rail of rosewood brought from that Dark Continent by Bishop Penick attested. It was a peculiarly appropriate memorial gift, since in the soil which nurtured it lies all that is mortal of Launcelot B. Minor, C. Colden Hoffman, Robert Smith, H. H. Holcomb, and E. Messenger, who were all prepared here for their holy work.

In the little graveyard at Cape Palmas, near enough to the ocean to hear the ceaseless dash of its waves, these five martyrs now rest from their labors. The *London Christian Observer* said: "We do not commit ourselves to terms of excessive commendation in declaring our belief that the annals of missionary excellence do not furnish a brighter example than that of Colden Hoffman."

The old chapel has many sacred memories of those who have gone from us. To some of us the dead still live. They sit in the chancel; they stand at the desk; they fill the pews; they look down upon us with a look passing earthly love. It has also kept for a brief hour the forms of not a few on their journey to their long homes. To this place devout men carried to their burial Dr. Sparrow and Bishop Johns, "nor was there wanting the costly tribute of tears wrung from many a manly heart, to wash their way-worn feet for their burial."

As we look back upon the history of the Seminary, and ask the secret of its measure of success and favor with God and man, we may answer with Bishop Johns in his address at the dedication of Aspinwall Hall, that it is owing to the fact "that care has been taken that in this school the doctrines of the Protestant Reformation, which are the doctrines of the Scriptures, and of which justification by faith is the keynote, should be taught with distinctness and decision; that the ecclesiastical polity inculcated here has been that set forth in the Preface to the Ordination Service—so much, no more, no less; in a word, that the three orders have existed from the Apostles' times, and no other ministry to be recognized 'in this Church.'"

We may further say that one thing which has distinguished the teaching of this Seminary has been its firm and unshaken faith in the system of doctrine once delivered to the saints, and as held in the Articles of our Church. We have held fast the atoning work of our Lord as a satisfaction to the divine justice, as well as a revelation of the divine love; justification only by the righteousness of Christ; regeneration only by the power of the Holy Spirit; the Sacraments as signs and seals of spiritual grace.

We have neither gone to the right hand, nor to the left, nor gone beyond the Bible. We have never, to my knowledge, been charged with unsoundness in doctrine. The Seminary has never slipped the cable of its faith and drifted with the tide of thought of the day. It has discovered no new truths in Scripture, nor any new way of explaining away old truths. While it may sometimes have been charged with want of progress, with being behind the free thought of the day, with obsolete views of inspiration, it has never been charged with rationalism. We may, perhaps, too much have left the scientists to take care of themselves, remembering how, on one occasion, the enemies of Judah fought together and destroyed each other.

And what shall we say of the future of the Seminary? Will it be kept up to the point it has reached in time past, and will it go on to accomplish the end for which it was founded? We would not pry between the folded leaves of the future, which the only wise God has concealed from our sight. We might well rejoice with trembling, when we remember how other seminaries, founded in faith and prayer, have destroyed the faith of their founders. As rash and unhallowed speculation abounds, may not the foundations here be shaken?

But let us look forward with hope and trust in God that men even more devoted than those who have gone before will fill this pulpit; that fervent prayer will continue to ascend here, as incense; that the Divine Spirit will continue to shed His choicest influences upon this hill of Zion, as the dew of Hermon, and as the dew that descended upon the mountains of Zion, where the Lord commanded His blessing, even life forevermore; that He who has the seven stars in His right hand will consecrate here those who shall minister before Him, and who shall pour out the holy oil into the ever-burning lamps; that this Seminary will flourish, the light and hope of ages to come; that many in our own and heathen lands will rise up and call it blessed.

May we not hope from the past history of this Seminary, that, as it has grown in favor with God and man, so God will bless it more and more. "May we not trust," as Bishop Meade said in 1859, "that the same unfailing Providence, who has done so much for us in the last forty years, will never leave us or forsake us?"

"May we not look to Him who has brought us thus far on our way, and say, the Lord will provide for the future? May we not hope and believe, that our endowment will steadily increase, till it shall reach the desired amount?"

Let us watch day and night over that holy fire kindled, from Heaven eighty years ago here, and which has burned so brightly, that it go not out on this altar of God. Never was this Seminary so much needed as now, as the bulwark of a simple, pure and undiluted Gospel, against errors, which come in like a flood.

Should the time ever come when another spirit shall be the spirit of this Seminary, when another Gospel shall be preached here and another theology taught here; when, though the symbols of the Divine presence are here, that presence itself shall be withdrawn—as when the ark was in the camp of Israel, and the people shouted, so that the earth rang again, though the Lord

was not among them : when the real presence of Christ shall be looked for in the elements which represent His broken body and shed blood, instead of in the heart of the receiver by faith : then shall voices be heard, as when Jerusalem was destroyed, saying sorrowfully : " Let us depart hence," and the fingers of a man's hand shall come forth and write upon this pulpit, and yonder lecture-rooms and halls : The glory is departed !

My prayers have risen daily that God may so bless this institution in all coming time that its past prosperity shall hardly be remembered in comparison with the greater abundance of blessings which He shall bestow upon it. May it be a fountain, noiseless but ever flowing, and annually sending forth its streams to the ends of the earth ! May this Seminary to which I have given the flush of my youth, the strength of my manhood, the labor of my age, to which my cares and toils have been given, live before God and be continually under His protection and presence ! May His eyes of favor and love be open night and day toward this place, and may His ears be attentive to every prayer offered here ! May the God of all Grace be with us as He has been with our fathers

As I think of our Alumni my heart fills with precious memories. Twenty-eight have been made bishops, three-score have been missionaries, the greater number " warm-hearted and devoted parish clergy throughout the land," as Dr. Stone said, and in the language of Cecil, " have fought against Satan as poor country parsons ;" others have risen to important positions in our large cities. With very few exceptions they have fought the good fight and kept the faith. But the ranks of our Alumni have been, like those of a regiment, gathered after standing all day under fire. As the day wears on, the ranks grow thinner, and at the evening roll-call, to familiar names there comes back no answer. Four hundred and fifty-three are deceased. Could we summon them from their graves, to meet again with us, what a goodly company would they make ! Again should we see their well-known faces, and hear their familiar voices, and clasp their hands with warm affection. And what could they not tell us of the society and service of Heaven, of the everlasting rest and blessedness of the saints. And how would they exhort us to finish our course with joy, and say to us, Is it not written, " They that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firma-

ment, and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars forever and ever."

Let us not fail to remember the dead. When we tread these walks, when we enter these halls, the hands of classmates, unseen by others, grasp our hands, and voices long silent are heard by us. I need not say that teachers remember students ; recall with distinctness their familiar forms ; trace them in their course step by step ; rejoice in their usefulness and share their success, their honor and their fame. The closest bond united us, for we were engaged in studies here which we shall prosecute forever in eternity. We were occupied with those themes which make man, man ; heaven, heaven ; and God, God ; themes which angels desire to look into ; truths the greatest which can interest the mind and heart of man, sweeter than honey and the honeycomb.

In stirring up my memory it has brought back a flood of things, little and great, like a voice, as we read in Alpine travels, which, vibrating in the ether, has disturbed the poise of an avalanche, which, falling, has snowed under the lower landscape ; so the present disappears and the past lives again. The class of 1847 comes before my mind. C. Winter Bolton, whose mother was a daughter of William Jay, of England, author of *Morning and Evening Exercises*, lately visited the Seminary, and is still in active ministry. His sisters had a celebrated school for girls at Pelham Priory, New York. One of them visited us on her way from the South, and died shortly after.

Andrew Crosswell, from Maine, was a remarkably handsome man. I had a letter from a distinguished lawyer, Simon Greenleaf, professor of law at Cambridge, asking me about him, as he was paying attention to his daughter. I gave a good account of him and he married the daughter. He died June, 1879.

Dr. J. Pinckney Hammond was a tall, fine-looking man, and a believer in muscular Christianity, for once on his way to Church he saw a man beating his wife. He got out of his buggy and thrashed the man and went on to his service. I preached for him when he was at Upper Marlboro. Edmund T. Perkins was a strong preacher and devoted, sympathetic minister. William I. Zimmer spent his ministry mostly in the South, where he achieved great success. In the next class, 1848, Dr. Archibald Beatty has stood high in his Diocese and has often been a deputy to General Convention ; he is deeply interested in the Seminary, and arranges the Alumni meetings at Conventions.

In the class of 1849 Theodore S. Rumney, D. D., alone survives and labors on vigorously. He wrote me in 1897, "My heart often turns to the dear old Seminary Hill, and with such pleasant memories of yourself, and Drs. Sparrow and May. How many have to thank you for the laying of a good foundation for their ministry. When I was in Cople parish I lived at Mr. Newton's, and on Sunday afternoons the children came to my room to be catechised. Bishop John B. Newton told me that his first religious impressions were received in those Sunday instructions. I have felt grateful for this testimony."

Richard B. Duane, D. D., (1850) was a very superior man, whom I knew well and saw only a fortnight before his death at the first meeting of the Evangelical Education Society after the war in 1866. It was held in Philadelphia and was a love-feast; Bishop Johns spoke and I remember Duane shed tears. His father, W. J. Duane, Secretary of the Treasury, refused to remove the public funds at President Jackson's order, from the United States bank to certain State banks ("Pet Banks"). The order caused great agitation; the Senate declared the act unconstitutional and they were not removed. Duane, however, was dismissed from office by the President and Roger B. Taney succeeded him.

In the same class was Samuel Clements, D. D., a lovely man, who married the sister of Rev. W. C. Newbold, and did a most successful work at Trenton, having great influence over boys and young people. Wesley P. Gahagan was from the South and knew Rev. W. Bacon Stevens when professor at Athens, Georgia. Bishop Stevens seems near to me as he was born within a few miles and a few years of me, and went to the same school, Phillips Academy. About the time I came to Virginia he settled at Savannah as physician, where he had a large practice and stood at the head of his profession. He turned from all this to study for the ministry and was ordained deacon in 1843, became professor at the University of Georgia and in 1848 succeeded Bishop T. M. Clark at St. Andrew's, Philadelphia. He was consecrated Assistant Bishop of Pennsylvania January, 1862, and on Bishop Alonzo Potter's death, July 4, 1865, he became Bishop and his Episcopate of twenty-five years was most successful.

P. G. Robert (1850) has been for many years a faithful minister of Christ in St. Louis. He wrote me in 1880: "In nearly thirty years I have only missed three Sundays, thanks to God's goodness, and I have only had ten months' vacation. With much love

and pleasant memories every time I open my Hebrew Bible, which is almost daily, P. G. Robert."

John P. Hubbard, D. D., was connected with the Copley and Green families, and other rich people in Boston. He intended going to China as Missionary but was prevented and built a schoolhouse there. He was a year in Leesburg and often visited the Seminary, where he was highly esteemed. His son, a young doctor, sailed from Norfolk on a vessel that was never heard of again, to the great sorrow of those who had friends on board.

Rev. Dr. Richard T. Davis, Trustee of the Seminary, though much younger than myself, always had my regard as a man of pure and noble character. Born in Albemarle county in 1830, a son of John A. G. Davis, the eminent Professor of Law at the University of Virginia, who was shot by a student in 1839, his mother being a grandniece of President Thomas Jefferson, he graduated at the age of eighteen, Master of Arts, a high distinction. Three or four brothers—the others being Eugene, John Staige, the gifted Professor of Anatomy at the University, and Dabney C. T., the faithful, devoted minister—took the degree of M. A. All were devoted Christians and of high character and influence. Eugene Davis, the oldest, I saw often at our Councils, and he was a man of great usefulness in the Church and the community.

Richard T. Davis graduated at our Seminary 1855 and went to Martinsburg, West Virginia. The Civil War found him at Orange Court House, which he left to enter the Confederate army as chaplain of the Sixth Virginia cavalry. He was with his regiment throughout the war and surrendered at Appomatox with its few remaining members. Old soldiers delight to tell of his unflinching courage, which often carried him to the very front of the skirmish line, fearless of all danger, when he could minister to the bodies and souls of wounded and dying comrades. A true knight, "without fear and without reproach," he gave his whole life to the uplifting and helping of his fellow-men. A faithful and sympathetic pastor, a cultured and earnest preacher, a true and pure friend, all who knew him blessed him and were blessed by him. His death, May 3, 1892, brought grief to all who knew him, "sorrowing most of all that they should see his face no more."

Julius E. Grammer, of the same class, or a classmate of his, was born in Washington, October 6, 1831, entered the

Seminary in 1852, and was ordained Deacon by Bishop Meade in 1855. He exercised his ministry in Jefferson county, Virginia; in Trinity Church, Washington; in Smyrna, Delaware; in Columbus, Ohio. But his life work was as rector of St. Peter's Church, Baltimore, where for twenty-seven years he labored most successfully, erecting the beautiful St. Peter's Church, and establishing the Henshaw Memorial Chapel. For nearly forty years he occupied a commanding position, and his usefulness and influence were great in Baltimore and the Diocese. Loving his own Church devotedly, his sympathies were wide and embraced other Christian bodies, and all social, philanthropic and educational enterprises evoked his interest and efforts. Widely read and of retentive memory, he drew upon a vast treasury of quotations, incident and fact in his conversation, sermons and addresses, and he was ever ready when called upon to make an appropriate and interesting speech.

In theology he was an Evangelical, and was never afraid to stand for the truth, and every Diocesan Convention found him a faithful and watchful member. His disposition was genial, and his words, however forcible and warm, were ever kindly, never losing his temper in debate, nor speaking harshly, nor sulking when things did not suit his views; he never made enemies or hurt the feelings of others. His unique personality, his gifts as speaker, his fund of anecdote, his fidelity to the truth—these varied gifts made him dear to many people.

His love for the Seminary was fervent, and he delighted to do her honor, and her watchwords of loyalty to Christ were dear to his heart.

He married Elizabeth, a talented daughter of Rev. Dr. Sparrow, and his son Rev. Dr. Carl E. Grammer was for eleven years the gifted, beloved and honored Professor of Church History in this Seminary, and was very tender and considerate in his attentions to me, as a son to a father.

[March 20, 1902, Dr. Julius E. Grammer entered into rest, six weeks before my father, who never knew of his death.—EDITOR.]

July 13, 1886.

MY DEAR FRIEND, DR. PACKARD:

I am so glad that the exercises at the Seminary in honor of your fiftieth anniversary were happily consummated by such marks of the grateful remembrance of you as their Professor by so many of the Alumni from far and near. It gave some indication of the

strong and deep feeling that flows through the hearts of your old students.

Your reminiscences of the day when woodpiles were in common were full of pleasing humor.

I congratulate you, dear Doctor, that you have been spared to see the war ended, the Seminary re-endowed and resuscitated, the laurel bound upon your brow—the well-won “palm” after the “dusty” course, and your chair surrounded by a group of professors whose shoulders will ease the burden of your office.

JULIUS E. GRAMMER.

In the class of 1856 were many excellent men, who have been in part named, among them Lucius W. Bancroft, D. D., whose splendid promise was redeemed by his ministry and power as a preacher. He never married. One of his classmates, who was chaplain here during the war, visited me in May, 1897, and to my question, “Are you married?” he said, “No, Doctor, I have not had time to make the acquaintance of any young lady.”

John H. D. Wingfield, D. D., was in Portsmouth during the war. He had a ball tied to his ankle and was made to sweep the streets there because he had expressed sympathy with the Confederacy; “aiding and abetting the rebellion,” it was called. He was made Bishop of Northern California, and was an able preacher and pastor.

At the commencement of 1856 the chants in the Chapel were given by the students in Hebrew, Greek and Latin, the three sacred languages, and it was thought that they sounded beautifully. The five classes, 1855 to 1859, had each a Bishop to give it eminence, but I think 1858 had more brilliant preachers than any other that I recall. Among them it is enough to name John Cosby, J. McA. Harding, R. J. Keeling, Bishop A. M. Randolph, C. A. L. Richards, W. W. Williams, Henry A. Wise, and John H. Elliott. Dr. Keeling was at Trinity Church, Washington, in 1865, and built it up again. A Virginian, sympathizing with “his own people” in their sorrow, he was able so to “keep the door of his lips” that he gave no offense, even to the leaders in Congress in his congregation. Secretary Chase once said to him, “Well, Mr. Keeling, how are the secessionists getting on at Trinity?” “We have no secessionists at Trinity, Mr. Chase.” “But are you not Southern?” asked he. “Yes, Mr. Secretary, I am. I do not wish to see two Governments, but my heart is in sympathy with my afflicted people.” After that Mr. Chase was most considerate and kind. Dr. Keeling was much

admired as a preacher, and has done most useful work. I cannot speak longer of the alumni, though many of the graduates since the war are dear to my heart and are never forgotten in my prayers. Bishop Thomas U. Dudley has ever been very dear to me, and his ever watchful attention and kindness, taking part in everything that was for my advantage, are most gratefully recorded. His scholarship and wit, his beautiful voice, his wide sympathies have made him a power for good. I replied to a letter written to me about him when he graduated, that he was "a very promising young man." I need not say how fully that promise has been redeemed. The Seminary felt justly proud of her sons, when he was made in 1901 Chairman of the House of Bishops and her other alumni were so influential in the House of Bishops and of Deputies. Bishop Dudley's address in 1893 at the Parliament of Religions on "The Historic Christ" attracted world-wide attention. He made the most of a great opportunity.

The Seminary reopened in the fall of 1865 with Dr. Sparrow and myself as professors, with a few students who messed together until my sister-in-law, Miss Cornelia Jones, became matron. They had to wear their old Confederate uniforms at first, and they were in spirit and aim as true soldiers of the Cross as ever lived. Among them was my son-in-law, W. H. Laird, born in Dorchester county, Maryland, in 1841, nearly related to the Goldsborough, Winder and Henry families, and educated at St. James' College. He served with great bravery through the entire war, being one of the few survivors of his company at Gettysburg. He had a wonderful escape in one battle due to a comrade having his gun before his face, so that a ball struck it instead of piercing his brain. He was a man of unusual ability as a thinker and writer, of untiring faithfulness in the discharge of duty, of entire consecration of all his powers to the ministry. Modest, sincere, true, and unworldly, the world is poorer for his loss. His wife, my daughter Rosa, died suddenly August 28, 1892, and he, as suddenly, December 10, 1896.

[At this point I would like to add something about Rev. Dr. Douglas F. Forrest. As a boy he lived near the Seminary, and died and was buried the same day as my father, who knew and loved him well.—EDITOR.]

Douglas French, son of Commodore Forrest, afterwards Admiral in the Confederate navy, graduated at Yale, in the class of 1857, as one of the most popular and honored members. He began his

avowedly Christian life at college, and maintained it with rare consistency in all his relations. He entered the Confederate army as an officer and served with courage and devotion. He was transferred to the navy and was an officer of the iron-clad *Virginia*—previously the *Merrimac*—in its fight with the Federal fleet in Hampton Roads, 1863, and remained in the navy till the war ended. After the war he practiced law in Baltimore and became interested in religious work as a layman. He soon determined to study for the ministry, was ordained in 1873 and served the Church from Maryland to California and Florida. Everywhere his lovely spirit, his culture and his talents caused him to be most beloved. While talking to his wife and others, sitting in his chair he threw his head back and laughed at some pleasantry, and died immediately, on May 3, 1902, at Ashland, Virginia. He was a man among men, faithful and true, courteous, gentle and manly, beautiful in face and in character.

In 1866, the Rev. Cornelius Walker, D. D., was made professor and so continued for about thirty years, living now in Washington. He was a most successful pastor, a faithful professor, and a wise counsellor of the students, who were warmly attached to him.

For two years, 1874-1876, Drs. Walker, McElhinney and myself were in charge of the Seminary, and in 1876 Rev. Kinloch Nelson was elected to the chair of Church History, taking charge in the fall of 1876. For eighteen years he was most earnest and devoted in his work for the students and for his beloved Diocese, and in the Diocesan Councils he had great influence. He was sent to the General Convention three times, 1886 to 1892, and had done excellent work there by his strong sense, his fairness and godly sincerity. His strong personality, his solid, true character, and his piety, made him a most helpful friend to the students, who loved him. Born November 2, 1839, he was educated at the Episcopal High School and the University of Virginia, served through the entire Civil War with bravery and devotion, graduated at this Seminary in 1868, married that summer Miss Grace Fenton McGuire, daughter of the Rev. John P. McGuire, served in Leeds parish, Fauquier county, and in Richmond, until called to professorship here, where he fell asleep in Christ October 25, 1894, honored and lamented by all. His memory is still fresh in our hearts.

I give here a letter written by him to me shortly before his death.

Sept. 7th, 1894.

MY DEAR DR. PACKARD :

I was very glad to receive your kind letter and to hear that you felt equal to undertaking so much work. It will seem like old times again for you to have the Hebrew classes. I heard from Grammer a few days ago, that he was still improving and I do hope he will be with us again by Nov. 1st. I have had a very quiet, but improving time, riding out on horseback or in a vehicle nearly every day, growing stronger all the time. I hope that by the blessing of Providence, I shall soon be as well as ever. I received a very pleasant letter from Dr. Crawford not long ago. He seemed to be having a delightful time. I cannot help hoping that we may have nearly 40 students this approaching session, about 32 old and some 8 or 10 new ones. It has been very grateful to me to find that during my illness my friends have taken so much interest in my recovery. I look forward with great pleasure to meeting you and my other friends on The Hill about Sept. 24th. Meantime and always I am

Sincerely your friend,

KINLOCH NELSON.

In 1887, Rev. Carl Grammer and Rev. Angus Crawford, M. A., were elected professors ; in 1895, Rev. Samuel A. Wallis ; in 1897, Rev. R. W. Micou, M. A., D. D. ; in 1897 Rev. Robert K. Massie ; Rev. Dr. W. H. Neilson and Rev. A. M. Hilliker, for two years each, gave instruction in the English Bible. In 1901, Rev. Berryman Green was made Instructor in the English Bible [Professor in 1902.—EDITOR]. The Rev. Dr. Crawford soon after coming here raised about \$20,000, which was most wisely expended under his personal supervision in making the great improvements in our grounds and buildings. He had the roads laid off and graded, the trees planted, the water works built, and St. George's Hall enlarged. These changes, added to the natural beauty of the Seminary, make it all that can be desired for its work.

About 1897 Mr. Joseph Wilmer accepted the position of Superintendent of Grounds and Buildings, exercising a splendid influence on all who knew him. After his resignation in 1901 Mr. George Calvert Stuart, grandson of my old friend, Dr. Richard Stuart, has most faithfully and successfully filled this important position.

Through the efforts of my friend, Rev. Robert S. Carter (1891), assisted by the Ladies' Aid and Missionary Societies, Whittle Hall was erected in 1889 as a "parish house" for the parochial work of the neighborhood, where also the Reinicker and other lectures are delivered,

The work done at the mission stations has been alluded to, but deserves fuller mention. Fairfax county, once fertile, but exhausted by unscientific culture has many poor and improvident people. The students have established among them chapels, where they gather the children for instruction, and, after a service, expound the Scriptures to a large congregation, going forth to this work two by two on Sunday afternoons, regardless of wintry storm or burning sun. The distance is from two to ten miles in every direction, including the railroad men in Alexandria, the almshouse and the jail, and by the labor of the students many have been converted, comforted, counselled and cheered. I have known one student ride twelve miles and back every Sunday to Pohick Church ; another eighteen miles to Occoquan, then proverbial for the romantic beauty of its situation and the intemperance and vice of its people.

I have known two students walk five miles after dinner and back to tea, often in a drizzling rain or drifting snow, or sinking at every step in the soft clay, to meet a few families for prayer and exhortation.

One of our recent graduates, Rev. F. E. McManus, walked once to Arlington, about four miles distant, carrying a hod of coal for the Mission Chapel. John Matthews, the Bible Reader and Evangelist, once walked into Alexandria, three miles, carrying in his arms a baby organ that they might have music at the mission.

I will mention some anecdotes of alumni. An alumnus of 1880, when a couple stood before him to be married, began with the Service for Infant Baptism. A minister named Nash had for his first baptism a boy ten years old. He took him up in his arms and carried him to the font, which he found had no water in it.

This story is not apropos but is worth telling : A Rev. Mr. Philips, of Lunenburg county, was thought unsound on the doctrine of original sin. Dr. William Wilmer examined him about it and asked how he explained what David said, "I was conceived in sin," etc. "Oh," said he, "David is not everybody."

One of our graduates when about to baptize a baby, in his nervousness dropped it into the font. One of our alumni, an author of books, went to Dr. Tyng for comfort because all his classmates had risen faster than he. Dr. Tyng said, "I am surprised Mr. ——— that you have such a good place as you have." It

may have comforted him. Calls to churches are like the Pool of Bethesda where some one steps in before.

Rev. J. J. Page used to tell me of a preacher who had a great deal of thunder and very little lightning in his sermons. This reminds me of a Scotch minister who asked a man about his pastor. "Is he soond?" "Oh, yes," was the reply. "Well how about Mr. ————" (himself). The canny Scot, who knew his questioner, said, "Oh, he is all soond."

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE REVISION OF THE BIBLE.

ONE of the pleasantest episodes in my life was my part in the work of the Revision of the Bible from 1872 to 1884.

The revision of the English version of 1611 had long been a matter of discussion in Great Britain and the United States. Several attempts had been made to translate more accurately different parts of the Bible. In February, 1870, the Convocation of Canterbury, representing the largest part of the Church of England, proposed, and in May, 1870, decided to undertake, a revision of the version of 1611, Bishops Wilberforce and Ellicott being the moving spirits. In 1871 Bishop Wilberforce addressed a letter to the Senior Bishop of the Episcopal Church in the United States asking the American Bishops to take part in the revision. At the General Convention in Baltimore, October, 1871, the House of Bishops passed the resolution offered by Bishop Horatio Potter, declining to take part in the work. Dr. Angus, of London, had come over in 1871 and selected Rev. Dr. Philip Schaff, a man of great learning and influence, to organize an American committee. He went to work and thirty men were chosen. Several Bishops were invited to take part, but Bishop Lee alone accepted and proved one of the most faithful and valuable members. The only other Episcopalian besides myself and Bishop Lee was Professor George E. Hare, of Philadelphia, father of our beloved Bishop Hare, and he did splendid service, his suggestions being always important and valuable. The British Committee, like ours, had ten meetings a year, amounting to four hundred and seven days in the one hundred and three sessions, and numbered fifty-two members, thirty-six being of the Church of England. Their meetings were most harmonious, and the chairman (Bishop Ellicott), was the most faithful attendant, being absent only two days, a rare instance of conscientious devotion to a long and laborious work.

The place of meeting in England was the historic Jerusalem Chamber, Westminster Abbey, where King Henry IV died, and where the Westminster Assembly of Divines met. The American revisers met in the Bible House, New York City. I consider it a great privilege that I became intimately acquainted

with men of other churches so eminent for piety and learning, and whom once knowing I can never forget. We were like brothers, all engaged in the same holy work of endeavoring to make clear God's Word to our fellowmen, and we realized as never before the power and beauty of that revelation, its divine origin and absolute authority. As Dr. Day wrote me in 1884, "As one after another of our number is called away do we not feel more and more how precious has been our association and the work in which we have been engaged." The death of any of these Christian friends caused a sense of personal loss to me.

There was the scholarly Dr. William H. Green, of Princeton Seminary, President of our Old Testament Company, rather reserved in manner, always accurate in points of grammar and judicious in interpretation; well known as the strongest opponent of the rationalistic criticism of the Bible and the author of the best books on these subjects.

Dr. George E. Day of the Divinity School of Yale University, a ripe scholar and fluent speaker, was our Secretary and was dear to all of us.

My most intimate friend was Dr. Howard Osgood, of the Baptist Theological Seminary, Rochester, New York, at whose elegant and hospitable home our company met two summers for several days. I can never forget his interesting family, and he is one of our eminent Biblical scholars, familiar with the latest German literature.

I had a high regard for Dr. Talbot W. Chambers, who died a few years ago, the only one of our number who was not a professor. I was often surprised at the extent and accuracy of his knowledge of the Hebrew language and he was in no way inferior to the others.

I can only mention Dr. Aiken, of Princeton Seminary; Dr. Conant, who had already published a revised English version of the Old Testament for the American Bible Union; Dr. DeWitt, of the New Brunswick Theological Seminary; and Dr. C. M. Mead, of Andover, successor of Professor Moses Stuart, and a student at Halle and Berlin, whose work on "Supernatural Religion" is well known. Dr. Strong, editor of the great Theological Encyclopedia was a good worker; and Dr. Krauth occasionally attended our meetings. During the summer we met outside of New York, at Lake Mohonk, New Haven, Andover, Philadelphia and elsewhere.

Our company was invited to meet the clergy and other guests at Alexander Brown's in Philadelphia ; at the palatial home of Mr. Shepard, son-in-law of W. H. Vanderbilt, in New York, where four hundred guests were invited to meet us ; at Mr. Morris K. Jesup's and at other houses. We were in the habit of lunching together and sometimes guests were invited to meet us, and thus I met Dr. Charles Briggs, Dean Stanley, Professor Leathes, and Dr. Angus, of London, whom I visited when I went to England. While engaged in the revision Dr. Schaff asked me to assist in the great work of Lange's Commentary, by preparing a commentary on Malachi, as the German commentator on that book expressed rationalistic views, and I did this. The British committee transmitted to the American Company from time to time each portion of their first revision and received in return our criticisms and suggestions. These were considered with much care and attention in the second revision which was sent over to us again and received further suggestions which were closely and carefully considered. Last of all they forwarded to us the Revised Version in its final form ; and those renderings which we preferred were placed in an appendix at the end of the volume.

When I went to England in 1873 I was the bearer of a portion of the American Revision to Canon Troutbeck, the Secretary of the British Committee, who told me that they had adopted about one-half of our suggestions. An interesting fact is this : The British Committee usually sent us their work in advance as a basis for ours ; they failed to do this in the case of the book of Job, so that we made an independent revision of that, but when the two separate revisions were compared more than one-half the changes were identical. Occasionally members of the British and American committees exchanged visits. I was present at a meeting in the Jerusalem Chamber, Bishop Harold Browne presiding. Each member had to study and prepare revision for each portion that was considered at the monthly meetings. I did not attend all the meetings as the trustees thought I could not spare from my classes the three days a month required in the meeting, but they afterwards allowed me to attend. The discussions were earnest and animated and there was a free expression of opinions. Yet never even once did the *odium theologicum* appear, and nothing was said at any time that required retraction or apology, and courtesy, kindness, and the heartiest Christian fellowship prevailed from beginning to end. This is as it should be among those who love

the Lord Jesus in sincerity, however various their views on other points.

It is said that Queen Victoria once asked a bishop who had been lately appointed to a see in Scotland, how he got along with the Presbyterians. He replied, "Very well, indeed." She said, "You know we will have to get along with them in heaven."

Mr. Havemeyer, the millionaire, was invited by Dr. Schaff to speak to us while we were in the committee rooms. He spoke pleasantly, saying, among other things, that he had seen men gathered together for many purposes, for making money, for planning public improvements, as a council of war, but never before for the study of the Bible.

The Revised Version has not met with the success that was expected. Several reasons might be assigned. Very few are acquainted with the original language of the Bible and are at a loss to understand why changes, often apparently small, should be made from the Common Version. It was not to be expected that a version in use for 270 years, entwined with many associations and with a wonderful beauty and rhythm of style could be replaced at once. It may require two or more generations, especially as the great Bible Societies in England and America cannot publish any but the authorized version. Scholars, teachers and and ministers use it and it will gradually win acceptance.

Many persons prefer the old though imperfect to the revised form; they want no change even though for the better. They remind us of the old priest in the reign of Henry VIII, who in reading his offices said, *mumpsimus*. When informed that there was no such word, and he ought to say, *sumpsimus*, replied, "I have been saying *mumpsimus* for thirty years and do you suppose that I will change it for your new-fangled *sumpsimus*?"

The King James version was slow in supplanting the earlier versions though it had strong forces aiding its acceptance. Its English is that of Shakspeare, who died five years after its appearance, and the English language was then most flexible and beautiful. The Mayflower, which brought the Puritans to this country, brought some copies of that version, and copies of that first edition may still be found as an heirloom in old families. The Seminary Library has one copy.

The origin of the King James version is interesting. The Geneva Bible was used by the Puritans and the Bishop's Bible by the Church of England, and the Puritans complained that

some passages were mistranslated, even flat contradictions in some places between the two versions. For instance Psalm cv, 28, in one reads, "They rebelled not against his word;" in the other version, "They were not obedient to his word." This contradiction still exists between the King James and the Prayer Book Psalms. King James summoned both sides to a conference at Hampton Court, but treated the Puritans with scant courtesy. One of his sayings was, "Presbytery agreeth as well with monarchy as God and the devil." King James has been called "the wisest fool in Christendom." He appointed forty-seven translators and they were two years and three-quarters doing the work. There were some defects in their way of working, for they were divided into six companies, two meeting at Westminster, two at Oxford and two at Cambridge. They ought to have sat together and compared their work as did our revisers, and thus have unified their translation. Their rule was to translate a word in the original in as many different ways as possible; the reason being "lest we might be charged with some unequal dealing towards a great number of good English words." Hence they translated one word, for instance in twenty-five different ways, another in seventeen ways. The aim of the Revised Version is as far as possible to translate the same word in the same way. It is surprising, however, with the fewness of their aids in dictionaries, grammars and commentaries that they have given us such a wonderful translation, with no serious errors, and with such a charm that even perverts to Rome have been reluctant to give up their English Bibles. As Dr. F. W. Faber says, "The uncommon beauty and marvelous English of the Protestant Bible is one of the great strongholds of heresy in this country. It lives on the ear, like music that can never be forgotten, like the sound of Church bells which the convert hardly knows how he can forego. It is part of the national mind, and the anchor of national seriousness. The memory of the dead passes into it. The potent traditions of the Bible are stereotyped in its verses. It is the representative of all his best moments, and all that there has been about him of soft and gentle, and pure and penitent and good, speaks to him forever out of his Protestant Bible. It is his sacred thing which doubt has never dimmed and controversy never soiled."

An old lady asked how she liked our Revised Bible replied, "If St. James version was good enough for St. Paul, it is good enough for me."

Whatever may be the fate of the Revised Version each one of those who labored on it in this country feels humble gratitude to God for the blessed communion of devout scholars into which it introduced him and the many happy days that were spent in accomplishing it. Each of them can adopt for himself the words in which the good Bishop Horne, a century ago, spoke of his labors upon the Psalms: "Happier hours than those which have been spent in these meditations he never expects to see in this world. Very pleasantly did they pass and moved smoothly and swiftly along; for when thus engaged he counted no time. They are gone, but have left a relish and a fragrance upon the mind, and the remembrance of them is sweet."

I was much gratified that my son Thomas was appointed by the General Convention on the Commission to suggest Marginal Reading from the Revised Version. It may be that this plan of adopting only the changes necessary to a faithful rendering of the original and placing them in the margin without disturbing the integrity of the King James Version may succeed where the Revised Version has failed.

In one of my trips to New York, when crossing Broadway, a carriage suddenly turned the corner behind me, and I was knocked down almost under the horses; but an invisible force seemed to push me far enough not to be run over, and though dazed I was uninjured. I had a strong feeling that an angel had snatched me from death. Dr. McIlvaine told of one occasion when he was going to his room to pray earnestly for the Church, and something seemed to get in his way to prevent his going up stairs, and he thought it was Satan. Why not? St. Paul said, "Satan hindered me."

In 1874, many of my friends, chief among whom were Dr. Dyer, Bishop Dudley, and Dr. Minnigerode, raised about \$1,000 and gave it to me for a trip to Europe. It had been the desire and dream of my life to see England, Switzerland, and Rome. Howard Potter, Bishop Potter's brother, most kindly secured my passage. I left June 13th, and was gone about three months, in which short time I was able to see a great deal. I had some very nice letters to Dean Stanley and others. I heard the famous preachers of that time—Vaughan, Stanley, Liddon, Farrar, Spurgeon, and others. I saw the deeply interesting historic spots of England. Spurgeon's voice and enunciation were very clear and impressive—quite fearful at times. The singing was grand, and the audience of 6,000 a great sight. Liddon and Vaughan impressed me greatly.

The 16th of July, 1874, was a memorable day. The hope and desire of years was realized in the sight of Mont Blanc. My eyes filled with tears, and I thanked God, who had in my latter days granted me this great privilege and unrolled another page in his great book of Nature, and made me feel more than ever how great and sublime He is.

The Lake of Geneva was full of wonder and charm to me ; the beautiful, clear waters, the mountains on each side, and of every shape, with patches of snow on them, the beautiful villages, and the houses placed wherever a house could be put—all quaint and picturesque and to me vastly interesting. I caught sight of St. Peter's, Rome, at 6:15 P. M. July 24th. I spent the days in visiting every point within and outside of Rome that I could reach, and storing up pictures never to be forgotten. St. Peter's grows on you the oftener you go ; its proportions and beauty seem to improve each time. St. Paul's without the walls, a new church in a very unhealthy place, was magnificent ; the beauty of its marbles, the malachite altars, the gilded roof, the portraits of all the popes in fresco around the walls—all make it wonderful, its cost being five millions of dollars.

Ancient Rome was of the deepest interest, and I visited each spot. I had a letter to a partner of Spithoever, and he was very polite and attentive to me. His place was once the garden of Salust and later the house of Nero, where he fled in 68 at the insurrection of the Pretorian guards. We were shown the direction of the gate out of which he fled, stabbing himself when he found there was no hope of escape.

At Constance I visited the Cathedral, and the spot where John Huss and Jerome were martyred. Every memory of those men of faith was dear to me. I visited Holland, Belgium, and France on my return homewards and again reached London. I feel that my life has ever been richer for my visit to Europe, and I feel deeply grateful to those friends who enabled me to go.

I cannot worthily express my regard for Dr. Dyer, whose strong mind, great wisdom, and noble character made him a trusted adviser of Bishops in our Church. He wrote me in 1897, "The Bishop, Dr. Dix, Dean of Hoffman, and others, speak of the Seminary in the warmest and strongest terms. How I do wish that some of the Virginia Bishops had listened to the appeals made to them to come to New York and help in increasing the endowment of the Seminary. They promised me in my sick room but none ever came ; one of the saddest disappointments of my life."

CHAPTER XXVII. ONE FAMILY IN HEAVEN.

"When soon or late, they reach that coast,
O'er life's rough ocean driven
May they rejoice, no wand'rer lost,
A family in heaven."

—BURNS.

As I draw near the end of life and recall the many dear ones who have left me, the next to the youngest in a family of ten, to linger on till the Lord calls me home, I have thought much of the reunion of Christians in paradise, waiting for the perfect bliss of heaven. Death is in one view the great separating power, but in another, the great uniter, who joins again in an everlasting love those who have been parted.

"Death with his healing hand,
Shall once more knit the band
Which needs but that one link—which none may sever,
Till through the only good
Heard, felt and understood
One life in God shall make us one forever."

I can now, in fond recollection, pass up the long driveway to the home door which opened with its ready welcome, or roam about the grounds, or stand to drink in the beauty of the outspreading prospect lying all about me. The early light of the morning rests upon that picture, which the lights and shadows of the intervening years have not dimmed. But of that once numerous household, I alone remain. I would not recall, if I could, those who have passed to the "sweet fields beyond."

"Take them, O Death! and bear away
Whatever thou can'st call thy own;
Thine image stamped upon this clay
Doth give thee that, and that alone.

"Take them, O Grave! and let them lie
Folded upon thy narrow shelves,
As garments by the soul laid by,
And only precious to ourselves.

"Take them, O great Eternity!
Our little life is but a gust
That bends the branches of thy tree,
And trails its blossoms in the dust."

John Locke has said that nine out of ten persons were what they were from their training and our family is an illustration of the importance of family life and education, for we were piously trained. The Germans have a happy saying that a man cannot be too careful in the selection of his parents. No one could have had better parents than we. I have spoken much of my father's Christian character. His last days were peaceful and beautiful. Having been for forty-four years a preacher, he was for twelve years an earnest hearer of the Word, and earnest parishioner.

Attending divine worship and receiving the Communion on April 8, he was in the evening seized with a paroxysm of pain, from which he had suffered at intervals for nearly fifty years, caused by the calculi in the gall ducts. During the next fortnight he had two or three more, and on April 22, he had another, when for two hours his agony was extreme. Retaining his consciousness to the last he passed away at 3 A. M., April 25, 1849. His was a strong but well-rounded character; he loved society and formed new acquaintances very easily; his strong sympathy with the young was remarkable, and few have gone to the grave, at his age, with so many personal friends. He had uncommon buoyancy of spirit and this with habitual trust in God enabled him to throw off or bear cheerfully heavy burdens; he had *learned* in whatever situation he was, therewith to be content. Having a great and magnanimous spirit he never cherished an enmity or forgot a friend. During the last ten years of his life he had felt like Dr. Doddridge that he was not anxious when he lay down at night whether he awoke in this world or the next. Some of his last sayings were, "God seems to permit me to live so long that He may give me clearer manifestations of Jesus Christ. The older I grow, the more clear God's promises appear. Eternity now seems very near, and I realize more the glory and goodness of God."

He was buried at Wiscasset, and though twenty years had passed since he had left it, a crowded assembly witnessed the solemn services, and followed the body to the cemetery.

The following inscription is on his tombstone at Wiscasset :

REV. HEZEKIAH PACKARD, D. D.
Born Dec. 6, 1761.

A Soldier of the Revolution, Grad. Harvard Univ. 1787,
Tutor in same 4 years.
A minister of the Gospel 44 years,
in this town 28 years,

Died in peace and triumph at Salem, Mass.,
 April 25, 1849, aged 87 years and 4 months.
 He was a sincere servant of Christ, a lover
 of mankind, a successful and beloved
 teacher of youth, a warm friend,
 a man in whom was no guile.

"The memory of the just is blessed."

My mother's religious experience is interesting. She had been brought up among Unitarians, and had not, it was thought, very clear views of the Deity of Christ and of the Atonement. A conversation, which my brother had with her, shortly before her death, showed, however, that we had been mistaken. I will give its substance, as the testimony of Christian experience, which is always valuable.

She was very reserved on the subject of personal religion and had never talked much of herself. She said :

"I was reading the hymn, from Watts,

'Show pity, Lord, O Lord forgive,
 Let a repenting rebel live,'

but I could not get through it. A sense of God's goodness and of my own ingratitude overwhelmed me. I always had a sense of sin and unworthiness, but have never shed tears of contrition before. I feel wholly unworthy ; my best services are sinful. I have committed no gross sins, but the heart is deceitful. Secret sins of the heart I lament, yet fear I may be deceived. I pray, Lord, shew me myself ; spare not. My only hope is Jesus Christ. He is my ALL. I have no righteousness of my own. I trust in Him alone.

"I never had fears of death. I think little of punishment. I want to be purified, to be made like God, like the Saviour. I am often afraid I am deceived. I fear that the offering of myself is not worth His acceptance." She ascribed the feelings she had to the influences of God's Spirit. "I know," she said, "that God's grace is free ; I have nothing to recommend me. I must adore His grace." She felt God would be just in casting her off, for she had abused His mercies. She did not know that she had thought lightly of the Saviour, but felt that she had most ungratefully neglected Him.

Her patience and resignation were remarkable. "I feel that God has been good to me. I have no complaint to make. I think I can see much suffering before me, but I leave that and my end in the hands of God. I have given up the world."

Speaking of a possible recovery, she said "All in perfect submission; I leave it with God." Asked what subject occupied her thoughts, she said "*Christ and His Cross*. All power is committed to Him. He is almighty and willing to save. He is exalted to be a Prince and a Saviour. I have committed myself to Him. Last winter I studied the New Testament a good deal, and I found the atonement brought to view everywhere; it was the principal thing. I felt I needed the atonement. I could not become like God without it. We could not appear before God were there no daysman between us."

She never murmured or complained about herself. When her pillows were fixed, she said "How easy a sick bed can be made!" She lamented that she could not fix her mind on any subject from weakness. "A poor time to prepare! All my preparation must have been made before this. I think I can not be with you long. How dreadful this hour to those who have no confidence! My prayer always must be, God be merciful to me a sinner." "I feel," she said, "If I can only get through I shall be safe beyond. I need fear no evil then," and she quoted Mason's lines,

"The dread path, once trod,
Heaven lifts its everlasting portals high."

She had caught cold from standing in the snow in thin shoes at a burial. Overshoes were not used then.

She passed away in the early morning with all her children around her, without a groan or struggle, being spared the agonies which we had dreaded from her disease. It was while I was at college, September 18, 1829, a day I have ever remembered these seventy-two years. The death-bed of a believer should interest and help all believers. It is a scene through which we all must pass, and it is well to know how others have fought the fight with the last enemy, and how they kept the faith in sickness and death, and were enabled to finish their course with joy.

My brother William four years younger than myself was the next after my mother to leave our family circle. He was a beautiful youth, of high character and aims, and was taken ill in November while at college, came home and died January 28, 1834, in his eighteenth year. I give some of his religious experiences. "I wish I could tell you how precious the Saviour appears to me. He is infinitely precious. How strange it is that people do not think more of him. I enjoy my meditations at night when I am awake very often." Being asked what idea he had of heaven he

said, "I shall meet my Saviour there, and I have given myself to Him, I shall be free from the trials of life, and then I shall meet mother." He feared that he would be impatient, that his sufferings would be too much for him. He suffered terribly, and said, "I thought I was dying, but I prayed that I might be supported and felt very happy." He prayed for patience and submission. His distress was beyond description on his last Monday. He could not speak but groaned bitterly. A half hour before he died he was perfectly sensible of his situation and said he was going, that he was "willing, willing." He named each one of the family, and said, "Oh, how I love you all!" He then exclaimed, "Oh, the Lord Jesus! Oh, how lovely! lovely! lovely!" and the expression of his face was heavenly, and he fell asleep in Jesus. If St. Stephen beheld the Lord Jesus with his bodily eyes, why may we not believe that this young Christian beheld him.

My brother Charles was born April 12, 1801, and at the age of nine an accident confined him to a bed of suffering for many months. In splitting wood, the axe glanced and entered his knee. His life was despaired of, and even the spot was selected for his burial. He was cut off from active pursuits for several years, and read much, Miss Edgeworth's "Parents' Assistant" being then just published. He read with great interest and rapidity the Bible, going through it several times before he was twelve years old. He was prepared under his father's instruction to enter Bowdoin College at the age of twelve, and graduated at sixteen with honor. He was a good Latin, Greek and French scholar, corresponding in Latin with his brother. After teaching five years he began the study of law, and in 1824 began its practice in Brunswick, where he spent eleven years. He married, in November, Miss Rebecca Prentiss, daughter of Hon. W. A. Kent, of Concord, N. H., and Mrs. Packard and four children survive. He had been an upright and moral man, but not a Christian. In March, 1834, two months after his brother's death, a series of religious services were held, at one of which a sermon by Dr. Pond on the text, "I thought on my ways and turned my feet unto Thy testimonies," aroused him. He said, "I don't like to think of God; but I see that I must, and I will." He thought of sin till his sin became a reality and a guilty thing. He thought of Jesus as a Saviour till his heart went forth to Him in trust and love, and he consecrated himself to that Saviour's service. After uniting with the Church, he decided to enter the ministry, giving up his home and con-

genial friends. He studied at Andover and Lane Seminaries; worked in the West and later in his native State of Massachusetts, at Lancaster and Biddeford, everywhere preaching Christ and building up His Kingdom of righteousness. He was Moderator of the State Conference the last three years of his life. His end was very sudden and peaceful. Wednesday afternoon, February 17, 1864, he attended a prayer meeting, where all marked his vigor and earnestness. After family prayers, though a bitter night, he went out to a lecture, returning twice into the room to make some playful remark and kissing his wife, saying, "we have been married thirty-five years; we have lived together very happily." A genial man, a Christian man to the last, and more and more such, as the hour unknown to him and to all drew nigh. On his return just before reaching his home a sudden distress came upon him. He entered a neighbor's house and in less than four minutes breathed his last. His character might be described in one word *manliness*, in the best and highest sense. Manly wisdom, dignity, childlike transparency, honesty and true-heartedness were his, with a playful humor, a loyalty to truth and duty, that made him beloved and respected. His preaching covered a wide range of subjects and was strong and independent.

My brother Hezekiah was the next one called away, June 23, 1867, after most intense suffering for ten hours. He had been delicate for many years, suffering greatly from his throat, and death which came to him, a true Christian, was a blessed release. He had studied medicine but fainted at the sight of blood and gave up the profession after completing his course. He was a teacher and in his work almost a minister. George, next to Charles in age, was born May 23, 1803, was married May 21, 1833, and was ordained May 22, 1843. He had been for fifteen years a most successful physician, when he decided to become a minister and entered our Seminary. He was ordained in Richmond at the Council and Rev. Dr. Milner preached the ordination sermon. We stayed with Dr. James Bolton, a physician who came to the Seminary and was ordained in 1845. When a physician George was in Rev. Horatio Potter's parish, who valued him most highly and went on from New York to Lawrence to visit him in his last illness. He suffered from heart disease for sometime, but only severely for a fortnight before his death. He met his death with perfect serenity and never lost his interest in passing events, was the first of the family to speak of its being Thanksgiving Day,

read a newspaper that forenoon, and yet was looking forward to the end at any moment. He suffered greatly that evening until 8 o'clock when he breathed his last, November 30, 1876.

The burial service was conducted by Bishop Paddock, Rev. W. P. Tucker, his nephew, and Rev. William Lawrence, his assistant, the Bishop making a tender and appropriate address. The church was crowded and the street outside; the city bell was tolled, and the schools were dismissed in token of respect for their superior for so many years. Nothing was wanting to testify the strong feeling which pervaded the community of Lawrence at the removal of "their first citizen," as the Congregational minister pronounced him, who for more than thirty years had labored there. His Christian character was beautiful and complete; a wise, tender, faithful pastor and friend, an earnest minister of the Gospel, a public spirited citizen, a brother beloved, he was a living Bible, or as a heathen convert said of a missionary, "There is no difference between him and the Book." He once said that his Christian hope rested more on what he believed to have been the general loyalty of his life than on any peculiar and special experiences.

Alpheus Spring was born the same day and month, December 23, being fourteen years older than I. Our lives have been wonderfully alike, both ministers, both professors, and for the same length of time, sixty-five years, connected with our respective institutions. Each of us had a semi-centennial, when we received most gratifying expressions of affection from our students, and a purse containing the same amount, more than a thousand dollars. I suppose there never was a case like it. I recall but one academic career in this country that approaches his in duration, that of Dr. Nott, President of Union College for sixty-two years; and but one in England that exceeds it, that of Martin Joseph Routh, who was appointed Librarian of Magdalen College, Oxford, in 1781, and President in 1791, and who died in 1854, after a service of seventy-three years, dying in his one hundredth year.

"I had a brother once;

Peace to the memory of a man of worth!

A man of letters and of manners too;

Of manners sweet as virtue always wears,

When gay good-humor dresses her in smiles.

He graced a college, in which order yet

Was sacred; and was honored, loved and wept,

By more than one, themselves conspicuous there,"

With sunny and benignant presence, with transparent, consistent and lovely character, with no thought of self, he lived in and for the College, so that he became to its graduates "the *soul*" of Bowdoin and a visible embodiment of the College and what it stood for during the century.

He once told me that he had never been sick a day in his life. He was Acting President of Bowdoin, and presided at the commencement with unusual grace and power; then went off for a few days' rest, and after service at church walked on the seashore, where he was seen to fall. He was carried to the house, where, after a few minutes and a few parting words—"No pain;" "Going"—he breathed his last.

"It was a peculiar pleasure to the Alumni to return to Bowdoin at the annual commencement, there to find the venerable Professor of Greek, with his fresh countenance, his polished English, his courtesy, and his cultivated mind, unimpaired." He lies buried in the pine-girt cemetery near the College—

* * * "Where the shade
He loved well will guard his slumbers night and day.
* * * Fitting close
For such a life! His twelve long, sunny hours
Bright to the edge of darkness: then the calm
Repose of twilight, and a crown of stars."

My sister Mary, wife of Jonathan Tucker, of Salem, was a devout Christian, a wise and loving mother, and her death, March 14, 1887, added one more to the family in Heaven.

My oldest sister, Sarah, on my mother's death, took charge of our family, and when we were grown she did the same for brother Alpheus' family for five years after the death of his wife. She had a great influence for good, and was said to be the cause of Mr. Merrick's conversion when ninety years of age. She was like a Sister of Charity, unselfish, devoted, wise, and firm in faith. She fell asleep in May, 1894.

A foretaste of the blessed reunion of Paradise was granted us when, in 1847, two years before my father's death, his seven surviving children gathered around him at the Holy Communion. The mother had long since gone to her rest, and the youngest son.

Of the five sons, four were ministers of the Gospel, and all the children were partakers of like precious faith. Such a meeting

has been rarely witnessed, and the thought that never again on earth would we all meet together brought nearer to our hearts Heaven, with its perfect union. We prayed together fervently ; we sang

"Blest be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love,"

and commended each other to a covenant-keeping God, praying that our children might be saved with us forever, and thanking God that we had such a father and mother.

I must here add a short sketch of my first cousin, Frederick A. Packard, of Philadelphia. Born in Marlboro, Massachusetts, September 26, 1794, he was prepared for college by my father, to whose influence he ascribed much of his success in life. He graduated with honors at Harvard College in 1814, his commencement oration was delivered in the Hebrew language ; became editor of the *Hampshire Federalist* in 1819, and married Elizabeth Dwight Hooker in 1822, and practiced law in Springfield. When about twenty he united with the Congregational Church and was very earnest, especially in Sunday-school work. In 1828 he visited Philadelphia to attend a meeting of the American Sunday School Union and so impressed them that he was at once offered the position of editorial secretary. This he accepted and at the cost of flourishing worldly prospects for thirty-eight years he discharged its duties with signal ability and fidelity. Every book issued by that society for thirty-six years was by him prepared for and carried through the press, in number over two thousand, fifty of them being the product of his own fertile brain. Besides these he edited all the weekly and monthly products of the Union for thirty years. He was interested in all public affairs and twice declined the presidency of Girard College. His words were "I place this guilty hand upon the Lamb of God and say, 'The Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world.' " He died November, 1867. His son Lewis R. was Professor of Greek at Yale, dying in 1884 at the height of his fame and usefulness. Another son, Dr. John H. Packard, a famous surgeon and physician, still survives and at his house as at his father's I have spent many happy days. The five sons of Dr. Packard have achieved great success in Philadelphia, two as physicians and three as business men. A blessing I doubt not rests on them from their

pious ancestry. [A sad blow has fallen upon this family in the death from typhoid fever on November 1, 1902, All Saints' Day, of Dr. Frederick A Packard, a brilliant physician in the prime of his noble manhood and usefulness.—EDITOR.]

CHAPTER XXVIII.

LAST DAYS.

[In this chapter I give a brief account of my father's last days and some estimate of his life and character from the pen of others.—EDITOR.]

EVER since the appearance of "the grip" some ten years ago, my father suffered from frequent attacks of it each year, but, thanks to his powerful constitution, rallied, though his end seemed sometimes near. In February, 1902, he was again attacked by it, got up again, went about the house, and on pleasant days sat out on the porch. Early in March he took to his bed, which he kept until his death, May 3, 1902, except on two occasions, when he was carried to the window, as he desired, to look upon the landscape he had loved so long and well. When he saw the green grass and the blossoming shrubbery he gave an exclamation of delight. He felt always very grateful that he was allowed to stay in the home so endeared to him by the long association of more than threescore years, whose grand old oaks were objects of affection to him. Speaking of this home, he once said, "How can I leave thee, paradise?"

He had for some time been trying to teach the young colored man who waited on him the great truths of salvation through simple hymns which the boy could remember. The morning before he died, when his pulse was but a thread, he said to him, "I the chief—" and stopped. The boy quickly responded, "I the chief of sinners am, but Jesus died for me." That same morning he said repeatedly to himself, "Jesus! Jesus! Jesus!" He asked for the best hymn of all, and when "Just as I am" was repeated his face lighted up; another time he was heard to say,

"Thou o'erlook'st the guilty stain,
And washest out the crimson dye."

All that the loving care of a devoted daughter could do, or the skill of the physician could suggest, was done to relieve his weary or suffering hours, and God did wonderfully "make all his bed

in his sickness." He retained his interest in passing events to the very last. I had been with him April 30, but was to attend the consecration of Rev. Dr. Mackay-Smith as Bishop Coadjutor of Pennsylvania, May 1. An hour before leaving I was called to his bedside at 5 A. M., when we thought him dying. He rallied a little that day; and the next day, though his pulse was hardly perceptible, he asked me about the consecration. I told him there was an account in the papers, he said, "Read it to me," and when told he was too weak, said, "Put the paper away." Saturday morning at nine o'clock he gently breathed his last.

My father had the pleasure of receiving in his lifetime many gracious words and acts of appreciation from his old students, which cheered and gratified him greatly. His semi-centennial took place at the Commencement of 1886, when he had completed his fiftieth year of service, and four bishops and eighty clergymen whom he had taught assembled to do him honor, and presented him with a handsome purse of money, and a handsome chair from the class of 1886. Beautiful were the expressions of esteem and affection of which he felt himself unworthy.

On the sixtieth anniversary the professors and students came over in a body to give him their greeting. Dr. Walker in a few gracious words expressed their good wishes, and he replied that he had little expected when he came here sixty years ago that he would stay so long; that he wished he had done more for Christ; that he had been conscientious. To the students he said that life was before them full of opportunities, while it was behind him; that he regretted not using all his opportunities of personal influence, and that he felt there was no greater happiness in the world than to be called of God to be a minister of the gospel of Jesus Christ. I add here tributes paid by his colleague Rev. Dr. Wallis in the *Southern Churchman*, and by others.

"Dr. Packard had been associated with all the professors of the Seminary, and all those who were his colleagues during his lifetime. The following have had the privilege of studying under him at the Seminary: Professors Walker, Kinloch Nelson, Carl E. Grammer, S. A. Wallis, R. K. Massie, and Berryman Green. Dr. Packard thus, in his singularly honorable and honored life, united the past and the present in the institution to which he gave such a long period of consecrated service. On the death of

Dr. Sparrow, in 1874, he was appointed the dean of the Seminary, occupying that position until his resignation, in 1895, being succeeded in his turn by the Rev. Professor Walker.

"Twenty-two Bishops sat under Dr. Packard as students during the years of his long professorship at the Seminary. Among these were Bishop Payne, of Africa; Bishops Wilmer, of Alabama; Bedell, of Ohio; Whittle, of Virginia; Henry C. Potter, of New York; Randolph, of Southern Virginia; Dudley, of Kentucky; Phillips Brooks, of Massachusetts; Peterkin, of West Virginia, and Gibson, Coadjutor of Virginia. Besides the noted list of those who have been called to the high position of Bishops in the Church of God, a goodly number of Dr. Packard's students have gone forth as missionaries at home and abroad, forming that noble roll of honor which has made the Virginia Seminary known throughout the world.

"As the Nestor of the Seminary, Dr. Packard was looked up to with peculiar love and veneration by all on the 'Hill,' and hosts of friends, both clerical and lay, in every part of the country. In the city of Alexandria he is remembered by the older residents with peculiar affection, owing to the pastoral relations established between him and many of these, who were as sheep having no shepherd during the dark days of the Civil War.

"Dr. Packard was a noble type of the Christian minister and gentleman. He was, on account of his long life, the faithful guardian of those traditions which have kept the Seminary true to the high principles upon which it was founded. These are a fearless devotion to the faith once delivered to the saints, loyalty to the historic episcopate, and a steadfast adherence to the Book of Common Prayer as embodying the noblest form of Christian worship, handed down from primitive times, reasserted in its purity by the English Reformation of the sixteenth century. To these were added that apostolic missionary spirit which Dr. Packard fostered with untiring devotion, and as the years rolled by he inspired others by telling them of the heroic endurance, lofty spirituality, and love for perishing souls which characterized such men as Bishops Boone and Payne, Launcelot Minor and Colden Hoffman.

"Dr. Packard was a man of deep spirituality, unflinching adherence to principle, and was always a kind and judicious

counsellor. He was mighty in the Scriptures, he loved the rich treasures of Christian hymnology, and was well read in the best literature, being especially devoted to biography. To the very last he manifested the greatest interest in the progress of the kingdom of Christ and of the world at large.

"Dr. Packard's home was the centre of abounding hospitality, and hundreds of students look back to that home as one of the most cherished remembrances of their Seminary life. His name is held in devoted affection by many hearts, and now that he is gone there must be, for years to come, a deep sense of loss to those who have regularly attended the commencements as they realize that the place which knew him so long will know him no more forever. But the memory of his noble Christian life, both as a minister and professor, will be a precious heritage for the Seminary and the Church at large, for while he was a devoted son of the Episcopal Church, he was purely catholic in his sympathies and loved all who loved and served Christ.

"Dr. Packard was for twenty-eight years the honored president of the Standing Committee of the Episcopal Diocese of Virginia, and occupied that position at the time of his death. He was also a member of the Protestant Episcopal Education Society of Virginia, and president of its executive committee.

"He was honored by being appointed a member of the American Committee for the Revision of the English Bible, which worked in concert with the English committee. He belonged to the Old Testament division of this committee.

"Dr. Packard married shortly after coming to the Seminary Miss Rosina Jones, daughter of General Walter Jones, a prominent lawyer and well-known public man of Washington, D. C. She died several years ago. His surviving children are Joseph Packard, Esq., of Baltimore; the Rev. Thomas Jones Packard, of Rockville, Maryland; Miss Cornelia J. Packard, who has been the head of his home since Mrs. Packard's death, and Miss Mary Packard, missionary to Brazil. Dr. Packard gave two of his sons to the Southern cause during the war between the States. Their names are inscribed on the historic tablet in the chapel of the Episcopal High School. Two daughters are dead. One was the wife of the late Rev. W. H. Laird, of Maryland; the other was Miss Nannie Packard, who died several years ago.

"The funeral of the late Professor Packard took place in the chapel of the Theological Seminary on Tuesday, the 6th instant.

At half-past 12 o'clock the students and professors went to the Doctor's late residence and brought the body over to the chapel, where it lay near the main entrance until 2 o'clock, the hour appointed for the last rites. The casket containing the remains was carried from the house on a bier borne by twelve students of the Seminary acting in relays. It was guarded while it lay in the chapel by students, and a number of persons attending the funeral looked upon Dr. Packard's face, so peaceful in death, for the last time.

"Shortly before 2 o'clock the professors, clergy, members of the Board of Trustees of the Seminary, members of the Standing Committee of the Diocese of Virginia, and of the Education Society, together with the students, assembled in Prayer Hall to form in procession. Dr. Crawford, dean of the Seminary, had charge of the service. The vested clergy, who occupied seats in the chancel, were Bishop Gibson, Dr. Crawford, with the rest of the Faculty, Adjunct-Professor Green, and Drs. Walker and Carl Grammer, former professors at the Seminary. These preceded the body as it was borne up the aisle of the chapel, Dean Crawford reading the sentences. The burial Psalms were chanted by the choir, the Lesson was read by the Rev. Carl Grammer, S. T. D., and the Creed and prayers by Dr. Crawford. The service in the chapel closed with the singing of the Nunc Dimittis, during which the congregation remained kneeling.

"The procession then reformed and passed down the beautiful path leading to the last resting place on a lovely slope to the southeast of the chapel within the Seminary grounds. The body was reverently lowered into the grave, Dr. Crawford reading the committal and Bishop Gibson the closing prayers. As soon as the benediction was pronounced by the Bishop the choir sang two of Dr. Packard's favorite hymns in succession—'Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty' and 'The strife is o'er, the battle done.' Another favorite of his 'Just as I am without one plea,' was sung in the chapel immediately after the Lesson. The service was most solemn and impressive in its reverent simplicity and dignity, keyed to the high strains of Christian hope and victory over death through faith in the resurrection of our Lord.

"As we laid our beloved and venerated professor to rest on our eastward hill the beautiful words written by Dean Alford on

the funeral of Canon Chesshyre at St. Martin's, Canterbury, seemed so appropriate :

" We stood, his brothers, o'er him, in the sacred garb he wore ;
We thought of all we owed him, and of all we hoped for more ;
Our Zion's desolation on every heart felt chill,
As we left him slowly winding down that ancient eastward hill.

" To our places in the vineyard of our God return we now,
With kindled eye, with onward step, with hand upon the plough ;
Our hearts are safely anchored ; our hopes have richer store ;
One treasure more in heaven is ours, one bright example more. "

" Few lives in this generation of Churchmen have extended over a greater extent of time, and exerted a wider, better or more continuous influence than that of the late Doctor Joseph Packard, for many years the Dean, and for sixty-five years a professor and *professor emeritus* of the Theological Seminary in Virginia. He came to the Virginia Seminary in 1836, and there is no man living who graduated at the Seminary prior to that date. We realize how long ago this teaching work began when we recall that Bishop Payne, of the African Mission, graduated the first year of Doctor Packard's connection with the Seminary. Since that time many hundreds of men have gone out from the old School of the Prophets, which, from its beautiful hill, overlooks the National Capital, and all of them have borne to a greater or less degree the impress of his character as a man and as a teacher. None of them will ever forget his beautiful simplicity of character, his singleness of purpose and his utter guilelessness and sincerity. Nor will any of them ever forget his wonderful and luminous knowledge of the Bible. It was indeed to him the Book of all books. He loved it with all his heart, and he studied it so closely that merely to hear him read a chapter was finer than the best of critical or exegetical commentaries.

" As he went in and out on the Hill, his life was a sermon and a benediction ; and when it came his turn to talk to the students in " Faculty meeting," there was always spiritual food for many a day to come, and a spiritual illumination that was to be obtained in no other way. And if one were compelled to try and define the most prominent traits that made Doctor Packard's individuality, right in the forefront would he put his unworldliness and guilelessness. He was literally in the world, but not of it.

While intellectually in touch with all progress, he was as untouched and as uncontaminated by the world as if he had no part or lot in it. One thought of him, not as belonging to the world, but as one set apart; he belonged distinctly to 'the Hill' in its best sense, and he gave character and tone to the community of 'the Hill' in which he spent nearly all of his long, and honorable, and useful life.

"The profound hold he had on his old men was attested by the solemn and touching scene we witnessed on that beautiful day in the first week in May when all that was mortal of him was laid to rest in that beautiful cemetery on Seminary Hill, where rest so many of the heroes of our Church. There were gathered there that day his old scholars from far and near, and each had come simply to pay his loving tribute to a good man and great teacher. There were old students from Baltimore, and Philadelphia, and Washington, and Norfolk, and Richmond, and Alexandria, and a wide circle of surrounding country, and they all came to do honor to the influence that had been exerted on the Hill for two generations, and will be exerted and felt in the world for generations to come. The full chapel attested his more than mere popularity, and the hundreds of full hearts that listened to Bishop Gibson's reading of the solemn words of the Committal bore witness that though he rested from his labors his works do follow him.

"Those solemn words of the Burial Service, 'We give thee hearty thanks for the good example of all those, thy servants, who, having finished their course in faith, do now rest from their labors,' were never more befittingly or appropriately prayed on any occasion than at that burial on Tuesday, May 6. He had, indeed, been an example to the young clergy whom he had taught in doctrine and in manner of life. His example had taught them more mightily than words that the Kingdom of God is not meat and drink, but righteousness and peace and joy in the Holy Ghost. And though he had been mighty in the Scriptures, and a great teacher of those Scriptures, his example of single-mindedness, denial of worldly ambitions, and devotion to spiritual interests, had been worth more than any or all teaching besides.

It was a strange sight: to see old gray-haired veterans in the Church Militant there as his old students; and to see the young men, still in the Seminary of his love and care and devotion,

bearing his body to its last resting place. He loved the Seminary as few men have ever loved any institution. He came to it in the early days of its struggles and trials, when friends were few and means were limited ; and he saw it grow and increase with the passing years. He taught the men who went out from it and made its name known wherever this Church is known. He was with it and suffered with it during the fiery trials of the Civil War. He saw it rise later from its prostrate condition and reach its present high and honored position in the Church. He not only saw all this, but he was a great and essential part of it all. And through it all, he loved it as a mother loves her first-born, and bore it in his heart and mind, and never, in all those years, swerved in his love and loyalty. And, greater still, in darkest hours, and most trying times, he never for one moment lost faith in the mission and ultimate success of the school of his love. He could, in all sincerity, apply to his love for the old Seminary the words of Israel's sweet singer, 'If I forget thee, O, Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning. If I do not remember thee let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth.'

"And, now, gathered to his fathers, in a serene and ripe old age, he rests for all time on the beautiful grounds of the Seminary he loved so well, waiting for the resurrection from the dead. And we who knew him and his love for and devotion to the Seminary, where he practically spent his life, can but believe it will be an added joy to him that when the trump of the Archangel shall call him to respond to the last great roll-call, and hear the commendation, "Well done, good and faithful servant," he will go in the resurrection body from the scene of his labors and his love, and that even in death he and that scene are not divided. May his resting-place and his memory be a perpetual benediction to all the future generations of Seminary men."—*Current Comments in Southern Churchman.*

Bishop Gibson in his address to Council, 1902, said :

"Early in this month Dr. Packard was called to his rest. In a certain sense the speaker was his Bishop, but in a sense also he was to the Doctor a son in the Gospel. One of the most beautiful of the many exquisite gem-set sermons which he has heard Dr. Packard preach was that on the occasion of his own ordination to the priesthood in Petersburg, Va. It was also the last of

those sparkling mosaics of the Oriental imagery of the Bible which he was privileged to enjoy. If the religious value of a rich yet subdued and chastened fancy was ever strikingly displayed in any man whom I have known, that man was Dr. Packard. It lightened his learning, it colored his style, it brightened his wit, it treated with a delicate charm every view of life and its passing events. He was faithful and good and holy and lovely, and he was more—and largely because of his possession of that form of imagination which we call fancy—he was delightfully interesting. What an advantage it was to study the Bible under a teacher who at every turn caught from its pages on some one of the many polished facets of his mind a new and unexpected light. His work was at the Seminary, but the Diocese cannot forget that his heart was hers and that his memory is hers."

Minute of the Standing Committee of the Diocese of Virginia : After the death of Dr. Sparrow, in 1874, Dr. Packard was elected, and " he had been for twenty-eight years its President, and, until recently, when the infirmities of age prevented his leaving home, had taken an active part in its deliberations. Profoundly interested always in whatever related to the honor and well-being of the Diocese and of the general Church, his doctrinal soundness, good judgment and practical wisdom were a valued help in guiding the decisions of the committee, and they will be seriously missed. We remember him with hearty reverence, esteem and affection, and desire to place upon record this testimonial to our successors of how he was regarded by us."

Resolutions of the Board of Trustees of the Virginia Seminary :

"Whereas, in the providence of God, the Rev. Joseph Packard, D. D., entered into life eternal on the 3d day of May, 1902.

"Now, therefore, this Board desires to put upon record its sense of the loss sustained by it, by this Seminary and by the Church, in his death. For sixty-five years connected with this institution, as professor, as dean, and as professor emeritus, he, throughout this long period, never wavered in his affection for the Seminary, in his loyalty to its true interests, in the loftiness of the ideals as to its place and work which he cherished. His long life here formed a link binding the men of the present to those of the past, and his reminiscences of the men who lived and labored then, extending back to the days of the founders of the Seminary, kept alive in our memories the traditions and inspirations of a noble and heroic age.

"The tender sympathy which marked his association with those who sat at his feet, the holy simplicity of his character, the constancy with which amid all the changes and chances of life he stood always for truth and righteousness, will always be remembered by us and by all associated with him with tender and reverential affection.

"As we think on these things we thank God for the good example of him, who 'having finished his course in faith doth now rest from his labors.' "

Rev. Dr. Carl E. Grammer wrote : " I loved your father very much, and shall always treasure his memory. He was a rare and striking personality, and he had a warm and loving heart. He was a true friend. Then, what a brave, staunch man ! what firm faith ! what loyal love ! what spiritual standards unwaveringly held ! Life tested him long, and he had a right to those triumphant hymns. He told me once that at his funeral he wanted the hymn "The strife is o'er." I want to take a leaf out of his book, and cultivate friendships as the years roll round. As long as the Seminary lasts his name will be revered as a spiritual father of the Church. I can see the Doctor, with his great gift of sententious utterance, and the class of young students sitting about him."

Rev. S. S. Ware wrote : " I am sure that no student appreciated more than I the beautiful way in which your dear father ' opened to us the Scriptures ;' hardly a Sunday but that some passage that he has explained occurs. In his old age he was preaching in the Chapel on the joys of serving Christ, and he raised his one hand and brought it down in emphasis as he said ' The Christian's last days are his best.' "

Rev. W. B. Lee wrote : " All the powers of his heart, mind and life were centered in a faithful effort to make Christ, His ways and salvation known unto men. His life was a real benediction to all who were brought under his teaching and influence. He loved the Scriptures, his study and meditations were in them. He tried to kindle alike love and zeal for God and His Word in the hearts of the young men who were brought under his influence. Like the prophet Daniel of old his life and witness for God and His truth seemed to have been too valuable to have been shortened."

Bishop Randolph wrote: "There is nothing but purity and love and the highest inspirations and influences in his long faithful Christian life. A blessed heritage he has left to us all! His memory must live in the Seminary life of the future as a sacred influence from the past."

Bishop Dudley wrote: "I shall never cease to give thanks that I knew him and loved him and that he loved me. I cannot tell you or anybody what he was to me at the most critical period of my life. Verily, he was a good man, full of the Holy Ghost and of faith.

Rev. Dr. Lindsay wrote: "Year after year whenever I met Dr. Packard I found myself getting nearer and nearer to him. He grew old *gracefully* in every sense. Surely he fulfilled his mission, made the best of himself, did the most with his opportunities and left the world better for his having been in it."

Miss Maria Harrison wrote: "Whenever I close my eyes I seem to see that solemn procession winding through the trees that he loved so well, and the sound of the sweet 'Alleluia' still rings in my ears. Just as I reached the chapel door they were singing that line 'The golden evening brightens in the west.' It was a privilege to be there; such a lovely service, so suitable for him after his blameless life, and I shall always think of him resting in that quiet spot. We can say with such confidence, 'Father, in thy gracious keeping, leave we now thy servant sleeping.' " We can quote 'Timrod's lines:

"Whose was the hand that painted thee, O Death!
In the false aspect of a ruthless foe,
Despair and sorrow waiting on thy breath—
O gentle Power! who could have wronged thee so?

Thou rather should'st be crowned with fadeless flowers,
Of lasting fragrance and celestial hue;
Or be thy couch amid funereal bowers,
But let the stars and sunlight sparkle through.

So, with these thoughts before us, we have fixed
And beautified, O Death! thy mansion here,
Where gloom and gladness—grave and garden—mixed,
Make it a place to love, and not to fear.

Heaven! shed thy most propitious dews around!
Ye holy stars! look down with tender eyes,
And gild and guard and consecrate the ground
Where we may rest, and whence we pray to rise."

Bishop Penick wrote : " The crowning of such a life needs no comforting. It is glory, all glory. Dr. Packard I hold to be the truest man I have met. Words cannot express the strength and comfort his life was and is to mine. Oh, he was a great man just because he was always trueness itself ! Nothing but sweetness, purity, and strength did Dr. Packard's life ever give mine."

[Many other beautiful tributes were paid and sweet letters of comfort received, which were gratefully appreciated by his family.—EDITOR.]

FINIS.

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